ZEPHYRS

FROM

ITALY AND SICILY.

BY

WILLIAM M. GOULD.

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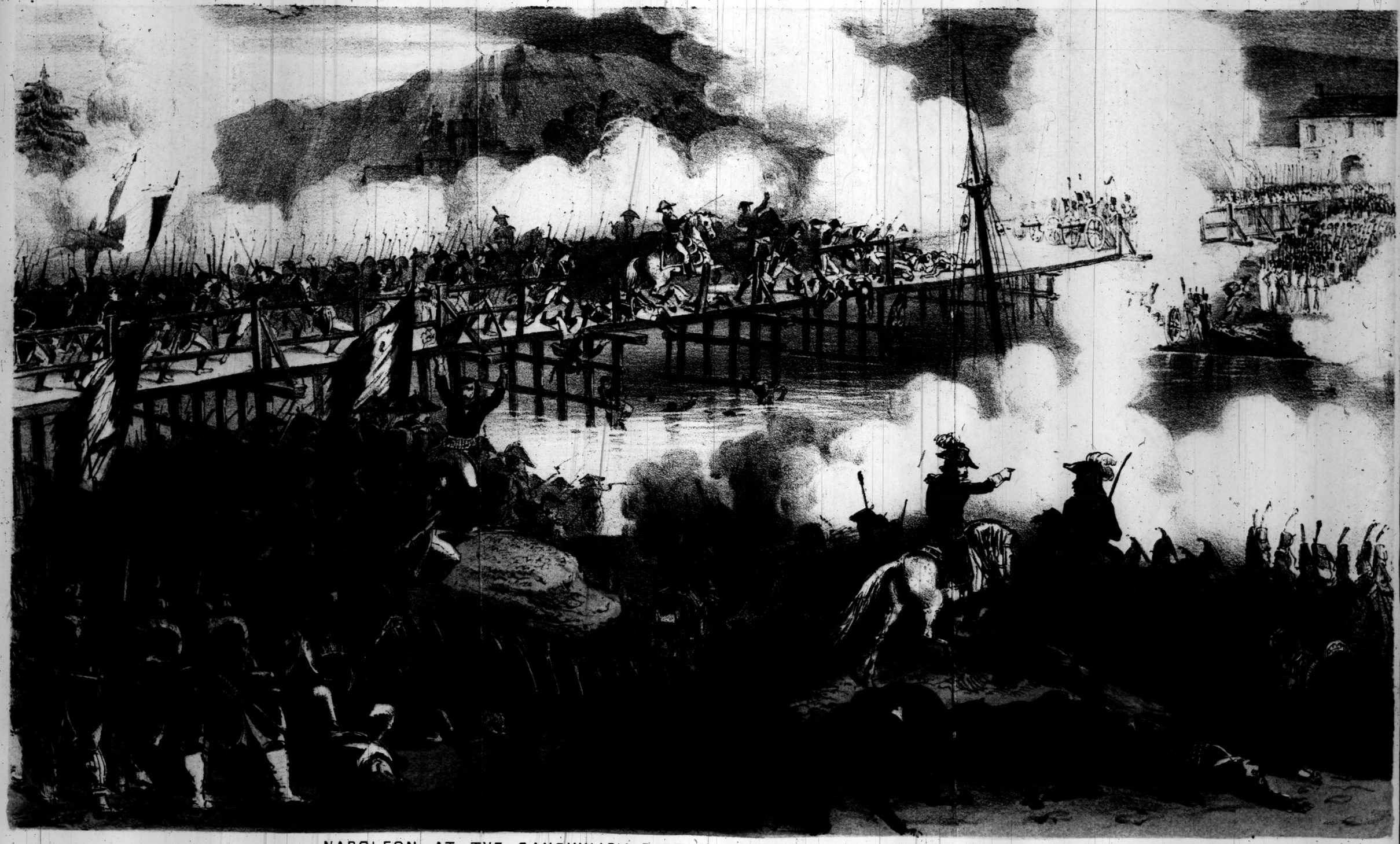

NAPOLEON AT THE SANGUINARY BATTLE ON THE BRIDGE OF LODI.

LITH. OF SARONY & MAJOR N.Y.

VIDE PAGE — 204

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ZEPHYRS FROM ITALY AND SICILY.

CHAPTER I.

Sketch of a Voyage to the Mediterranean.

MARSEILLES, France, Nov. 21, 1846.

ON the 3d of October, the "Prince de Joinville," one of the most beautiful vessels that compose the Mediterranean line of packets, departed from the harbor of New-York, destined for this ancient haven. As the Narrows were approached, her "steam-consort," embarking the friends of the voyagers, soon separated from her, to return with them to the city.

Again, again, and again did the welkin echo with the farewell salutation of the retiring steamer, and as the words, "May God speed you on your journey," arose from her friendly deck, the responsive acclamations of passengers and sailors ascended from our majestic vessel like the sound of strong trumpets upon the waters.

The beauty of the day, the animation of the ship, and the

an prospects of the future, imparted an interest to the occasion that would rival the incidents of an age.

The following day was the Sabbath, and never did the sun appear to shine more gloriously upon his favorite realm; magnificence and splendor seemed to revel in the horizon; and to heighten still more the grandeur of the spectacle, a noble ship soon burst upon our view; she proved to be the "Arcole," from the shores of France, pressing with all her studding canvas for America's commercial haven. From her gaff waved the "banner of the free," pure and beautiful as a virgin's robe, glistening with silver light, and radiant with the smiling effulgence of heaven upon its stars!

Upon her prow stood the warlike figure of Napoleon, his left hand grasping the standard of the Republic, and his right pointing out to his soldiers the road to victory! The military associations of the hero were revived afresh, and in memory we returned to Arcole's field, and lived with him once more in other years, when smiling Fortune owned her chief, and crowned him as her favorite son!

For several days following, calms and light winds prevailed, and the slow progress of the ship occasioned much impatience upon the quarter-deck; our captain (Lawrence), a very worthy officer, with commendable propriety, uttered an Italian proverb for the consolation of the passengers, "He that goes slow, goes sure; and he that goes sure, goes a long way."

The ocean, however, at last became weary of repose, and lifting its everlasting voice, began to roar with the lion-tone of power: wherever the eye turned, nothing was visible but

storm and tempest; all the terrors of wind, rain, hail, thunder and lightning, had burst with unrestrained fury upon the deep; day after day did the ship toil, contend, and struggle with the powers that marshalled their strength around her. She sped like a wild horse o'er ocean's hill, and then amid the foaming valleys plunged with a violence and grandeur that recalled the poem of "Mazeppa" vividly to my imagination.

In the course of a few days the gale subsided, and the Western Islands were discerned; during the evening, my attention was invited by the mate to the change in the sweetness of the atmosphere: it was truly refreshing to inhale the breezy odors fresh from Azores' woods and fruitful groves!

When the day dawned, two of the group, Corvo and Flores, appeared, with their dark blue summits, and seemed like modest gems, reposing upon the ocean's breast.

The sunset was transcendently beautiful; all the gorgeous colors of creation clustered around the retiring god. The firmament became a magnificent pavilion, in which was revealed the glory of Him who spake the world from chaos.

The 25th of October was Sunday, and a calm at sea; beams of cloudy sunshine, with mists and rain; the day reminded me of a quiet land Sabbath—the waves, winds, and clouds at rest; nature in repose, and breathing her pure devotions to her God!

On the 27th, exchanged colors with a French frigate her tri-color floated proudly in the breeze of the sunny ocean, while our ensign smiled with its gay hues on the friendly sail.

The succeeding days, until the 31st, again brought a change of scene; lowering skies, angry clouds, squalls of wind, and storms of rain in rapid succession—the ocean foaming, billows roaring, waves rolling, ship groaning, cold and wintry on deck, and cheerless below.

On Sunday, the 1st of Nov., toward noon, the clouds dispersed, and the sun smiled like a monarch upon a recovered realm! The ocean returned to its allegiance, the clouds assumed their gorgeous robes, and, like courtiers, again repaired to attend upon their sovereign, and to surround him with glory and magnificence; while the winds, those swift couriers of his court, gracefully waved their aerial pinions around his burning throne. Land-birds from classic shores hovered around our bark, and innocently chirped from rope to rope and sail to sail. One, more venturesome than the rest, alighted upon the verandah, and fed upon a few crumbs scattered for his acceptance. His confiding look and delicate plumage inspired us with pleasure, and we hailed it as hope's first harbinger from another clime. The captain informed us that the coast in the dim vista was Mogadore.

On Monday, the 2d of November, all was loveliness and sunshine. The peaceful sails of commerce picturesquely studded the azure horizon in every direction. Among them the lateen canvas of a felucca glistened like the broad, pure pinions of some noble bird of ocean. At 4 P. M. we began to enter the "Straits." On our right, lo! Africa! with her Tangier, her Cape Spartel, and her Ceuta; on our left Europe, with her Cadiz, her Trafalgar, and her Gibraltar—names ever

memorable in the annals of time—names which for everlasting ages will fill the clarion trump of fame!

At 5½ P. M. the sun sank in the New World, while the full moon arose in silvery magnificence from the Old!

At 3 A. M., 3d Nov., the colossal "lion-profile" outline of the famous fortress of Gibraltar was in sight; a profound silence filled the Straits, and reigned among the cloud-crowned mountain monarchs that from creation's birth had swayed their adamantine sceptres upon the banks of classic seas, and ruled the main. Upon the mountain base stood a friendly light-house. In the distance, close to Afric's torrid coast, loomed the "French war frigate," freshly pluming her snowy pinions for the shores of France. A gentle zephyr from the west began to breathe upon our canvas, while the powerful current, rolling in its strength, gave acceleration to our Orient progress. Soon the zephyr became a breeze, and wafted with full force every sail that spars and yards could bear. In our swift career we dimly discerned upon the cliff the shadowy habitations of the town. Soon we were in the broad "light-blue sea!" and this was the Mediterranean! How different was the music of its waters from the loud swelling anthems of the dark, rude Atlantic! They were softer, and more blithe and gay—like the voice of the boy, compared with the full orotund tones of manhood! During the day we sweetly passed along the shores of Spain, admiring her mountains, clothed with clouds, and wreathed with crowns of snow.

Adieu! adieu! to the West: its ocean, upon which we had so long been sailing, was far away; and farther still were we receding from its foam-raging billows.

On the 12th of November we were in the vicinity of the Balearic Isles; Ivica was visible, canopied with rosy drapery, and beautifully reclining upon her sea-blue couch. As the evening approached, the western horizon became clothed with a dark, solemn hue; frowning clouds were there, and lightning, and the rattling thunder, with its profound reverberations. Gradually the storm advanced toward us; a few raindrops, like the "avant couriers" of an army, first fell upon our deck, and then the heavy clouds arrived and exhausted their watery torrents upon the sea.

Passing along the picturesque coast of Spain, her former grandeur and power were remembered, and we sighed over her present humiliation in the council of nations.

On the 19th, as the night advanced, a fierce gale arose, and raged with its violence and fury around us.

On the 21st November the ship entered the Gulf of Lyons, and at sunset she was in the harbor of Marseilles.

The passengers immediately disembarked in one of the numerous boats from the city, but they had not proceeded far when the captain sung out to the chief mate, "Avast heaving away on that capstan, and give three cheers to that boat." Instantly a swarm of woolly caps were waving in the air, and the huzzas of the tars, bold and grand as Niagara, aroused the shores and shook the hills of Gaul!

The voyage was over, and as I landed upon the banks of France and pressed her soil, I joyfully hailed her as the benefactor of liberty, the ally of my country, and the friend of Washington!

CHAPTER II.

Marseilles.

In entering the port of Marseilles, the most striking feature which at first impresses the American observer is the rude and primitive aspect of the numerous boats that approach the vessel from the shore. They are all very roughly constructed, and display neither naval taste in their shape, nor even a good coat of paint upon their hulls. Their chief recommendation appears to consist in the strength and unusual dimensions of their timbers. Instead of the light, sylph-like appearance of the small boats which beautify the waters of America, they more closely resemble the heavy long-boat of a large ship. The pilot-boats are of the same description, with only a lateen sail and a jib. Upon the "lateena" the number of the boat and an anchor appear painted in black, and from this sail waves a small tri-colored pennoncelle. These little pilot-boats are without decks, and apparently without any accommodations for the comfort of those employed in their management. But as they seldom go ou of the harbor, and usually board a vessel when she arrives at the port, they may safely be considered amply qualified to answer the limited design they are intended to fulfil.

Another feature cannot fail to attract observation, and that is the noise and confusion prevalent among the seamen; officers and subordinates perpetually mingling their voices together, occasioning the most manifest embarrassment in the efficient execution of commands. But as this fault is proverbially a national characteristic of the French marine, there appears to be no reasonable prospect of its abandonment.

The dress usually worn by the seamen of the port consists of a coat and trowsers of very coarse brown woollen cloth, and a cap of a pudding-bag shape, of the same material; the whole presenting a rather rustic appearance to the eye of one accustomed to the favorite "blue and white" of the American tar.

We were now moored in the busy haven of the mistress of the land-bound sea. Around us the colors of many nations were waving; the various governments that border upon the Mediterranean and its tributary waters were fully represented; the powers of the North, the East, and the West, had sent their standards, and their ships, and youthful America had commissioned her sons to unfurl her starry ensign amid the congress of banners.

To me the spectacle was one of extreme gratification, to behold the royal and imperial flags of the venerable dynasties of Emperors and Kings floating *peacefully* in the same breeze with the colors of the free—commerce identifying her interests with the friendship of nations.

What numerous changes had these ancient banners beheld in the fortunes of their respective countries! Some had once waved over realms mighty and prosperous, but now dis-

tracted and dismembered; they had once streamed as the emblems of invincibility and greatness, and now floated only to awaken the remembrance of influence and power which had for ever passed away.

What an interest clusters around the pennons of Greece and Spain; climes where glory, enterprise, genius, and commerce flourished; where deeds were performed which are still the wonder and theme of universal admiration: countries whose annals will live coeval with the recollections of the past.

Before me the flag of Græcia fluttered in the wind, and upon the stern of the bark that bore it I read her name, and the characters of the inscription were those of the language of Homer! Beyond her were anchored a few paintless and desolate feluccas, to attest that the commerce of spain still lived, and to serve as a mournful commentary upon the golden age of her former history.

The noblest vessels in port were the "Arcole," and the "Prince de Joinville," built in New-York for the packet trade. Their elegant proportions and effective equipments attracted the attention not only of nautical men, but of the citizens generally. The interest and admiration expressed in reference to these noble vessels made me feel proud of my country.

At Havre and Marseilles it is quite a common thing to meet with peasants and country gentlemen, who arrive daily from distant inland places expressly to see the famous American packets.

Owing to a partial failure in the French crops, and the

urgent demand for supplies to meet the deficiency, the business of the place is at this time unusually extensive and thriving; Odessa, and the various ports upon the Black Sea, were pouring in their treasures of grain and wheat, while America was supplying large quantities of flour, and other nations continuing their usual shipments into the kingdom. The basin of Marseilles being quite limited in its capacity, could not afford accommodations for the reception of the extraordinary number of arrivals each day announced for admission. Recent arrivals were therefore detained at the "islands" near the city, until departures from the port authorized others to enter and discharge.* From the telegraphic eminence the eye could discern, sheltered among these islands, a very large fleet of vessels thus detained, and anxiously awaiting a permit to enter and deliver their cargoes; their appearance in the distance resembling a leafless forest through which the wintry winds of the Gulf of Lyons were blowing and whistling, and around which restless waters were tossing their boisterous waves.

From the earliest dawn the quays of the port were daily thronged with innumerable laborers and teams, industriously engaged in the transportation of its heavy imports into the interior, and in delivering the various products of the country for exportation. Every thing that surrounded me wore a business aspect, and evinced that the energies of the people were commercially employed.

* The Government has lately constructed a new basin for the accommodation of commerce, which from its capacity affords the most extensive facilities to shipping.

The vessels in the basin of Marseilles being moored "head and stern," instead of parallel to the quay, the labor of lading and unlading is performed by lighters, and is attended with considerable delay and expense; communication with the shipping is also effected by boats, and liable to similar objections. The officers of the customs are all soldiers, and wear martial uniforms with side arms, and form a perpetual "cordon" around the wharves, inspecting every thing that is landed, from the diminutive packet or bundle to the freightage of a lighter. The vigilance manifested by the government, in this branch of its affairs, is very strict and effective. Provisions and bread-stuffs are liable to duty, which is tenaciously exacted, even upon the limited quantity of these staple articles consumed for the subsistence of the crews of the respective vessels while in port. To arrive at this as accurately as possible, an officer boards each vessel upon her arrival and takes an inventory of her stores, and when she clears, the duty is imposed upon the difference between the quantity on hand and the original quantity when she reached the harbor.

CHAPTER III.

Marseilles.

The celebrity and importance of Marseilles are ascribable to its commercial position as the Mediterranean mart of the French people.

Its citizens are merchants, and all its relations are of a mercantile character. It has neither palaces, nor great temples, nor treasuries of art, within its walls. Its strength, its power, and its influence, are allied and identified with trade. From this circumstance, very probably, visitors and tourists uniformly pass through it without tarrying to view the place, or even to mark the natural features which distinguish and give significance to it. Marseilles is surrounded by mountains: within, and upon them, the city rises in its amphitheatrical proportions, in the centre of which is the basin of the port, narrow and oblong, reaching into the very heart of the town. Its shipping is therefore entirely circumvallated by, and embraced within, its protecting arms; while at the entrance of the port, ample battlements and frowning fortifications guard its "naval forest" from hostile intrusions.

On the south side of the city a beautiful avenue ascends, and leads to a mountain, which is to me the crowning glory

of Marseilles, but which, I apprehend, is seldom favored with visits from the tourists of the continent; the mountain is called the

MONTAGNE BONAPARTE.

As a position for observation, and a command of scenery, it will challenge, I presume, a comparison with any in the world.

Here meditation may rear her thoughtful shrine, and memory spread her broad wings over the history of ages.

A spacious winding path, richly bordered with verdure, conducts to the summit, where a lofty column, rising in lonely majesty, bears upon its Corinthian cap the bust of Bonaparte. Seats are provided around the monument, and also in the avenues, where the weary visitor may renew his strength, or muse upon the varied objects that appear in bold relief about him.

It seemed as though History, Poetry, and the Monumental Arts, although ever emulous in the celebration of his achievements, had failed sufficiently to immortalize the noble soldier, and that Nature had offered mountains to bear his name, and support a column to his glory!

In the august presence of hills, heavens, and clouds, day by day have I lingered around the towering memorial of Napoleon, imbibing expansive conceptions of his genius, and imbuing my spirit with the memory of his greatness. While there, the music of the bands of France would salute my ear, and her marching warriors appear upon the plain below; and then the waving banner of her army, the grandeur of her

music, and the sublimity of her scenery, would fill my mind with rapture, and overwhelm me with admiration.

In a place so replete with romantic and military associations, again and again was I unconsciously transported to West Point, the glory of my beloved country, and the inspiration of America would overshadow me on the mountain.

I felt as though I was surrounded by a diorama of glory. Reposing before me was the ancient city of Marseilles, with its time-worn walls and towers, full of imposing interest and memorable reminiscences. Two thousand years had indeed rolled away since its colonial foundations were laid, yet, amid the lapse of ages and the shock of arms, they still endured as the gray memorials of departed generations.

At my side rolled the blue billows of the Gulf of Lyons, with its plumes of snowy foam, waving like the feathers of a marshalled army in full review. The adjacent hills were beautified with hamlets and villas, and upon their imperial brows were proudly displaying their cedar chaplets, while upon their noble breasts appeared the green robes that mountain sovereigns wear.

As I gazed upon the spectacle from my elevated position, and reverted to the antiquity of the city, and reflected upon the numerous generations that had in succession occupied its venerable mansions, I could not avoid the utterance of an apostrophe. "The earth," I exclaimed, "like an aged mother, remains, but where are her children?" I paused not long for an answer;—the epitaphs of surrounding cemeteries declared that they had passed away, and been gathered again to her faithful bosom.

For the moment, my mind was transiently clouded with the dark shadows of the grave; but soon the sun of immortality arose, and with its beams of gold dispelled the gloom, and hope illumed the tomb. I felt assured that the earthquake trump of judgment should summon the nations from their slumbers, and that the dead of Europe should live again. That old Ocean would roll its myriads to the shore, and Earth yield up the treasure of her tombs: Palestine, restoring her patriarchs and her prophets, France her Napoleon, Mount Vernon her Washington, and Rome her Cæsars.

Full of grateful emotions for the sublime consolations that Inspiration gave in reference to the destiny of man, I bade adieu to the mount; but the place, and its recollections, will live for ever among the valued things that memory will love to treasure.

CHAPTER IV.

Voyage to Sicily.

On Monday the 4th of January, at noon, I bade Marseilles farewell, and proceeding on board of the American bark Rochelle, was soon under way for the port of Palermo.

Of the many beautiful islands that gem the Mediterranean, Sicily had always held a transcendent preëminence in my estimation. The magnificence of her scenery, the fame of her sons and heroes, and the lofty annals of her history, had so warmed my youthful imagination, and inspired me with such a passionate admiration of her charms, that her very name was music to my soul. My imagination had chosen it as her Elysian Isle, and thither had she again and again repaired. She loved it as the favorite abode of the ancient Muse, where, gathered from the waves of Ocean and the climes of Orion, ideality had diffused her golden glories.

With feelings so partial for the Sicilian Isle, I was impatient to reach her shores, and breathe the odor of her blooming groves.

Upon our departure, the breeze was favorable for a speedy voyage to our destination; but what is there so capricious and inconstant as the wind? Instead of an anticipated passage of

sixty hours, our bark for twenty-one days coursed the sea, alternately contending with the elements and reposing with the calm.

With the limited degree of freedom which "life upon the ocean wave" allows, many are inclined to conclude that time passed upon the bosom of the waters must be monotonous and unprofitable; but I apprehend that where a disposition exists to take advantage of such aids and materials as are incidental to the sea, even a voyage of long duration may be rendered subservient to beneficial account.

For myself, I derived daily satisfaction in improving the leisure hours of the officers of the vessel, to confer with them in relation to navigation, the phenomena of the sea, the changes of the heavenly bodies, and the commercial regulations of the maritime powers of the globe. The accessible and communicative character of seamen is well known, and these excellent traits render their society at all times available and desirable.

Connected with one of the noblest professions of life, and having the "world" in its most extensive signification for their sphere, the stupendous wonders and treasured accumulations of every clime are subject to their observation and command. The ocean, the heavens and the earth, are their study; and they, as a class, are called to behold, in their marine career, all that is grand and sublime in creation.

During the silent watches of the night, I always deemed it a high privilege to pace the deck with the officer in charge, and listen to the rehearsal of his experience of the sea; to hear of naval perils and of stormy battles with the raging hosts on

ocean's foaming plains. Those pensive hours, so fraught with thought and identified with graphic impressions, can never lose their original interest, although rolling years may scatter their gray mists, like incense, around the dome of memory.

The gales with which we were visited upon the voyage, served in some measure to diversify its character, and to divert the mind to a change in its train of reflections. On such occasions, when night had cast her sable mantle upon the sea, I loved to retire and listen to the tempest's husky voice, be rocked to slumber in the cradle of the deep, and with the star-gemmed ensign for my pillow, and my captain's storm coat for my comforter, "I slept well."

On Sunday, the 17th of January, in the prosecution of our course, we were off the coast of Sardinia, and during the day passed one of its small islands, which bore the name of St. Antioco—admiring its bold, gray brows, its venerable crown, and imposing robes; but on the following Sabbath we enjoyed a still higher gratification in beholding under our lee the green cliffs of Maratino, and beyond them the smiling shores of Sicily, the fairest isle that ever zephyr kissed or ocean bathed.

During the day the bark advanced slowly toward the port; an unusual serenity pervaded the sea and air: it was the reign of silence; even the waves and the clouds appeared to pause in their course, and impart a sacred influence to the hallowed hours.

On the ensuing morning, at early dawn, I was summoned to behold a prospect of surrounding grandeur. Every thing indeed appeared transcendently lovely, for we were verging

closely toward the shores of Sicily, and the very air, which lightly filled our sails, breathed of the velvet fields and orange groves in view.

Poets and painters had in some measure prepared me for a revelation of magnificence, but, in the language of Sheba's queen, "the half had never been told," for the skies, the shores, the hills and the plains of the isle in view were those of a celestial creation.

In the afternoon, a boat approached the ship, and offered a pilot, whose services the captain accepted. His boat was of a light and fairy form, evidently a stranger to the storms and tempests of a wintry coast. She was a welcoming "Ariel," and hailed us from a genial clime.

Thus far we had perceived no indications of the busy metropolis of the island, save the numerous canoes of her fishermen noiselessly pursuing their humble calling, and her favorite fruits, which drifted around us like gold upon the sparkling sea. At length, upon passing Mount Pellegrino, we heard at first the distant music of her soldiers, succeeded by the discharge of musketry, and anon the tolling bells of her dome-crowned temples. At sunset we were within the "mole," and the din of commerce, and the voices of a populous emporium, burst upon us like the huzzas of an army.

We were moored in Palermo, the capital of Sicily.

CHAPTER V.

Palermo.

The sanitary regulations of this port are of a very strict character, and very rigidly enforced. Vessels whose papers are in any respect informal are subjected to a quarantine. None of the numerous fishing skiffs, or even the pilots, are permitted to have any communication with the commerce arriving at the place. When the services of a pilot are accepted, he fastens the line of his boat to the vessel, and he issues his orders without boarding his charge. When the ship has entered the harbor and is safely moored at the mole, the captain and all his crew and passengers are required to disembark in their boat and row to the "pratique-office," and pass the inspection of the health officer. This functionary occupies a small room in a fortified building, the windows of which are guarded with iron gratings: with the vessel's Bill of Health in his hand, he summons, in succession, the respective parties whose names are thereon recorded, to appear before the window of his apartment and pass in review before him. After the examination, if satisfactory, the vessel is permitted to discharge, and the crew and passengers are privileged to enter the city.

As soon as these formalities had been complied with, boats of every description began to surround the vessel—some laden with oranges, figs and lemons; others with tobacco and segars; others with confectionery and marine curiosities; and some with birds of every plumage. The venders of these things appeared to be quite "*au fait*" with a few English phrases, and were exceedingly importunate in endeavoring to effect sales.

The birds pleased me most; many of them sang charmingly, and the terms demanded were quite reasonable. The mate purchased two beautiful Canary songsters with a very ornamental cage for only a dollar and a half.

The various ships in the harbor have supplied themselves with these innocent warblers, and the haven of Palermo is vocal with the melody of birds.

The chief exportations of the place consist of fruits, which are packed in light boxes and delivered to the shipping in boats; sumach, silk, barilla, canary seed, essences, liquorice, manna, maccaroni, nuts and almonds are also exported. The principal commerce is with the United States. Of the vessels in port, probably two-thirds are American, and many of them of a very heavy tonnage. Among them I noticed the "Diogenes," the "Manto," the "France" and the "Merchant," ships of 500 tons and upwards. From the 26th of October to March 1, there have been fifty-seven American arrivals; and the amount of fruit exported by them is estimated at fifty thousand boxes of lemons, and one hundred and fifty thousand boxes of oranges; being an aggregate of two hundred thousand boxes of Sicily fruit for the United States. The average

cost per box, here, is probably about one dollar and fifty cents, and the freight thereon, fifty cents. The orange common to the island is, to the eye, of a very beautiful appearance, but its taste is uniformly of an acid character. There is, however, another species called the Mandarin or Chinese orange, which is very sweet and in high repute; but as the cultivation of this is limited, it commands a high price. It will not bear exportatation, and is therefore only to be obtained and enjoyed here.

The foreign imports of Palermo are very limited. The arrivals at the port are generally in ballast. The American vessels are from Marseilles, Leghorn, Trieste, Genoa, and other Mediterranean marts, and proceed hither to obtain a freight home. The domestic traffic of the island is rather extensive, and affords ample employment to its coasting marine. There are a number of American merchants in the place, some of whom have been established here many years, and enjoy a very honorable position in the estimation of the Sicilians. The business portion of the year is from October to April: the time embraced within those months is the season for the exportation of the fruitful productions of the island.

Besides her other advantages, Sicily boasts the finest fisheries of the Mediterranean, and her fishermen constitute a very important portion of the population. As far as the eye can reach, their boats line the beach of the port, and the margin of the shore for miles is studded with their humble habitations.

Their boats are of a very beautiful model, and reflect much credit upon the Palermese builders. In appearance

they bear some resemblance to an Indian canoe, and upon the sea present a very picturesque effect.

The fishermen, in common with the laboring classes of the island, are without education, and inclined to credulity and superstition. They are partial to images and relics, and disfigure the bows of their boats with rude sketches of priests, saints, virgins and crucifixes.

The various operative and industrial orders have each a specific costume by which their respective pursuits may always be readily distinguished. Their difference in appearance and habits is quite remarkable, each occupation being an exclusive body of itself, suggesting the idea of so many separate "castes" in the community.

The government of the city is purely military: detachments of soldiers attend all the theatres and resorts of amusement, and sentinels are placed not only upon the stage, but in various parts of the house. At some of the churches, during the celebration of the mass, a military guard is in attendance, with their polished muskets bristling around the altar and at the portals—even when the "Host" is carried in state through the streets to the mansion of the dying, the guns and bayonets of soldiers appear amid the sacred banners, burning incense, and tinkling bells of the imposing pageant.

In consequence of the high reputation of its climate, the city of Palermo is, during winter, the favorite resort of invalids from various portions of Europe and America for the recovery of health.

CHAPTER VI.

Palermo.

During Holy Week, the attention of the city was entirely absorbed with religious ceremonies and sacred processions. On Thursday the churches were clothed in mourning, the altars brilliantly illuminated, and many of them tastefully adorned with choice flowers and palm-branches; while the portals of the temples were invitingly opened for the reception of the people. The various classes were thus for the entire day engaged in visitations: as soon as one church was visited they would repair to another, and another, until the tour of the city was accomplished. To an observer, the paramount object of the visitors was apparently to scrutinize the style and magnificence with which the altars of the respective sanctuaries were embellished, and to discover those which outshone the rest in artificial splendor. Good Friday was devoted to processions: the grand pageant of the occasion occurred in the afternoon; and seldom have I seen a more general manifestation of interest in a public spectacle. Having seasonably secured a favorable position, I awaited the appearance of this pageant. The countless balconies of the "Toledo" were thronged with ladies, unveiled, and arrayed in

festal apparel; in attendance upon them were noblemen and patricians in black, with vests and gloves of snowy whiteness. The complexion of the ladies is olive, their hair and eyes are dark or black, and the general expression of their countenances inclined to a Moorish cast. In this soft clime, although the rose is always blushing in the fields, it scarcely deigns to lend its damask tints to the cheeks of the fair.

The procession at length arrived: in the van appeared a band of musicians, wearing helmets of a beautiful Grecian form, highly burnished, and breathing upon brazen instruments which shone with exceeding splendor; then followed an illustrious officer bearing a cruciform staff with a sable ensign, its raven folds drooping mournfully upon his golden decorations; succeeding him were a large military escort of dismounted officers and battalions of infantry, with arms reversed, the martial chiefs resigning their plumed chapeaus to soldiers at their sides, and marching uncovered through the winding streets; then an incense-bearer, from whose polished censer issued wreaths of odorous clouds perfuming the "Toledo" with sacred aroma. The body of the Saviour in a case of glass next passed, covered with flowers, illumined with burning tapers, and surrounded by guards clad in Roman armor, with helmets, and shields, and spears of steel, flanked by columns of Sicilian soldiery; then the senate, with officials, civilians, and noblemen, arrayed in mourning apparel of costliest velvet, adorned with edgings and trimmings of the richest silver, uncovered, with wax lights in their right hands brightly burning; following them, the potential dignitaries of the

church in their sacerdotal vestments, with luminaries, accompanied by students and professors of colleges and seminaries; interspersed were marshals with cruciform wands of ebony, directing the movements of the procession.

A powerful cohort of musicians was next in order, and after it, the bearer of an incense-breathing urn, which filled the air with fragrant columns of smoke: at once all eyes were turned to a shining car upon which stood a life-sized figure of the Virgin Mary, in tears, supported and borne upon the shoulders of strong men, escorted by a guard of honor equipped in the richest uniform that ever glistened upon the tented field; around it bent the crimson banners of Mars, and the muffled drums of the battle-field were beating, and the stirring trumpets of war were sadly sounding. The assembled concourse were instantly engaged in silent adoration, bowing their heads like the waving surface of a heaving ocean; giving apparent evidence of devotional sensibility struggling for expression.

The Saviour crucified had passed without awakening unusual demonstrations; but when the Virgin came, contrition breathed a prayer, honor gathered the fairest chaplets for her brow, and glory encircled her with a diadem of stars. Music, too, again lifted up her voice, proceeding from a band of towering, tall-plumed musicians in imperial regimentals of unusual magnificence, their notes excelling all that yet had sounded upon my ravished ear.

Sicilia's soldiery appeared determined to signalize the day with august splendor: companies of grenadiers poured forth

their warlike columns in dense array, while majestic plumes waved from their bear-skin caps.

Band after band followed, until all the instrumental strength and martial power of Palermo were exhausted in the commemoration of the day.

CHAPTER VII.

Palermo.

In reference to new buildings, Palermo, in common with the ancient cities of Europe, may be said to rest from her labors;—neither emigration, commerce, nor increasing population invite the architect or the builder to the construction of additional habitations. With the exception of a new prison and a gasometer (both under the direction of the local authorities), I have not observed a solitary edifice rearing its front among the venerable mansions of the capital.

From this circumstance, the carts and vehicles for the conveyance of burdens are uniformly very light, and of a diminutive size; they are usually painted of a cheerful yellow color, and numbered, and most of them are embellished with the figure of a madonna. The beasts of burden are donkeys; they perform all the transportation and drudgery of the island, and the labor imposed upon them is severe and incessant. During my visit I have had daily occasion to feel for these faithful animals, which appear always toiling under the heavy tasks of their imperious masters; some are harnessed to carts, and others, with large panniers upon their backs, bear into the city marketing and productions for exportation.

Frequently, when the burden itself is altogether disproportionate to the size and strength of the submissive beast, an inconsiderate driver may be observed snugly ensconced behind the pannier, or riding upon one of the shafts of the cart, and perhaps a crony sitting upon the other, vigorously applying a good-sized stick to increase the speed of the donkey.

The numerous parties of pleasure, who visit the mountains and environs of Palermo, usually employ donkeys to convey them thither; but these unfortunate animals do not fare much better in this fashionable service, as their riders are frequently large and heavy, and uniformly desirous of travelling as fast as circumstances will permit, and withal not very considerate toward property in which they have not the sympathy of ownership. These excursions, owing to the various sizes of the riders, the grave appearance of the quadrupeds, and the animated preparations for the journey, afford a rather novel spectacle, and attract around the hotel all the idlers and beggars of the neighborhood to see the departure of the company. On one occasion I observed a very powerful, athletic German youth, who, as he sat upon the back of his donkey, touched the ground with his toes; for him stirrups were utterly useless, and he resolved to ride without them; the party were destined for Bagaria, a village many miles distant, and the poor beast for that day was saddled with a load that might well be termed too intolerable to be borne. Travelling in this way is very reasonable, the charge being only thirty-three cents a day, during which time the chief objects of interest contiguous to the city may be visited.

The horses of Palermo present a superb appearance; they

are all studs, full of fire and strength, and display their glory only in the service of the noble, the affluent, and the military; their masters lavish every attention upon them, and the proud steeds, as if conscious of their exalted condition, manifest a lofty bearing that arrests the attention and commands the admiration of the beholder. Every family of means possesses an equipage. Ladies are very seldom seen in the public thoroughfares; they ride out and walk but very little. The few that are observed are attired in black veils, and are generally either going to or returning from church. As no female is suffered to wear a hat or bonnet in a papal sanctuary, the higher and middle classes array themselves in black veils, while those in more humble circumstances cast a shawl or hood over their heads.

The carriages are mostly supplied with footmen, and those who serve the titled ranks are dressed in a green military uniform with plumed chapeau and side-arms. The driver never leaves his seat; cords are attached to his coat, which pass through apertures into the vehicle, and enable those within to direct and drive him whither they list. The most imposing equipage of the capital is that of the cardinal. I can compare it to nothing but the carriage which the good old fairy created to carry Cinderella to the celebrated ball. The driver and the three footmen (one is not sufficient for a cardinal) wear a profusion of shining ornaments and gold embroidery, while the horses are gayly caparisoned with burnished trappings and armorial bearings, and their heads crowned with waving plumes of red.

The houses of the city, with scarcely an exception, are

furnished with balconies; even the loftiest windows are balconied. In gazing upon these extensive iron ranges of elevated rails, they appeared to me like the shrouds of a battle-fleet. As very few of the dwellings have yards or gardens attached, the citizens display commendable taste in embellishing their balconies with vases of flowers and the choicest evergreens.

The buildings are of a yellowish hue, while the lattices, blinds, and domes are green.

Instead of "clothes-lines," every family is provided with a lot of bamboo fish-poles, which are extended from the street windows, and upon which wet garments are hung to dry; from this circumstance, I have on some occasions been absolutely perplexed to see the termination of streets; even in the "Via Toledo," which is the "Broadway" of Palermo, this practice is as common as in streets of less pretensions;—from ducal mansions, and the royal palace itself, these wet banners may be seen waving upon "the outer walls."

CHAPTER VIII.

The Churches of Palermo.

One of the cardinal features of this interesting capital is the number and splendor of its sacred edifices. If required to offer a significant agnomen for Palermo, I would honor her with the distinguishing appellation of the "City of Churches." So successfully have the founders of her temples combined the genuine elements of beauty and strength in their composition, that consecutive ages will continue to bestow the meed of admiration upon their works, and doubtless enjoy the benefit of their labors until the final accomplishment of the object of their dedication.

The history of Palermo, like that of ancient cities in general, is checkered with the usual revolutions and changes incidental to the administration of human institutions. Originally colonized by the Greeks and Romans, those mighty nations and their descendants retained possession of the inheritance, until the occurrence of the Saracenic invasion of the ninth century, which resulted in its conquest and unconditional submission to the victorious arms of the invaders.

For two centuries the Moslem crescent ruled the destinies of the people, and reflected an oriental lustre upon the improvements of the capital. The following century, however,

was memorable for its culmination and the ascension of a brighter rival in the moral firmament of power; it was the rising star of the Norman. Under its conquering auspices the dynasties of thrones were changed, and the sceptres of England and Sicily became the guerdon of the warriors of the continent. The mosques and towers of Palermo were crowned with the symbol of the Cross, and Christianity became the established religion of the Sicilian Metropolis.

Unto the Omnipotent Disposer of events the Norman leaders considered their especial acknowledgments were due, for the successful termination of the expedition. Influenced by this controlling conviction, they vowed and planned the most magnificent designs for the erection and dedication of temples to His service. Commencing the execution of their purpose when in the full flush of victorious enthusiasm, with the spoils and treasures of conquest at their command, and a numerous and obedient body of vassals subject to their feudal disposition, nothing interfered to prevent the effectual consummation of the undertaking. The memorable "Sicilian Vespers" of the thirteenth century, although eventuating in the expulsion of the Norman and the elevation of the Arragonese dynasty to the throne, gave no interruption to the progress of the sacred enterprise; animated by the same spirit which had so powerfully actuated their warlike predecessors, the princes of Arragon were emulous to excel in the prosecution of so glorious an undertaking. Under such favoring auspices, the capital continued the augmentation of its temples, and to accumulate the productions of genius, and the benefactions of opulence, for their permanent enrichment.

When the attendant circumstances are thus considered, which have so materially contributed to the architectural embellishment of the metropolis, the mind of the beholder experiences a corresponding modification of its original surprise, and a consequent preparation for an advantageous examination of the surrounding edifices.

The concurrent testimony of the highest authorities concedes to the city of Palermo an eminent position for the imposing splendor of her temples. Upon entering within the consecrated walls of her chief sanctuaries, the beholder discovers the most effective manifestations of genius, in the graphic illustration of the principal events connected with the history of Christianity.

The survey of the numerous figurative personifications around me powerfully awakened the most vivid recollections of all that was sublime and beautiful in the pulpit rhetoric of my native land. The delineation of the Divine Author of human redemption, in the various offices and characters he so successfully assumed, appears to have constituted one of the favorite aims of the sons of genius.

On one occasion, my attention was especially elicited in the contemplation of a sculptured figure, in which He was represented in the majestic attitude of a Conqueror—the Conqueror of Conquerors!—who, having triumphed over the grave, "had torn Death from his throne of bones, and taken possession of the city of the dead." The loins of the victor were girded with the crimson robe of Calvary; his right hand was elevated unto the heavens, and in his left waved the potential banner of princely invincibility. On another occa-

sion, He appeared in mediation between man and his Maker: thus personified, with one arm extended, He grasped the everlasting pillars of his Father's throne, and with the other, embraced a fallen world to bring the two together.

Independent of the extensive and admirable embellishments in works of sculpture, these magnificent structures are also celebrated for relievos, mosaics, frescoes, and paintings of a superior order. The altars and walls are incrusted with marbles, agates, and jaspers, while the sacred vessels and utensils of service are composed of gold, and silver, and precious gems. The vestments of the clergy are likewise remarkable for their richness, and admirably adapted to sustain the high claims of the Romish church in the imposing celebration of its rituals. According to information derived from an intelligent member of the order, the complement of the particular congregation to which he was attached exceeded two thousand vestments, the most valuable of which had been in the possession of the fraternity four hundred years.

Perhaps in no portion of Christendom has the Romish hierarchy enjoyed a more exclusive dominion over the opinions and affections of a people, than that evinced in the past and present aspect of this interesting island.

Extensive as were the changes occasioned by the memorable Reformation of the sixteenth century, and powerful as were its effects upon the general interests of the Catholic kingdoms of Europe, that great event appears never to have been productive of any material modification in the Catholic institutions of Sicily. Nor did the French Revolution of the eighteenth century, which proved so formidable an adversary

to the supremacy of the papal power, eventuate in the promulgation of its revolutionary influences to this sea-girdled isle. Even the military career of Napoleon, which left such a signal impress upon the civil and religious institutions of the age, was not attended by the introduction of any radical change in the internal administration of its affairs.

Insular, and in its situation considerably remote from the chief theatre of his warlike operations, Sicily, aided by the protection of the navy of England, experienced a singular exemption from the invasions of the eagle-bearing legions of that imperial conqueror. Thus it will be perceived, that the moving causes which contributed to the suppression of the monastic institutions of Europe, and to the reduction of the temporal possessions and power of the church, tended only indirectly to influence the ecclesiastical establishment of Sicily. By reference to the statistics of the island, it appears that, with a population of 1,787,771 inhabitants, three hundred thousand of that number are ecclesiastics, or persons living upon ecclesiastical revenues. The convents which are scattered throughout the country would almost exceed belief, amounting to no less than eleven hundred and seventeen in number, and tenanted, in the aggregate, by thirty thousand monks and thirty thousand nuns.

Messina, Catania, and Syracuse, as well as the minor cities of Sicily, although possessing, in general, churches of considerable celebrity, many of which are identified with the Greek and Roman polytheism of the island, do not excel, in number, interest, or magnificence, those which adorn the beautiful capital of Palermo.

CHAPTER IX.

The Environs of Palermo.

This ancient capital is surrounded with celebrated gardens and pleasant villages. The city Flora, which fronts the bay, deservedly commands the highest admiration. Adjoining it and separated by an iron railing, is the Orto-Botanico, a garden so rich in choice shrubs and trees as to be acknowledged and classed among the first in Europe. The productions of Asia and Ethiopia are cultured within its borders, their presence imparting a tropical aspect to its conservatory, and materially aiding in the prosecution of botanical science; the palm of Africa, the "mocha" of Arabia, the cinnamon of Ceylon, the pepper of Sumatra, and the plantain and the bamboo of India, eminently illustrating the benefactions of nature to sunnier climes. A tasteful domed edifice commands the entrance, its arrangements including halls for instruction, for the preservation of plants, and the library of the institution.

Contiguous to the city is the Villa Phillippina, the accustomed resort of students and collegians for pleasure and recreation. A mile beyond is Olivuzza, a village of princely gar-

dens and noble habitations; the road which leads to it being margined with multifarious plants and odor-breathing trees. Here, conspicuous among numerous suburban retreats, are the villas Butera and Serra di Falco, the praise of the capital and the admiration of tourists. Within the ample space of their respective inclosures flourishes every flower that can delight the eye, or regale the senses; trees from every clime offer their inviting shades, airs balmy as the breath of Hygeia refresh the groves, while the waters, hallowed by the genius of classic ages, ascend in crystal columns and whisper through the bowers. In the immediate vicinity, upon a gentle elevation, stands the Ziza, a venerable and uninhabited palace, reared by the conquering Saracen ten hundred years ago; its aged walls grown gray with the mantling mists of opposing elements and rolling centuries. A short distance to the left, another structure, of a similar origin, called the Kooba, subserves the purpose of barracks for the royal cavalry. In surveying these ancient edifices the mind involuntarily reverts to the history of their founders, and transiently revives the memory of departed empire. Here the Arab of the desert, planting the crescent of Mahomet, subdued the fairest island of the Mediterranean to his sceptre, and extended his dominion until more than half of the ancient world received law and religion from his hands. But the mighty power of the Saracen has declined and passed away, and the Arab wanders again over the desert of his fathers, unconscious of the former grandeur of his race.

Not far from the walls of the city, a large stone mansion of plain exterior, with a spacious entrance, is designated as

the former residence of Louis Philippe, the departed king of the French, who, during his expatriation, passed some years as a resident of Palermo. In this city, in November, 1809, was solemnized his marriage with the Princess Amelia, the daughter of the late king of the Sicilies; and here their first son, the unfortunate duke of Orleans, was born.

Proceeding into the interior, about four miles from this kingly mansion is the town of Monreale, most charmingly situated upon the brow of a mountain. The avenue by which it is approached is embellished with costly fountains, magnificent edifices, and noble trees. The grand appearance of the scenery overwhelmed me with admiration; as we ascended, every advance heightened the beauty of the prospect. The road bloomed with flowers, and the airs were so fragrant, that I fancied that the sweetest zephyrs of immortality had wandered from Elysian realms and breathed upon the plains. Upon arriving at the elevated heights of Monreale, I paused to review the valley and scenery of Palermo; as my eye surveyed her green meadows, her lovely villas, opulent palaces, golden groves, emerald hills, and romantic bay, I despaired of language to delineate the spectacle, and gazing heavenward, wished for the golden dialect of the skies to do it homage. Enraptured as I was with the beautiful imagery of nature, appearing as she did to combine and display all the terrestrial glory at her command, inspiration assured me that there was a clime beyond the skies, fairer and lovelier than all the sublunary magnificence which I beheld, and a voice, milder than Favonian winds, whispered that virtue and religion were the only passports to its sublime inheritance.

This interesting town was originally an Arabian hamlet, and its cathedral and monastery are the most splendid structures in Sicily, eminently attesting the genius and power of the ancient Saracen, who not only excelled in arms, but also in the construction of aqueducts, temples, and palaces, which challenge the admiration of the world.

The lapse of ages had impressed a venerable aspect upon the walls before me, but their primitive strength was unimpaired, and promised endurance until Time himself shall be weary of his years and long for the dawn of the general judgment.

In an opposite direction, and within two miles of the city, is an enchanting villa called "La Favorita," the suburban abode of majesty, abounding with every convenience conducive to the gratification of a sovereign, or the pleasure of a prince. The edifice is the model of a Chinese palace, light and novel in its proportions, and replete throughout with striking exemplifications of the character of the architecture and embellishments peculiar to the Oriental Empire.

In my visitation I was conducted to the recesses where royalty was wont to resign itself to repose. These apartments were sumptuously furnished; the divans and couches were of satin of inimitable whiteness—so soft and pleasant to the touch that naught but fleecy down from the breasts of cygnets could vie in comparison. In surveying the premises, in whichever direction I turned my eye, I beheld the most exquisite creations of beauty; so charmed was I by the surpassing loveliness of the delineations around me, that I fancied the genius of painting, apprised how "uneasy rests the head

that wears a crown," had herself assumed the easel, and with her graphic pencil exhausted all the composing allegories of her art upon the walls.

Round about and adjacent to the palace, the grounds formed an extensive park of many miles in amplitude, well inclosed, and entirely reserved for the benefit and pleasure of the king, the whole being embosomed in the most delightful portion of the valley, and comprising within its limits fields of perennial verdure, gardens of celestial loveliness, and groves of everlasting fruits. But yonder, pre-eminent among the stately structures of the capital, rise the imposing towers of an edifice of superior magnificence; it is a palace, renowned as the abode of monarchs anterior to the Norman conquest of the island; that splendid pile is also a reservation for kingly occupation. Yet these princely possessions, so costly and grand as to baffle computation, are merely accumulative appendages to the crown. The permanent residence of the sovereign is at Naples, and in that favorite portion of his dominions, his castles and domains are exceedingly extensive, and of inestimable value.

The remaining localities, to which I shall only refer, are Bocca di Falco, Maredolce, St. Maria de Gesu, Bagaria, Grazia, and Baida. These, with the palaces previously described, as well as the noble bay of the port, are collectively encircled within a superb crescent of mountains, which, while they give a peculiar beauty and significance to the capital and its environs, simultaneously impress the beholder with unspeakable conceptions of Deity.

CHAPTER X.

The Bay and Marina of Palermo.

The bay of this beautiful capital may in form be compared to a crescent, at the east point of which projects Mount Catalfano, and on the west the sublime Pelegrino; while in the bosom of the curve is the "Marina," the glory of Palermo, a spacious promenade, beautified by princely palaces, delightful gardens, and murmuring fountains. In the centre stands an elegant marble-columned temple, occupied during the summer by military bands for the musical entertainment of the people; at the extremities of the Marina are yellow-stoned castles, reared ages ago, by Spanish sovereigns, for local defence. In many respects, this celebrated resort resembles the Battery of New-York, having, in like manner, along its shore a walled rampart of colossean strength, against which the sea is ever rolling its restless waves and spray-crowned billows.

The stony bulwark, however, is judiciously carried above the grade of the avenue, and fashioned into a ranging border of seats, permanently at the service of the weary ambulator, and extending, with an admirably paved walk, from castle to

castle. At the side thereof and parallel therewith, is a macadamized course for equipages and horsemen, excellently maintained. The old walls of the city follow the avenue for some distance, although partially obscured by luxuriant rows of trees which line the road-side; while above the walls, and overlooking all that I have described, is a terraced promenade of a more private character, of exceeding interest and beauty, an appendage to the range of palaces that tower behind it.

The seats are of choice marble, both white and blue, smoothly sculptured and well designed; upon the balcony are classic vases containing geraniums budding and blooming; while in the sylvan recesses of the terrace are the statues of goddesses, the fabled patronesses of plants and flowers, standing in graceful attitudes upon polished columns, delicately entwined with elastic clasping vines. This enchanting walk has been my favorite place of observation, the eminence whence I have gazed a thousand times upon the crescent panorama of Palermo, every visit renewing the conviction that a scene more grand or picturesque never mirrored the silver shields of heaven, or welcomed the orient beams of sunrise.

On my right, glittering among the distant hills, the eye commanded a village of palaces, the princely Bagaria, where affluence had reared its imposing structures, and art had rendered forests, flowers, and streams subservient to artificial arrangements. On my left, safely moored within the mole, and under the royal brow of Pelegrino, darkly clustered the shipping of the port, its tallest masts, with the lazaretto and the light-house tower, appearing, in comparison with the

cloud-rising cliff, but as the miniature fabrications of a day. Below, the eye rested upon the "Marina," embellished with the foliage of blossom-bearing trees, and studded with marble statues of departed sovereigns, exquisitely sculptured, in their coronation robes, and wielding the sceptre of the Sicilies. The avenue, agitated by the rumbling chariots of noblemen, and gay with the bushy plumes, the rosettes and livery of obsequious dependents. The promenades, thronged with the leisure population of the city, enjoying the bracing air and animation of their favorite "Marina."

Beyond, the vision swept the broad bay until lost in the blue mists of the Mediterranean. How beautiful the aspect of the sea, covered with the white wings of tiny barks sweetly looming above the ruffled waves! and then to behold majestic merchantmen, with studding sails, rising from main to royals and sky-sails, pyramids of canvas gliding sublimely along the sea, rivalling in moral grandeur the stationary colossi of Egypt.

In this balm-breathing clime, it has been my daily pleasure to rise with the notes of warbling birds, and passing through the porta Felice or the porta Græci (the noble gates which open upon the Marina), extend my walk beyond the eastern castle; to roam along the rural portion of the bay, to inspire the pure air of the morning fresh with vital power from the ocean lungs of Neptune; and on my return, inhale the paradise-aroma of blossoming orange-groves waving their flowery crowns along the sandy border.

At midnight, too, how often have I left my pillow, charmed by the splendor of the heavens and the music of

sounding waves, the "Marina," at all times interesting, appearing unusually so under the solemn influence of the midnight hour. The minaretted towers, the slumbering mountains, and broad-spread domes of hallowed temples, ever filling and elevating the mind with conceptions of the grand and the beautiful, while the moon with her silver crescent, the shining symbol of the conquering Saracen, poetically declared the oriental significance of the Sicilian capital. Although the sublunary glory that surrounded me awakened emotions of a lofty character, when my wandering thoughts arose above the tranquil scene, I realized a display of magnificence which challenged all the enthusiasm of the "divinity that stirred within me;" it was the star-gemmed concave of Urania, the dome of domes, crowning sea and land, and suspended by the fiat of Omnipotence!

CHAPTER XI.

The Flora of Palermo.

A garden,
Rivalling that which Adam walked in Paradise:
Beauty at his side and bliss in every bower.

FACING the sea is situated the Flora, or Villa Giulia, a public garden of superior attractions. The grand entrance opening upon the Marina resembles a triumphal arch, being very lofty, and surmounted with the royal arms of the kingdom, an eagle with wings outspread and a shield and crown upon its breast. On each side of the arched gateway are broad bases supporting the figures of crouching lions. At three of the corners of the garden are green-domed pavilions, and in the fourth corner is a structure of an angular form with a terraced roof, affording a favorable view of the Mediterranean. The front railing is of iron, painted white, and supported by marble columns, capped with vases for flowers. The garden is of a square form, well regulated and provided with spacious avenues; while the collateral and intersecting walks are either arched with grateful shading mulberries, or lined with rows of the orange and the lemon, perennially

dressed in living green. Some of the beds are margined with box, and the corners thereof fashioned into pyramidal embellishments; others are bordered with rose bushes always flowering.

In the centre of one of the beds is a bust of "Bellini," and in another one of "Pacini," eminent musical composers of the island; the monuments which support the same being respectively sculptured with the various instruments and symbols of their art. The principal trees which flourish upon the premises are the date, the fig, the orange, lemon, ash, willow, plantain, aloe, and the tree of Judea, while the plants and flowers which abound are choice and numerous. Toward the shore is situated a rising mound of earth of a gentle elevation, covered with shrubs and flowers, and crowned with rustic seats. Hither many repair to survey the adjacent hills and admire the broad blue realm of Neptune, always glistening with xebeques, feluccas, and speronaras, their rising sails inclined by favoring breezes, and bending upon the sea like Pisa's far-famed tower.

Throughout the garden the silver voices of numerous waterfalls, issuing from umbrageous groves, constrain the visitor to turn aside and incline his steps to their inviting borders, while toward the south a fountain of unquestioned pre-eminence, upon which the happiest efforts of sculpture have been lavished, reveals its imposing embellishments before him. Here, in the centre of a deep basin, a pile of rocks arise and form a noble seat for the Genius of Palermo. Sceptred he sits, reigning in majesty with kingly emblems

around him, and gushing cascades pouring and sounding from his throne. Around this interesting section, ample space is allotted for the assemblage of a numerous concourse; several of the chief thoroughfares converging thither, their facing angles graced with models of statuary, the effective personifications of the passions.

But the most delightful resort of the garden is in the centre and comprised within the circumference of a large circle, in the midst of which, a most beautiful fountain casts its lucent jets upon rocks green with moss and aqueous plants: a genius kneeling upon the crown supports a dial whose shadows, day by day, mark the departing hours and measure lives away. A neat iron rail of white surrounds the whole, adorning and protecting the charge within its borders. Marble ottomans, flower-vased colonnettes, temples for birds of song, arched trellises festooned with roses, and the towering trees of the forest, combine their attractions in constituting the circle the glory of the Flora. Here, as from a common centre, diverge grand avenues dividing the beds in segmental forms, and affording a fair view of the four gates. From this position as I surveyed the beautiful valley of Palermo, so bright and shining to the eye, and circled with heaven-ascending hills, I ceased to wonder that poetry for ages had hallowed it as the Vale of the Golden Shell.

Every thing in view appeared bathed in loveliness; the day was divinely fair, and roses clustered around me numerous as the leaves of my native forests: it was a festival of roses, and the Flora bloomed with damask chaplets in honor of its

blushing queen. The very heavens spoke of Heaven; I felt the presence of my Maker in the garden, and realized, with Bascom, that His breath perfumed, and His pencil painted the flowers.

But suddenly, in the midst of my golden reveries, I perceived, in a secluded portion of the Flora, the dark-green cones of mournful trees: it proved a cypress grove, waving its solemn plumes in memory of departed genius. I entered its cimmerian walks, and stood in the presence of cenotaphs, mounds, and sarcophagi, reared by grateful Sicily in honor of her illustrious dead. Diodorus Siculus, Theocritus, Archimedes, Stesichorus, Moschus, Charondas, Epicharmus, and other names less known to fame. The aspect of the place involved all the intense solemnity of the grave, and occasioned a train of reflections unusually melancholy.

I thought of the ravages of Time, and considered that for near six thousand years the standard of Death had been streaming in the breeze, that continents and islands were whitened with the bones of departed generations, and that oceans and seas were treasured with the bones of nations. With sorrowful emotions I left the grove, but no sooner had I receded from its dark precincts than the everlasting hills burst in grandeur upon my view, and the gloom of the grave was in oblivion; for I thought of Tabor, and the Transfiguration, and of Him who hath declared Himself to be the Resurrection and the Life. Faith discerned His presence mantled with clouds ineffably bright, and attended with beatific spirits glistening with shiny raiment and encircled with the halo of a glorious immortality.

The sun declined. Night resumed her reign, and the firmament glittered with the shining ciphers of Eternity.

"I viewed the change with sweet surprise,
And oh! I panted for the skies;
Thanked Heaven, that e'er I drew my breath,
And triumphed in the thoughts of Death."

CHAPTER XII.

Messina—Mount Etna—Catania—Syracuse—Girgenti—Sicily.

The harbor of Messina in form resembles a sickle, and on this account the city was called by the ancients Zancle. According to tradition it was founded 530 years before the seige of Troy, and is, therefore, 964 years older than Rome. Its harbor has been admired, and is embellished with a range of marble buildings nearly uniform the whole length. The squares are adorned with equestrian statues and marble fountains; and the churches, convents, and public edifices are beautiful, and highly creditable. Messina, in its day, has been a flourishing and noble city, but the numerous misfortunes it has experienced have sadly altered its condition. The plague of 1743 swept away half its population, and the terrible earthquakes of 1780 and 1782 occasioned the destruction of a large portion of the place; while in the recent revolution of 1849, its unsuccessful struggle against the throne of Naples for independence inflicted additional losses of incalculable magnitude. Its population once amounted to 100,000, it is now only about 47,000. Owing to the presence of mountains, and the currents of the straits, the air of the city

is fresher and more temperate, than that of any other portion of the island. The famous eddies of Scylla and Charybdis are not far from the port, and a few miles to the north is Stromboli, a volcano in the sea always burning, the flames of which, reflect their light to such a distance on the waves that it is named the Faro, or the light house of the Mediterranean.

In the treasury of the Cathedral is preserved the palladium of Messina, a letter from the Virgin Mary to its citizens; in consequence of which, the Messinese pretend to be pre-eminent over the whole island; nay, over the whole world. It appears that during her residence at Jerusalem, the Messinese having recently embraced the religion of the Cross, were induced to elect and dispatch an embassy of four persons, charged with the duty of assuring her of their veneration and respect. In acknowledgment of this mark of consideration, the Virgin Mary volunteered to take their city under her immediate protection, and wrote the letter in question as an abiding evidence of her obligation. The letter itself is a great curiosity, and translated from Hebrew into English, reads as follows:

"The Virgin Mary, daughter of James, the most humble mother of our Lord Jesus Christ crucified, of the tribe of Judah, of the race of David, health and benediction of God the Father to all the Messinese.

"It being certain that, owing to your great faith, you have, after a public deliberation, sent me these messengers; and since you admit that our Son is God and also man; that he went up to Heaven after his resurrection, as you have been instructed by St. Paul, chosen as an apostle, we bless

you, together with all your city, and we wish to be always considered as your protectress.

"The 42d year of our Son, that is to say, the 3d of June and 27th of the Moon in Jerusalem."

The people of Messina have a passionate devotion for the Virgin Mary, and have called twenty streets of their city after her, under various titles of honor, and the most pious, baptize their sons and daughters *Lettorio* and *Letteria*, in honor of the sacred letter.

The grand festival in commemoration of the reception of this palladium of their safety, takes place on the 4th of June, every year. On that day a long procession is formed in which all classes, from the Cardinal to the mendicant, participate. The vase containing the epistle is carried by the Bishop, assisted by six Senators, bearing a rich canopy above it. At the same time paintings are suspended in the main streets descriptive of the principal circumstances connected with the history of the event. One painting represents the Virgin Mary writing the letter, with a dove shedding light upon her while so engaged; and the messengers from Messina in prostrate attitudes before her. Another represents the return of the messengers to their native city, and formally delivering the letter in a silver casket to the municipal authorities of Messina.

Notwithstanding the special assurance of the patronage and favor of the Madonna, few cities have been so unfortunate as Messina. It has suffered from calamities of every description, and this day the miserable and destitute condition of its lower classes excites the keenest feelings of pity and

commiseration. These things, however, have not occasioned any abatement of their devotion to the Virgin, or diminished their confidence in her as their all-sufficient protectress. In thinking carefully upon the subject, it appeared to me that the Virgin did not hear their supplications, or that she heard them and had not the ability or inclination to answer them.

MOUNT ÆTNA.

This is the largest and most extraordinary volcanic mountain in the world. It is 10,874 feet high,—(that of Vesuvius is only 3,979,)—and measures 180 miles in circumference at the base, and in its various regions has three separate zones or climates. Over its sides are scattered no fewer than 77 cities, towns and villages, occupied by about 115,000 people. To ascend it from Catania is a journey of 24 miles. This journey is one of great fatigue, and very few travellers are disposed to undertake it. This mountain produces all the necessaries and luxuries of life. The first region is the most fertile, and affords corn, oil, wine, silks, spices and delicious fruits. The second yields beautiful forests and flocks of game, besides tar, cork and honey, and the third snow and ice—while its caverns are stored with marbles and mineral productions, such as cinnabar, mercury, sulphur, alum, nitre and vitriol. Its timber keeps the Sicilians warm in winter, and its ice cool in summer. The sale of snow and ice collected from its cone averages ten thousand dollars per annum. The *castagna di cento cavalli*, or the chestnut tree of a hundred horse—so called because it is supposed to be capable of sheltering one

hundred horses beneath the canopy of its boughs, is situated in one of the spacious fields of the lower circle. The dense forests are occupied by wild beasts, and the loftier heights by that bird of liberty, the eagle—

"The bird that laves
Her sounding pinions in the sun's first gush,
Drinks his meridian blaze and sun-set flush;
Worships her idol in his fiercest hour;
Bathes her full bosom in his hottest shower;
Rides with the thunderer in his blazing march;
And bears his lightnings o'er yon boundless arch."

The rays of the rising sun strike the top of the mountain seven or eight minutes before they shine on Catania; at this time the shadow of the mountain extends over the whole island and even into the sea. The view from the summit of Ætna baffles description. At this elevation the diameter of the horizon commanded by the human eye is estimated at 800 miles, which is equal to a circumference of 2,400 miles. No wonder that the Emperor Adrian and the philosopher Plato were willing to undergo the toil of mounting to this altitude to enjoy the gratification of such a prospect.

A French traveller, speaking of the effect of the rising sun from the heights of Ætna, says that it was as if the universe had been observed suddenly springing from the night of non-existence. The coasts of Africa and Naples, and all the intervening islands, are under the range of observation. The massy body of the mountain is seen entire, and the whole island of Sicily, with its rivers, cities and hamlets in full relief, including the flowery fields of Enna, and the honeyed hills

of Hybla. In the spring, when the trees begin to flower, the island appears as if powdered with blossoms. From such a height the people in the vales below seem but as grasshoppers.

But Ætna is not always passive. It is subject to eruptions and earthquakes, and when they take place, the land and the sea become troubled, and the inhabitants are in despair. When such a mountain *does* speak, it speaks with power. In a calamity of this nature, God is man's only refuge. Of the earthquakes, one of the most remarkable described in history is that which happened in 1693. Its motion was perceived in Germany, France and England, but Sicily was the chief sufferer. It extended to a circumference of 2,600 leagues, and no fewer than 54 cities, with an incredible number of villages, were either destroyed or greatly damaged. The city of Catania, in particular, was completely overthrown. The sea suddenly began to roar, Mount Ætna to send forth great spires of flame, and soon after a shock ensued, with a noise as if all the artillery in the world had been at once discharged. The birds flew about astonished, the sun was darkened, the beasts ran howling from the hills: and although the shock did not continue above three minutes, above sixty thousand of the inhabitants of Sicily perished in the ruins. When it was over, Catania could not be found.

CATANIA.

Catania is situated in a valley near the foot of Mount Ætna, and contains a population of about 47,000 souls. The

city is built almost entirely of *lava*—even the walls that surround it are built of this material. Shortly after the destruction of the ancient city, (A. D. 1693,) the survivors reared the modern Catania upon its ruins. The streets of the new city are regularly and handsomely laid out, are straight and wide, and are paved with the lava of Ætna. The attachment of the people to their native soil, and their habituation to the dangers of the volcano, are the reasons assigned for building the new city on the same old site. The edifices are noble and costly, and the university enjoys a very high reputation. Catania has very little commerce. The fiery deluge of Ætna has filled up its harbor, and the finances of the Government are too scanty to restore it.

St. Agatha is the patroness of the city, and on every emergency her intercession is implored.

SYRACUSE.

Syracuse was founded 736 B. C. and was, in its day, an ancient London. It was twenty-two miles in circumference, surrounded by a triple wall, flanked with towers and castles, and contained within its compass four separate divisions or cities united into one, viz., Æradina, Tyche, Neapolis, and Ortygia; of these four cities, that of Ortygia alone now remains; it is about two miles round, and supposed to contain 14,000 inhabitants. In the zenith of her glory, Syracuse maintained in constant pay an army of 100,000 foot and 10,000 horse, besides a fleet of 400 sail. She did not shrink from contending against all the power of Carthage and Rome,

and is said to have repulsed fleets of 2,000 sail, and armies of 200,000 men. Of all this power and magnificence scarcely any trace remains. The monuments and temples of the city are in ruins, and nothing but desolation salutes the eye. The spot is still shown where the house of Archimedes stood, and also a tower from which he is said to have set fire to the Roman galleys with his burning-glasses; near it is the famous fountain of Arethusa; also a remarkable cavern cut in the rock, called the "Ear of Dionysius" fashioned in the form of a human ear, 27 feet in width, 72 in height, and 219 in depth. In this cavern the tyrant Dionysius confined his prisoners, and stationed at its mouth a sentinel, who could hear even the whispers of the prisoners, and whose duty it was to report them to his master. The echoes of this cavern are very loud, even the tearing of a piece of paper occasions a great noise. According to a Sicilian author, an eminent musician composed a canto for two voices which, when sung within the cavern, appeared to be performed by four.

The sun is said never to have been obscured one whole day at Syracuse.

GIRGENTI.

This city stands upon a high mountain near the sea-coast, and in the vale at its side lie the ruins of the ancient Agrigentum. Girgenti occupies only the ground on which the ancient citadel once stood. It is a poor town, and obtains its chief importance from the ruined temples of Castor and Pollux, Concord, Juno, and Esculapius, which, ages ago, embelished the fallen city of Agrigentum.

SICILY.

Sicily is the largest and most remarkable island in the Mediterranean, and measures 755 miles in circumference. The ancients denominated it the "Island of the Sun," and the land of the Cyclops. The Greek poets, on account of its extraordinary beauty and fertility, styled it the "Garden of the Hesperides." The number of houses upon the island is estimated at 268,120, and the population at 1,787,771. The mass of the people are poor and without education. It is subject to the King of Naples, who governs it by a Viceroy. The government is very exacting and oppressive, and affords scarcely any encouragement to agriculture, manufacture or commerce. Sicily has always been distinguished for the remarkable luxuriance of its soil, and even in its present imperfect state of cultivation, one good crop, says Brydone, would be sufficient to maintain the island seven years. In the spring, the flowers of the island are fragrant beyond description, and the air is so loaded with their perfume that dogs lose their scent in hunting over its heaths. The works of Homer, Virgil, Cicero, and Milton, abound with many beautiful allusions in reference to Sicily. The shape of Sicily is that of a triangle, and on this account has been called Trinacria; it is full of mountains, and valleys, and fertilizing streams. In the early ages, the Sicilians assiduously cultivated poetry, sculpture, and painting. Fabricius gives a list of seventy Sicilians who have been celebrated in antiquity for learning and genius; there are still able and gifted men scattered over the island, but they are silent and in the shade.

The absolute character of the government and the arbitrary censorship of the press prevent them from being either seen or known—their works are seldom, if ever, published, and their voices are unheard.

No paper is issued in Sicily, except a price current, and the only authorized journal in circulation, is that entitled "Journal of the two Sicilies," published at Naples, under the official sanction of the King.

In spite of wars, earthquakes, tyranny and superstition, the natural beauty of the island is still the same; but the people are not happy, because, they are without freedom, without which, the richest blessings of nature are of little value.

For part of the facts stated in this chapter I am indebted to Goldsmith, Swinburne, and Brydone.

CHAPTER XIII.

Naples.

The houses of Naples are very high, the average of them being five stories, but some have as many as six, seven, and eight stories; in most instances there is a separate owner for each story, whereby some difficulty is often experienced in the settlement of questions involving the general interests of all concerned. The milkmen drive cows and flocks of goats through the streets, and milk them at their customers' doors: this course secures the delivery of the pure beverage, without dilution or adulteration. Families who reside in the elevated stories of the highest buildings, expect the goats to ascend and be milked in their presence; it is, therefore, quite a common thing for me to observe, in my early morning rambles, goats travelling up and down the stairways of the loftiest buildings in the city. Every house is called a palace, a designation which flatters the vanity of the people without imposing upon the discrimination of foreigners. The first floor of these palaces is generally on a level with the street, and not unfrequently appropriated for the accommodation of carriages, horses, and cows.

The churches of Naples are, with few exceptions, quite of an ordinary character, and, in comparison with those of Sicily, scarcely deserve notice or visitation. Their bells are small, and sound more like the bells of a factory village than those of a great capital. All the churches are well supplied with large figures of virgins and saints, carefully inclosed in glass cases, and robed in dresses gaudy enough for a theatre.

The streets and squares in the vicinity of the king's garden and palace are swept daily, and kept in a very cleanly condition; nevertheless, in a great population there are many who are obliged to pursue very humble callings for a livelihood; persons of this class are always collecting every thing that can be devoted to manuring purposes, and transporting the same out of the city; while goats and donkeys, as they pass along, "brouse up" all the green tops and leaves of vegetables scattered about the town. Even the rinds of oranges and lemons are collected for the extraction of the essence, and the stumps of segars are picked up, and retailed to be smoked in the pipes of the poor. The lower classes, from continual exposure to the sun, are as dark as Indians.

The children of the fishermen play all day along the shores and upon the quays of the city, the little boys wearing only one simple garment upon their persons, a coarse tow-cloth shirt; yet they appear happier and healthier than the offspring of the opulent. The hair of all classes is exceedingly soft and luxuriant; but the tresses of the females are remarkably beautiful; they are dark, rich and heavy as the clustering fruits of autumn; a "tricopherous" would be a drug in the market; for in this delightful clime, nature is wont to

place such graceful crowns upon the brow, that even age itself refuses to deprive the wearer of its beauty.

In the square before the entrance of the Villa Reale, companies of flower-girls are accustomed every afternoon to repair with rustic baskets freighted with the most odorous nosegays, offering them for sale to all the visitors of the garden. In their solicitude to secure a disposition of their flowers, they would occasionally venture to place a choice nosegay in the hand or bosom of the visitor, and presume upon his courtesy for the acceptance and payment of the offering: this procedure would often prove highly successful, but occasionally they would encounter a refractory individual, who would spitefully seize their offering, and either throw it into some inaccessible place, or cast it upon the ground, and trample it beneath his feet. For myself, I was always a passionate lover of flowers, and when these hallowed emblems of the beautiful (supposed to be the alphabet of angels) were so persuasively offered by the dark-eyed daughters of Italia, there was a charm about them which was irresistible; I preferred their flowers to treasures of silver or gold.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Peasantry of Pompeii.

The ruined city of Pompeii is surrounded by an embankment formed of the ashes and earth removed in effecting the excavation of its remains. It is provided with several gates of entrance, which are guarded by soldiers, and no person can enter within the walls, unless accompanied by a guide, under government appointment.

The country around Pompeii is under a high state of cultivation, abounding with vineyards, plantations of cotton, and fields rich with harvests of fruit and grain. The peasantry are chiefly engaged in the pursuit of agriculture, and although very poor, are industrious and happy; as there are no idlers, there are no beggars about the place. Every body appears to be engaged in some useful calling, and apparently accustomed to depend upon personal exertions for the procurement of a livelihood. As soon as the sun rises I meet the peasantry upon the road, with well-polished implements of husbandry upon their backs, cheerfully travelling to the fields to commence the avocations of the day—offering as they pass along their respectful salutations, sometimes raising, sometimes removing, their cone-crowned hats. It is healthful (independent

of the benefit from air and exercise) to walk abroad in the dawn of morning, and experience from a class so useful and honorable such friendly marks of consideration.

The toils of the day they are accustomed to relieve by the enlivening influence of vocal melody, and the mutual interchange of every kindly office. Pursuing their avocations in a spirit so laudable and commendable, the shades of evening find them, without a cloud upon their brows, peacefully repairing to their habitations. How reviving, at that interesting hour, to experience the benefit of their welcome gratulations, falling like music upon the ear, and imparting a satisfaction to the soul, as enduring as the pleasures of memory. They love to employ for their evening salutation "felice notte" (happy night), a sentiment full of joyful hopes and delightful anticipations. I always repose well, after I have been blessed with the favorable wishes of these artless laborers of the soil.

The road which passes by Pompeii is the communicating medium with Naples, as well as several important towns intersecting its course; over this road the productions of the country are transported, which contribute to the subsistence of the capital, and its populous dependencies. The heavy and numerous trains which perpetually rumble along this grand highway give palpable evidence of the agricultural wealth of these interesting plains.

The cheerful and contented disposition of the children of the peasantry has often commanded my highest admiration. They always appear satisfied, in whatever situation circumstances may place them, and readily accommodate themselves to every exigency. During the vernal and summer seasons,

the little boys seldom wear any thing beyond a coarse shirt, while the dress of the girls is almost as simple. Accustomed from their infancy to the practice of active and frugal habits, and to breathe the balmy air of their favorite fields, they naturally possess uninterrupted health with its usual concomitant advantages.

The rustic carriages of the country are provided with a netting suspended beneath the vehicle, for the reception of luggage. When the usual accommodations of the conveyance are occupied by persons of riper years, it is no uncommon occurrence to see this humble receptacle filled with children, manifesting by their simple songs the utmost cheerfulness in their obscure and novel situation. I have also observed them equally contented, when transported in the huge pockets of the panniers which are borne upon the backs of the donkeys.

So peaceful is the air that pervades this lovely region, that the days of the people appear composed of sabbaths, and their temporal condition, a beautiful exemplification of primeval felicity.

Impressed with the beneficial tendencies of rural occupations, as well as the numerous and exalted advantages arising from habits of communion with the works of an Omnipotent Author, the language of the poet appeared peculiarly in consonance with the train of my meditations:

——— The men
Whom Nature's works can charm, with God himself
Hold converse; grow familiar, day by day,
With his conceptions; act upon his plan,
And form to his the relish of their souls.

CHAPTER XV.

Environs of Naples—The scenery of La Cava.

At a distance of twenty-five miles from Naples, tranquilly reposing in the midst of the Apennines, is situated the village of La Cava, much famed for its picturesque location, and the refreshing temperature of its mountain air. For the means of subsistence, the chief dependence of its inhabitants is placed upon the manufacture of cotton goods, for which a regular demand exists throughout the kingdom. The village itself does not contain within its limits any objects of special interest, its habitations being merely adapted for the comfortable accommodation of a frugal and laborious population.

The local scenery of the place, however, presents features of such surpassing magnificence, that the most ample satisfaction may be derived from its studious examination. The thoughtful observer, while he views the ruined castles and dilapidated remains that crown the surrounding hills, experiences a forcible conviction of the material difference in respect to the durability of human works, and the immutable creations of a Superior Power. The lofty Apennines, venerable as Time itself, survives the birth of the World without

the indications of decay which mark the Roman and Norman edifices scattered upon its breast.

The skies and hills of Italy continue to afford the same pleasure and edification as when her earliest poets strung the lyre to celebrate their praise. Nature is still the same, always youthful and ever beautiful; her breath is as sweet and her robe as lovely as when first she animated Creation with her presence.

The prospect commanded by the heights of Cava, independent of its possession of the numerous attractions peculiar to the scenery of the Italian peninsula, is likewise identified with the classical associations of one of the most interesting sections of the Roman Empire. Within the range of the visible horizon, situations and places being embraced, the very allusion to which will continue for ever to challenge the respect, and secure the consideration of the scholar and historian. Napoli, Herculaneum, Pompeii, Stabiæ, Pæstum, Sorrento, Vesuvio, and Salerno, severally crowding upon the mind, luxuriant with the richest recollections of departed centuries.

Surrounded by a panorama of such historical interest and natural magnificence, the beholder experiences increasing pleasure from the continuance of his observations. The eye dwells with delight on the everlasting hills, embellished with terraced vineyards, resembling in appearance the ranging seats of a Roman amphitheatre. The terraces are regularly studded with young trees, the natural supporters of luxuriant vines, which hang suspended in graceful festoons from tree to tree; their interesting and shady appearance incidentally re-

viving the recollection that it was the favorable concealment afforded by garlands of a similar description to the cavalry of Kellerman, which enabled that fortunate officer to make the decisive and memorable charge, on the field of Marengo, which brought victory to the trembling standards of Napoleon.

The observer, as he continues the consideration of the general aspect of the prospect under his examination, is involuntarily inclined to adopt a military figure as applicable to its illustration. The comparison of a battle field presents itself, and he proceeds to distinguish and apprehend the prominent features which mark its occupation.

The mountains constitute the tents of the army. Among them, rising in all its green magnificence, is Vesuvius, the tented quarters of the chief in command; its burning cone and cloudy ensign visible from every quarter of the heavens. The villages upon its front, all glistening with the glorious reflection of the rising sun, indicate the imperial ciphers of the commanding general. The neighboring mountains are the tents of the marshals of his staff. The immense plains below embrace the vast army itself, arranged in the order of battle. The dense groves of the olive and the orange constitute the cavalry in close battalion, while the orchards of fruit-bearing trees, so regularly arranged in lengthened columns and compact squares, are the representatives of infantry. The forests of lofty poplars, occupying the most retired section of the plain, are the "reserved guard," conspicuous as the tallest and noblest division of the army.

Here and there, interspersed in various portions of the fields, are trees of funeral cypress, recognizable as the muffled

standards of regiments in mourning for the loss of favorite officers. The hamlets which dot the broad expanse, are breastworks and fortifications, designed to strengthen important points and to co-operate in the general dispositions of the battle. On the right and left are noticeable the ancient cities, whose history and geographical position identify them with the present illustration. Stabiæ and Herculaneum indeed have fallen; and Pompeii, involved in a similar calamity, offers merely a circumference of ruins as the surviving memorial of her glory. Pæstum also has been overthrown, (the princely Pæstum!) and the clouds of the south are curtaining the lingering representatives of her splendor; but Napoli, Salerno and Sorrento remain, glittering in the distance, and apparently reserved as the destined prize of War.

CHAPTER XVI.

Environs of Naples—La Cava—Incidental Observations.

ALTHOUGH not among the favorite resorts of the court and fashion of the Neapolitan capital, La Cava has always sustained a high reputation for the peculiar sublimities of its situation, while the contributions of painters in the illustration of its scenery have served in some respects to identify eminent names with the recollection of the place. It was among these wild and romantic hills that Salvator Rosa and Poussin repaired to study nature in her grandeur, and among them sketched some of those memorable productions which have established their claims to an honorable and lasting occupation in the pantheon of fame.

A few miles from the town, amid the loftiest peaks of the Apennines, a monastery, called "La Trinita," reared by the devotion of the middle ages, lifts its imposing front toward the rising sun, and for centuries has remained as the significant representative of the Roman religion. The situation and celebrity of this institution were sufficient inducements for the insurance of an early visitation. I proceeded thither on All-saints day, a day of some celebrity in the calendar of the

church. Although somewhat familiar with the festival displays of the Italian churches, the demonstrations on that occasion could not fail materially to heighten my existing impressions of Catholic magnificence. Grand and august as were the ceremonies which history ascribes to the religion of the Cæsars, it may be safely questioned whether the altars of the Roman empire could have ever exhibited a spectacle of superior splendor. The day following, however, was witness to a representation of a different description; it was a day of solemn sacrificial expiation for the Catholic dead throughout the world; and the nature of the services introduced afforded ample evidence of the serious concern entertained by the church for their speedy extrication from the pains of purgatory. After the performance of an imposing high mass, the whole strength of the convent, eighty in number, was assembled around a large bier, erected in the centre of the temple; this bier was covered with an ample pall of rich black velvet, embroidered with gold, and upon it reposed a black cushion surmounted with a human skull; gigantic wax lights burned around this portable mausoleum, imparting a melancholy illumination to the doleful scene. The monks of this convent (which is reputed to be one of great wealth) were of the Benedictine order, and were dressed in habits of fine black cloth, with cowls. As soon as they were provided with lighted candles, they simultaneously commenced a solemn chant, which they sustained for a great length of time, being assisted throughout by the pealing notes of a very powerful organ.

After this, priests in black vestments advanced with ves-

sels of burning incense, and as they passed around the bier, cast dense volumes of incense upon it, uttering as they passed words of grave import, with a very deep voice. A large, heavy cross, apparently of solid silver, with an image of gold upon it, was then introduced, and carried in procession around the same object. I remained until all the ceremonies were concluded, many parts of which I could not understand, or very well describe. At the conclusion of the services, one of the sacristans had occasion to go into the repository of sacred relics; the repository occupied the recess of a princely chapel, the entrance to which was secured by massive iron doors that would have answered for the safety of a Wall-street bank. I admired the systematic manner in which the relics were labelled and classified; all the care that would have been displayed in the classification of a cabinet of gems was here illustrated. They were mostly contained in cases of glass, and consisted of small portions of the bones, dust, hair, and blood of martyrs and canonized saints, together with various curiosities which had at one time belonged to them. Upon leaving the monastery, I noticed a painted sign, suspended over the door by a cord, upon which were inscribed the words "Indulgentia—Plenaria" (plenary indulgence for the living and the dead).

I proceeded then to vist the various churches of the village, in all of which were biers, palls, and skulls, arranged in a similar manner, and services of a kindred character in operation. I noticed that the *crania* employed were of an ordinary description, as though they had been gathered from the graves of the undistinguished dead; not of such, however,

was the cranium which graced the bier of the affluent monastery of La Trinita; that was of a truly superior character—it was one of a thousand—the skull of skulls.

Having sufficient time at my disposal, I improved it in directing my steps to the neighboring town of Salerno. I there saw some things which exceeded all that I had heretofore beheld. In most of the stores were for sale images of human bodies tormented in purgatorial flames; while in every direction were visible companies of people, engaged in conveying numbers of them about the streets. I encountered, near the door of one church that I entered, two life-sized human models almost entirely enveloped in flames; their arms were imploringly extended, as if in supplication for relief, while from their hands were suspended money-boxes for the reception of contributions. The altars of this church fairly glowed with the red figures of burning bodies.

I noticed that there were some distinguishing marks upon many of them, whereby the different professions might be easily apprehended; these badges extended to both sexes, the old and the young of every condition; while the presence of mitres and sacerdotal vestments indicated, that even cardinals and pontiffs were liable to some purification. An intermediate state, in fact, being virtually considered as the common lot of the dead. I had not advanced more than half of the length of this church, before I encountered two *human skeletons*, one in the right aisle, and the other upon the left, both painted entirely black, their bony arms resting upon their well-poised bows. These figures, I judged, were emblematical of Death—the relentless archer, whose shafts for

so many ages have been the dread of men. I noticed many other strange things, but, as they were all of the same gloomy description, I shall not introduce them.

The advantage of the Purgatorial state, in a lucrative point of view, is well known; the revenue from this source alone probably exceeding that derived from all other sources put together. This is the grand and unfailing reliance of the Church of Rome: other expedients have failed, but this has always maintained its ground with comparative success. Without this invention, the treasures of these countries could never have been gathered within her walls, nor could her temporal power have become so inordinately extended. For hundreds of years, this dogma has influenced the dying wills of the wealthy noblemen of Italy and Sicily, who have bequeathed their gold, their silver, and their all, for the questionable benefit of her intercessions. This system has been one of the chief causes which have so much impoverished the leading families of these countries, and reduced the descendants of some to become mendicants at the doors of her convents.

In reference to the legacies for the celebration of masses, there appears to be considerable method in the manner of their fulfilment. The executors of the estate confer, as soon as practicable, with the particular parish church with which the deceased was a communicant, and enter into a contract with it, for the performance of the number stipulated in the will. This contract becomes what the Church calls an "Obligation," and the Church proceeds, without loss of time, to discharge it. As no priest can offer more than one mass a day, it would be

rather a tedious business where an obligation of one thousand, or ten thousand, was to be performed; to obviate this difficulty, each church has ten or fifteen altars, and a proportionate number of priests, and can, where dispatch is desirable, put almost any force upon the work that might be required—fifty or one hundred, or even more, according to the urgency of the case. The priest, before offering the mass, records his name in a register provided for that purpose, and specifies for whose benefit the mass is intended; at certain periods, the notary of the church prepares an official certificate from this register, of the number performed, which is presented to the executors, and upon which the payment is made; the certificate being retained as a voucher for the payment.

In all the large cities there is generally one church which has the special charge of the souls of the poor in Purgatory, and appeals are daily made, for contributions to defray the expense of the masses celebrated in their behalf.

In Rome, in 1848, as soon as intelligence of the revolutions in Milan, Sicily, and Paris, arrived, and in like manner, as often as intelligence was received of the various victories in the cause of Italian Independence, the first thing ordered was a glorious illumination for the respective victories, and the next thing was an order for a solemn high mass, for the repose of the souls of the slain. The obligations for the dead alone constitute a material portion of the labor of the Romish Clergy. The wealthy have, by their last bequests, imposed an amount of service upon the Church that would appear almost incredible; some have even stipulated for a perpetual

sacrifice of the mass, to go on day after day, and year after year, until the Angel of the Apocalypse shall sound the death-knell of time.

Romanism in the agricultural districts appears to better advantage than in the populous cities: the attachment of the rural classes to their sanctuary and its institutions, is justly entitled to commendation. The peasantry uncover their heads, and not unfrequently utter a prayer, as they pass the doors of their churches; while the Sabbath, and the duties connected with its observance, are correspondingly regarded. Soon after my arrival at La Cava, I inquired for the "Casa Rosa," a mansion occupied by a family to whom I had a letter of introduction. I found the house, but the heads of it had gone out, but were soon expected to return: in the meanwhile, the daughters having read the letter, invited me to walk in and await the arrival of their parents. The daughters were three in number, and in the very flower of their youth, and had scarcely been beyond the precincts of their native village; they had not even seen Naples, the capital of the dominions of their king, and in their deportment, manifested all the innocence and sensibility peculiar to their situation. Owing to the difficulty of comprehending the provincial dialect of the place, I experienced some embarrassment at first in conducting a conversation; to obviate this inconvenience, I had recourse to a small pocket dictionary, which I drew from my pocket, and when any particular difficulty occurred, we would all examine the book together; our heads frequently touched in searching for the needful words. I was forcibly struck with the aspect of the

youngest; her countenance was exceedingly fair, and beamed serene and beautiful as the sky of her beloved Italy. After some preliminary remarks, she inquired if I was a Catholic, and when I replied that I was not, she thereupon, with all the eloquence of her sex, urged me to embrace her religion and receive the ordinance of baptism, at the altar of their village Chapel. So affected was I by the artless language with which she clothed her appeal, that had it related to any other sacrifice, save the renunciation of my faith, it could not have been resisted.

No thoughtful observer can survey the venerable churches of this interesting peninsula without emotion. The archives of history, the works of art, and the dust of millions, are under their guardian care. They are the chronicles of the past; some of them dating their origin almost coeval with the nativity of Christianity; having sustained with invincibility the violence and ravages of ages.

In Sicily, Naples, Rome, and Tuscany, times without number have I lingered around their adamantine walls, in wonder and admiration. As I gazed upon these venerable structures, they appeared so battle-worn, so time-worn, and so sea-worn, that I likened them unto frigates of war, that had braved and survived the vicissitudes of innumerable engagements, and the perils of tempests, and stormy capes, to be moored in the nineteenth century, as national arks for reference and observation.

Romanism is allied to antiquity; so is Monarchy; but will this consideration be sufficient to secure their supremacy, against the encroachments of revolution? In this age the

nations are panting for civil and religious freedom; and, ever and anon, the emblems of independence are waving from the towers of Europe: even the capital of the Cæsars has been aroused from the slumber of centuries, and anthems of liberty have been heard upon the banks of the Tiber.

The cause of truth and the rights of man, are omnipotent, and must and will prevail.

CHAPTER XVII.

Pisa.

The locomotive which conveyed our train to Pisa, was called the *Galileo*, a name deservedly reverenced in Tuscany. As soon as I left the cars I hastened to view the famous Leaning-Tower, of which travellers have said so much. Its inclination did not strike me so forcibly as I expected; it stands entirely by itself, and in its general appearance, reminded me of the dismantled mainmast of some stranded flag ship, after her decks had been swept, rigging and topsails carried away and not a soul on board. The tower is built of white marble, but the lapse of six hundred years has sufficed to give a gray, sea-worn, character to the structure.

The Baptistry and Cathedral are very interesting buildings; they stand in the same neighborhood, and only a few feet from each other. I found much satisfaction in *botanizing* among these old edifices. Plants grow upon their steps, and also upon their sides and tops. I found that each building had a variety peculiar to itself; thus, those plants which clung to the Tower, were of a different species from those which flourished upon the Cathedral; the Baptistry also

presented another variety, and the old walls of the city, although quite contiguous, still another; all this was interesting to me, and I gathered, with considerable care, specimens of each for transmission to America. Those plants, however, which I coveted most, were in situations so inaccessible, that I was obliged to relinquish all hope of securing them, and content myself with obtaining possession of such as were more immediately within my reach. I noticed workmen busily engaged in restoring various portions of the Baptistry. Notwithstanding all the care and veneration which man has paid to these wonderful structures, time is crumbling their pillars, and mantling their walls with the habiliments of age. Having seen so much of the internal magnificence of the churches of Italy, I have recently ceased to take much interest in a minute examination of the innumerable pictures, and works of art, with which they are so proverbially embellished. It is enough for me to remain outside, and to survey their battlements, wings, and towers. In fact, I never go inside of the Italian churches but I invariably behold such a perversion of the common sense intention of the aims and objects of Christianity, as to make me altogether disinclined to enter again. The churches are filled with pictures, images, and relics, and some preposterous legend or miracle is connected with the history of them all. The people when engaged in worshipping, generally get in front of some favorite shrine, and look steadfastly at a representation of some saint, fashioned in marble, or painted upon canvas, and when they depart approach and kiss it, with the most extravagant affection. There appears indeed to be a total

disregard of all reference to the simple doctrine of the Trinity. The whole tendency of the Catholic system, is evidently designed to promote and exalt the Virgin Mary and a host of Saints, at the expense of the sublime Author and Mediator of the universe. To judge of the general character of the worship in Italy, one would suppose that the entire control and administration of the affairs of this world, and all hope of salvation in the world to come, were entirely and absolutely at the disposal of the Madonna and the Apostles.

The Alpha and Omega of the Gospel is, to all intents and purposes, practically disregarded. The adorable Saviour is introduced as a being of secondary consideration, and merely indirectly enters into the grand scheme of human redemption. Here, in common with all other Catholic cities of the Peninsula, the streets and angles thereof are supplied with images and figures of canonized saints and holy virgins; at night, lamps burn before them as an evidence of reverence. Frequently, companies of old people and youth cluster around these things, and pay their devotions beneath them; credulously invoking Saint Margaret or Saint Catherine, or some other frail being like themselves, instead of invoking the only name given under heaven among men whereby they might be saved; the majority of these worshippers, probably never raising their thoughts above six feet from the ground, but confining them to the carved and painted images which human hands have fashioned, and human folly has sanctified. How different all this from the sublime thought of communing with the Deity himself, of holding audience with the King of

kings, being ushered into his presence upon the simple passport and mediation, of an ever-living and all sufficient Intercessor! It is recorded that St. Paul, on a certain occasion, when standing in the midst of Mars Hill, uttered these words: "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious." Could that uncompromising advocate of truth but stand in this age on the Palatine mount at Rome, or upon the hills of Sicily, Naples, or Tuscany, his faithful voice would be heard declaring the same language to the nations of Sicily and Italy.

Although Paganism has for many centuries ceased to be the religion of the remarkable countries which anciently composed the Roman Empire, nevertheless most of the ceremonies and ordinances, together with many of the superstitions known to have belonged to the ancients, have been confessedly preserved, and adroitly amalgamated with the religion of the Cross. So great indeed appear to have been the concessions and compromises with the institutions and practices of Paganism, that without a good knowledge of the Grecian and Roman Mythology, the existing religious condition of the Italian peninsula and its dependencies must, at best, be but very imperfectly understood. When this circumstance is duly considered, in connection with the influence which the traditions of the Fathers, and the monkish superstitions of the dark ages have notoriously occasioned, the general character and composition of the Roman Catholic religion may be better comprehended. The system in fact, which the Church of Rome proposes for universal reception, differs so materially from that which the New Testament unfolds, that the

existence of the one, appears to be incompatible with the popular promulgation of the other.

In the same neighborhood with the leaning-tower is located the celebrated "Campo-Santo" or Holy Field, a noble dedication to the great men of the Pisan republic. It consists of an oblong quadrangular building, with a large open court or garden in the centre. The building contains ranges of sepulchral monuments of every description, together with several chapels for prayer and the sacrifice of the mass. The eye becomes weary with the task of deciphering the inscriptions with which the place abounds, and finally seeks relief in a general survey of the whole collection. In looking upon such extraordinary efforts for the preservation of human dust, I thought of the fabled phœnix, the bird which is reputed to rise from its ashes, after its body has been consumed by fire; and it appeared to me that men sometimes acted as though the safe preservation of the ashes of the departed was absolutely indispensable in order to secure the appointed resurrection of their bodies.

The walls of this splendid mausoleum are all covered with designs, in fresco, of a biblical character—of this collection, that which particularly arrested and riveted my attention was, the grand tableau of the final judgment. High in the clouds was enthroned the Judge, with the Madonna and the Apostles. To this, there could be no very reasonable objection. The angels had blown their trumpets, the dead had arisen, and the grand division had been made. I noticed that the large group upon the *right hand* was composed almost entirely of monks, nuns, popes and Roman Catholic priests. It

occurred to me that this was not altogether a *very impartial* representation of the day of judgment. Passing from this, I entered into the spacious court, and, in walking over the ground thereof, experienced emotions of no ordinary character. I was traversing the soil of *Palestine*, brought hither by the Crusaders in fifty galleys of the Pisan republic. This soil had been gathered from Mount Calvary, and from every other location sanctified by the birth, history, and crucifixion of HIM whose advent angels had proclaimed, and whose voice even Nature and the grave had obeyed. I collected flowers, blades of grass and rose-leaves, and plucked some amaranthine sprigs from the oriental cypress trees with which each angle of the court was embellished, and then indulged in handling and gathering some of the hallowed earth. As I did so, memory recalled the sensations described by the noble and eloquent Lamartine when he realized a similar gratification within the borders of the Holy Land itself.

The next place I visited was the old church of the Knights of Saint Stephen. From its walls were suspended a large collection of banners, captured by the warriors of Pisa from the Turks and Saracens. I counted nearly a hundred, some of which were very beautiful, and richly embroidered with oriental imagery. The staffs of these standards were capped with golden balls, turbans, spear-heads, and shining crescents. In these old countries the trophies of war and religion are commonly treasured in the same temple. A favorable opportunity at this moment occurred of paying another visit to the Leaning-Tower, and I immediately embraced it—memorable objects are seldom visited too often. The ascent of the tower

is by spiral outside flights of stairs. Its altitude is 196 feet, and its inclination, eleven feet and three inches. In due time I reached the top, and eagerly took a sweeping view of the surrounding panorama. I felt as if I were at the mast-head of a ship—high in the clouds, among rushing winds and azure fields. Oh! how inspiring is it to stand upon the tops of towers, upon the cones of mountains, and upon the domes of temples! It is *then* that the soul begins to think of its native skies, and to plume its unfettered wings for Immortality!

The summit of this venerable edifice was witness to many of the experiments of Galileo, the great Tuscan philosopher, who astonished and startled Europe by the boldness and sublimity of his discoveries. The most illustrious men in past and present times have ascended its steps, and from its lofty pinnacle looked abroad upon the smiling face of nature.

In gazing towards the west, my attention was directed to an old square tower (about three miles distant), which marked the borders where the great sea had been. In the middle ages, Pisa was a maritime city, and her navy commanded the respect of nations. I turned my eyes to the east, to catch a glimpse of the spires of Florence, but the Apennines interposed to bar the view. I looked below, and there were the winding Arno, and the different new railroads of Tuscany, rapidly engaged in the circulation of life and enterprise through the kingdom. Toward the north, were the dark forests and green meadows of the Grand Duke, animated by thousands of cattle and noble horses, and a large company of *camels*, leisurely browsing in the fields, whose progenitors had been brought by the old Crusaders from the land of Palestine. I

looked once more unto the west (the region of hope and promise), and there was Leghorn with its commerce, and the flag of my country waving in the breeze! I cast my eye upon the blue billows of the Mediterranean, and lo!—covered with clouds, the emblem of his glory, glistened Corsica, the island which gave birth to the mighty Napoleon; while at its side, verging toward the Italian coast, arose Elba, its minor sister, which welcomed the fallen warrior to her breast, when the tide and storm of battle had driven his exhausted eagles from the continent.

With lively emotions, I descended and left the tower, but the recollections and impressions of the place cannot pass away. They will be garnered by memory and embalmed by time.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Carrara—Sarzana—Spezia.

CARRARA is indebted for its importance to the valuable marble quarries with which its mountains abound. The treasures of these mountains appear to have been discovered at a very early period, and to have furnished marble for the construction and embellishment of the most remarkable temples of the Roman empire. In modern times, by the facilities of commerce, the marble of Carrara has been scattered throughout the world. The banks of the Potomac and the shores of the Ganges are supplied with monuments from its quarries. Extensive, however, as have been the demands heretofore fulfilled by them, they are, nevertheless, still capable of supplying the wants of future ages. The mountains are about two leagues in extent, and, from their base to their summits, are entirely of marble. Some of the more elevated quarries are visible at a considerable distance, and may be distinguished by the white appearance which they present. Except for this circumstance, the eye would almost fail to notice their existence. Some of them have been worked for more than two thousand years; yet, so comparatively slight are the

excavations effected in them, that the beholder feels that man has, at best, but merely mutilated the earth's surface only a little deeper than his own grave will be. The population of Carrara is about four thousand, the principal portion of whom are, directly or indirectly, connected with operations in marble. There are upwards of twelve hundred workmen engaged in the departments of quarrying and transportation. Besides this, there are forty studios in the town, some of which are filled with choice works of art.

Carrara has produced some great sculptors. It has an Academy of Sculpture for the instruction of youth of promising talents. Among the models in the hall of the Academy, are those of Prince Oscar, and Bernadotte, of Sweden; also those of Vasco de Gama and Napoleon. That of Napoleon is a copy of the celebrated colossal statue in Apsley House, the town residence of the Duke of Wellington. It is denuded of clothing, and represents the great man as nature made him. The churches of Carrara, as well as the theatre, are all built of the choicest marble. The theatre has three galleries, supported by fifty small columns of white marble. The boxes of the nobility are of the same material. The houses of the poor, as well as the mansions of the wealthy, are supplied with effigies of saints over the door, which, instead of being painted, are all sculptured out of virgin marble of immaculate whiteness.

The marble for exportation is conveyed by teams of oxen to the sea-coast, some miles distant, and there embarked in lighters to be carried to Leghorn for shipment. The transportation to the coast is thus, it will be perceived, conducted

in the same primitive manner as in the times of old. No railroad has ever been projected to expedite the business.

In the chief square of the town stands a massive statue of Maria Beatrice, one of the late sovereigns of the principality, whose virtues have preserved her figure without injury during the revolutions that prostrated the statues of contemporary princes. While looking at this statue, my attention was diverted to the consideration of an itinerant dentist, who, by means of a trumpet, was summoning the people around a neighboring stand to hear him deliver a lecture on teeth. The whole town turned out and mustered itself under the sound of his voice. He first showed his credentials, written upon a roll of parchment, from which it appeared that he had served in his professional capacity several European princes, and had been in Africa, and rendered good service to some distinguished men in that country. He then introduced the skeleton of a boy, and, as he proceeded in his lecture, used it for the illustration of his dental anatomy.

When he had finished his lecture, he invited such as had need of his services to mount upon the platform, and submit to the needful operation upon the spot. There was, at first, much backwardness in complying with the invitation, but at length some of the boldest ventured forward. This encouraged others, and the example became so general, that by sunset he had extracted nearly all the old teeth in the town. The practitioner was evidently a man of large experience. He proved this to general satisfaction by the exhibition of a candle-box full of human teeth. He wore a cross upon his breast, which, from its singular appearance, I judged to indicate some new

order of merit. Upon a closer examination and inquiry, I discovered that it was nothing less than a cross manufactured out of the teeth of his patients.

In passing through Pisa on my way to Carrara, I met "Powers" the sculptor, who was proceeding to the quarries to order marble. Powers, after regarding with an attentive eye the crowds of fashionable ladies traversing the streets of Pisa, said, with much emphasis, "How many beautiful ladies you have here!" "Ah!" replied I, "Italy is full of them." I reminded him that the day was a *festa*, and the display was, from that circumstance, such as might naturally be expected. He then observed, that the ladies of Italy were indeed truly beautiful, and possessed busts of almost faultless perfection; "but," added he, "they lack one thing, and that is, the beauty of mind which distinguishes the ladies of America."

The studio of this great sculptor in Florence, interested me very much. It is divided into two departments, the rough and the finish. These departments are disconnected from each other, and are situated on opposite sides of the same street. His own time is chiefly passed in the latter. He accompanied me over the way to show me the former. As soon as I entered the door, I saw that he was doing a thriving business: Eve, Calhoun, and Washington were all under way together, and fragments of marble were flying about so thickly, that I expected every moment some of them would put my eyes out.

While in Florence, I formed an acquaintance with a venerable English artist, who had passed thirty years in Italy. I spoke to him about Powers, and, by way of ascertaining his

opinion of this distinguished sculptor, I observed, by way of a feeler, "Powers, I believe, is considered one of the first of the American sculptors in Florence." "The first of the American sculptors in Florence," exclaimed the old gentleman, drawing himself up, and looking at me with marked surprise; "why, he goes ahead of all the sculptors in Italy. Thank Heaven," continued he, "genius is universal; it is neither confined to Italy nor to Europe, but may be found in the new world as well as the old."

After leaving Carrara, the first town of consequence on the route to Genoa, is Sarzana. This town is of great antiquity, and contains eight thousand inhabitants. It offers several beautiful walks for promenade, and is distinguished as the birth-place of Nicholas V., one of the greatest popes who ever wore a mitre or shook a crosier. From a simple monk he rose to eminence, and in 1447 was elected to the pontificate. When I was in Rome, I saw his name chiselled upon the walls and façades of many of its most remarkable monuments, in the following manner, viz.: Nicholas V., P. M. At first I read the inscription, Nicholas V., Post-Master, but afterwards learned that the proper reading should be, Nicholas V., *Pontifex Maximus.*

The chief hotel in Sarzana is called "Hotel New-York," and it in every respect deserves the title it bears. The people of Italy are somewhat weary of old names for houses of entertainment. Such names as Hotel Europe—Hotel France, Great Britain, &c., are so common and so notorious as to have ceased to produce the proper effect. There is a New-York hotel at Naples, and another at Leghorn; while under the

shadow of the leaning-tower of Pisa may be found an American coffee-house.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century, Sarzana was the residence of Louis Marie Fortune Bonaparte, the head of Napoleon's family, who went over to Corsica in 1612, during the war against the Genoese, and settled at Ajaccio. Italia claims Napoleon as her favorite son. It was in her language that he began to speak, and from her did his genius spring.

The succeeding town beyond Sarzana is Spezia, with about eight thousand inhabitants, situated on a large gulf formed by the waters of the Mediterranean, and constituting one of the largest harbors in Italy. Napoleon, in his power, designed this as the naval station of his empire. It is, at present, the constant and favorite resort of vessels of war from all countries. The heights, shores, and sea-view of Spezia are so beautiful, that the eye is never weary of gazing upon them. Its shores are margined with groves of trees, which, in the autumn, shed beds of yellow leaves upon the ground. Homer has compared man to a leaf, because, like the leaves of the forest, men are always falling to the earth, gravitating to the grave.

The cathedral contains a painting of much reputation, which was taken to Paris by the French, but afterwards recovered by its rightful owners.

When at Rome, a lady called my attention to the loss sustained by the galleries of Italy from the heavy exactions of the revolutionary armies of France. In reply, I expressed much surprise, and observed that I was under the impression

that, by the terms of the treaty of 1814, the government of France had been compelled to restore all that had been taken from Italy. True, rejoined the lady, *they were restored, but never returned.* She then explained, that, as the treaty did not stipulate for the expenses of transportation of these works to the galleries of their original owners, and as these expenses were heavy and the means of their owners very limited, it followed that a large part of the pictures and of the statuary became, through sale or negotiation, the property of France.

The mountains and heights of Spezia exhibit the remains of extensive works of defence. Grass and wild-flowers are now growing luxuriantly upon them. The ruins materially heighten the picturesque character of the gulf. The loftiest mountain commanding the harbor is crowned with an unfinished fortification, planned under the direction of Napoleon. Gray shrubs mantle the summit of this noble mountain, and cover its top as with a garment, while the fortress reposing so tranquilly above, bears in its appearance some resemblance to the military chapeau of a general.

Whenever I looked upon the fort and its hoary mantle, I thought of the gray coat of Marengo and the cocked hat of Eylau.

CHAPTER XIX.

Elba.

The Island of Elba may be said to date the commencement of its celebrity from the time of its selection as the residence of the Emperor Napoleon.

Antecedent to that remarkable event, the history of Elba presents but ordinary claims to general consideration. The island is about sixty miles in circumference, and so exceedingly mountainous as to resemble the bosom of the ocean when agitated by the breath of the tempest. The population is estimated at about 14,000. The people are frugal and industrious, and exhibit no public manifestations of mendicity. The exportations consist chiefly of wines, iron, and salt. Its iron ore has been famous from the days of Virgil; so ferruginous, indeed, is the general character of the island, that the compasses of vessels approaching the coast frequently suffer material derangement on that account.

The capital is Porto Ferrajo, situated upon a lofty mountain, commanding a fertile valley, interspersed with numerous villas and country-houses. The citadel and fortifications of the capital are of great strength, and at present are garrisoned by about 900 soldiers. Accompanied by the American con-

sul, Signor Paccucci, I was permitted to make a cursory examination of these works. Fort Stella, from its immediate vicinity to the late imperial residence, engaged my chief attention. The guns of this fort are thirty-six pounders; upon the seaward angle of the premises stands a lighthouse, built of granite. I here encountered an old, weather-beaten officer, who from his youth had been intrusted with the custody of the tower. It was interesting to salute this old veteran and listen to his rehearsal of past events. He entertained a lively recollection of Napoleon, and his language would kindle with enthusiasm as he recalled to mind the incidents connected with the Imperial administration of Elba.

Below the Stella Fort is situated Fort Saint Joseph, the guns of which are classed as eighty pounders. I here saw an old mortar, marked "Republique Francaise, 1793," cast at Toulon. This was a somewhat unexpected discovery, and conveyed a profitable moral upon the political vicissitudes of nations. Within the limits of half a century France had been ruled by Directors, Consuls, Emperors and Kings; but they had passed away, and the republic had been again proclaimed as the chosen government of the people.

I noticed other mortars upon which were engraved the arms and cipher of Napoleon, "N." One mortar bore the name of "Titus," and another that of "Tilsit."

The palace occupied by Napoleon is situated upon the top of a hill, between the Falcon citadel and the Stella fortress. It has a garden attached to it, and in its general appearance is by no means either ostentatious or imposing; indeed it reminded me very much of the houses occupied by

the professors of the military academy at West Point. It is a plain, yellow painted, two story stone mansion; the rear approaching the sea and well defended by five heavy field-pieces mounted upon a battery, contiguous to which are several pyramids of cannon balls, in convenient readiness for service. All the windows of the house are supplied with green Venetian blinds. The windows upon the first floor are quite small, but those of the second story are large and high. The house has a wing on each side, and a large sun-dial upon the front. The governor of the island is at present the occupant of this abode, and a sentinel is stationed night and day before the door. Upon a neighboring hill are several powder magazines, which present a very singular appearance, standing as they do very prominently in view, with towering obelisks as the supporters of their lightning conductors.

The streets are narrow; most of them are terraces cut out of the rocks. The whole city lies upon the steep side of a hill, somewhat similar to the situation of Newburg upon the Hudson River. Horses and carriages are almost unknown. The needful transportation is performed by donkeys. There are no imposing buildings in the place. The houses are of a pale yellow ochre color, rather low, and roofed with coarse, red tiles. The gates of the city are closed at an early hour, and the people soon close their stores and retire to rest. The names of the streets appeared to me somewhat novel; for example, Via degli Ebrei, Street of the Hebrews; Via del Paradiso, Street of Paradise; Via del Amore, Street of Love; Via del Pretorio, Street of the Pretorian. The shipping of the port is composed chiefly of small vessels. I counted 12 of

about 150 tons, and noticed another of about the same tonnage upon the stocks; the remainder were all "lateenas," a species of coasting craft peculiar to the Mediterranean. The population of the city is about 5,000. It contains three churches and one small theatre, besides a casino. The casino comprises a ball room, and apartments, wherein may be found the daily French and Italian journals, as well as maps and a few standard books upon statistics, geography and politics. I noticed upon the walls a rich representation in gold of Bonaparte's return from Elba, dated 20th March, 1815. The island is at present under the Tuscan government, and the most abandoned convicts of Tuscany are transported hither, to labor for the benefit of the state. In company with the consul I visited the various working departments as well as the cells and dungeons of the prisoners. It was painful to see so many able-bodied men clanking their chains in hopeless captivity. The crimes of the prisoners are all lettered on the backs of the garments which they wear; and, as the penalty of capital punishment has been abolished in Tuscany, the darkest catalogue of transgressions is continually in locomotion.

In wandering along the sea-shore, some distance beyond the city walls, I passed over the Jewish burial-ground; the premises were without enclosure, and the graves were almost bathed by the silver foamed waves. The aspect of the place was truly desolate, and appeared mournfully in keeping with the rejected condition of the Jewish nation.

The villa of Napoleon is at Saint Martino, a small hamlet about four miles distant from the city. It is situated in the bosom of one of the most beautiful valleys in the island; the

front view commands the harbor and the entire city of Porto Ferrajo, while upon the right and left, mountains of exceeding majesty lift their lofty summits for its protection. The adjacent grounds are embellished with groves of the orange, the olive, and the lemon, all burdened with golden fruit; while in the garden, flowers of every hue unfold their perfections, and perfume the air with the aroma of an earthly Paradise.

The villa itself is a plain, low, white stone house, with an unusual number of windows, which are all supplied with green Venetian blinds. The first story is of no account, being merely intended as a basement accommodation. The second, which is only a few feet above the ground, contains two grand rooms in the centre, (front and rear,) and three smaller rooms on each side thereof, making eight in all upon that floor. The walls of the front grand centre-room are painted in graceful imitation of drapery, ingeniously represented as supported by spears, the heads of which are crowned with garlands of evergreen. Upon the mantelpiece I noticed marble busts of Prince Bacciochi and the Princess Elisa, his consort.

The ceiling of the rear grand centre-room appears covered with clouds, full of mystery and grandeur, while the surrounding walls are embellished in thorough oriental style. Egypt was before me with her pyramids, pillars, obelisks, hieroglyphics, camels, palms, priests, and sacred birds. These views transported me to the banks of the Nile, and I lived again among the Egyptian victories of the French conqueror. The sleeping apartment of Napoleon is of the ordinary size and looks out upon the hills and forts of the city. The walls are of a pale slate color, and ornamented with eagles, which bear

in their beaks the glory and cipher of the Emperor. The villa is still the property of the Bonaparte family, but the original furniture has long since been conveyed to Paris; the few things that remain are of subsequent introduction. As I turned to take a last lingering look at the premises, the aged gardener approached, and presented me with a branch of myrtle. He could not have selected a more judicious or seasonable offering; and I need scarcely say that it was received with emotions of unspeakable gratification.

The residence and reign of Napoleon upon the island of Elba, continued about ten months; but those few months have sufficed to embalm his memory among the most affectionate recollections of this estimable people. Upon his arrival on the 4th of May, 1814, in the haven of Porto Ferrajo, an immense multitude hastened from all the cantons of the island, to greet their Emperor. The British frigate "Undaunted," which had conveyed him to the port, was immediately surrounded by a great number of small boats, filled with musicians and decorated with banners. As soon as her cannon announced his departure for the city, the artillery of the forts responded, and the cry *Vive l'Empereur* ascended from her yards, to be repeated by the boats and prolonged by the shores and hills adjacent to the capital. Upon landing at the pier the civic authorities and chief citizens formally submitted to him, and at the same time presented him with the keys of the city, in a basin of silver. The clergy then advanced and received the person of the new sovereign under a grand baldachino (canopy), and proceeded in state to the cathedral, through a double file of National Guards. The

balconies were all hung with rich tapestry, and special services were performed in the church. He was afterward conducted to the municipal palace, where were presented to him in a rich basin a map and a plan of Elba, and other things connected with the illustration of its affairs. In the evening the city was brilliantly illuminated, which was repeated for two nights, while fires of joy were simultaneously kindled throughout the country. In the midst of these joyful festivities the artillery of the forts announced the elevation of the new national standard; consisting of a red bend dexter, in a white field, the bend bearing three bees. Those days formed the golden-age of Elba. Under the sceptre of Napoleon, the island became the nucleus of action and enterprise. Hills, harbors, and highways were improved, and new life diffused into the social and political institutions of the people.

One of his first, and perhaps most characteristic undertakings, is that recorded relative to the extension of his dominions by the occupation and colonization of the uninhabited isle of *Pianosa*. This little island, only three miles in breadth, lies about nine and a half miles to the southward of Elba; it is very low and irregular in its formation, and covered with shrubs. "He sent thirty of his guards with ten of the independent company belonging to the island, upon this expedition, (what a contrast to those which he had formerly directed,) sketched out a plan of fortifications, and then remarked with complacency, 'Europe will say that I have already made a conquest!'"

History tells us that on a certain occasion, "as he climbed a mountain above Porto Ferrajo, and saw the ocean ap-

proach its foot in almost every direction, the expression broke from him, accompanied by a good-humored smile, 'It must be confessed my isle is very little.'" His body-guard as Emperor of Elba consisted of about 700 infantry and 80 cavalry. In the zenith of his glory the grand army under his command exceeded a million of men. The dominion of Elba was too limited for the career of Napoleon. He embarked for France in March, 1815, and after the reverses of Waterloo, found a grave in the island of St. Helena. Great men, upon leaving this world, have generally left their mantle to some successor; but Bonaparte never left his mantle to any body. He knew very well that there never would be any body capable of wearing it, and therefore kept it to himself, to wear through all eternity.

CHAPTER XX.

Visits to the Italian Battle Fields of Napoleon—Marengo.

The battle-fields of Napoleon will always command the attention of travellers and historians. The names of those fields have become memorable throughout the world, and their influence will endure coeval with the memory of Napoleon.

The battle which gave immortality to the field of Marengo occurred on the 14th day of June, A. D. 1800. The French on that day were commanded by Bonaparte; the Austrians by Melas. The force of the French may be estimated at about 20,000 men; the reserve of Desaix upon its arrival, might make the whole amount to 30,000. The Austrians attacked with nearly 40,000 combatants.

Bonaparte's right rested on the village of Marengo, his left on the small village of Castel Ceriolo. These villages are about half an hour's walk from each other. The Austrians crossed the Bormida, a river in the rear, at an early hour, and having made a detour around Castel Ceriolo, attacked Marengo with great fury at seven o'clock in the morning. Marengo was bravely defended by the French, but, after

having been taken and retaken several times remained in the hands of the Austrians. The French troops were driven out in disorder and compelled to fall back upon the second line, commanded by Lannes. This was about 9 A. M. As the struggle continued the aspect of affairs grew worse. The French gave way in every direction, and at length were obliged to change their entire order of battle, and to retreat with considerable precipitation upon the little village of Saint Juliano. Things looked about deplorable enough until toward four o'clock, when Desaix arrived at St. Juliano with the reserve and revived the confidence of the French.

It is recorded that when that distinguished officer surveyed the vast plain of Marengo, covered with flying troops, and Bonaparte himself in full retreat, he thought that all must be lost, and addressing the First Consul said to him, "The battle is lost, I suppose I can do no more than secure your retreat." "By no means," answered Bonaparte, "the battle is, I trust, gained; the disordered troops which you see are my centre and left, whom I will rally in your rear. Push forward your column." The moral influence of Napoleon upon the field of battle is well known. It has been said that when he appeared among his soldiers his presence was equal to a reinforcement of ten thousand men. Never was that influence more potential than upon the field of Marengo. "Soldiers," exclaimed he, as his war-horse bore him swiftly along their recovered ranks, "you have retired far enough. You know it is my custom to sleep upon the field of battle." The soldiers responded with shouts of enthusiasm, and immediately advanced to the charge. The attack that followed bore

down all opposition. The Austrians were defeated with great loss, and driven beyond the banks of the Bormida. Prisoners, cannon, and standards, were taken, and before sunset, the victor dictated terms of peace, from his quarters upon the field of battle. After a result so decisive, the presence of Bonaparte was no longer requisite in Italy. He accordingly returned to Paris, where he was received with all the acclamations due to a great conqueror. The passage of the Alps, and the important victory which secured Italy to the French Republic, had all been accomplished in a campaign of less than two months. Contemporary with this great achievement the name of Marengo became magical in France. The largest vessel of the Republic was selected to bear the name, while "Rivaud," the commissioner of war, proposed still farther to commemorate the event by the construction of a grand city upon the plain itself, to be called the "City of Victory." The subsequent wars of Napoleon, and the magnitude of his other undertakings, postponed and frustrated the execution of the design. But an examination of the plan is sufficient to show that, had the enterprise been carried out, the proposed city would have been classed among the most beautiful and remarkable in Europe. In the year 1805, Napoleon, after his coronation as Emperor of the French, paid a special visit to the field of Marengo.

The people of the adjacent district will never forget that memorable visit. It is treasured among the historical recollections of the place. Arrangements for his reception had for some time been in preparation; thirty-four battalions and seven squadrons were in readiness on the field to greet him,

and, pursuant to appointment, to imitate the manœuvres of the battle which had given such a lustre to its name. On the morning of the 5th of May, 1805, the Emperor appeared with the Empress at his side, in a most magnificent chariot, drawn by eight horses and surrounded by all the pomp of the empire. Many of the veterans who had been engaged in the action were present. The hero and his consort, amid shouts of triumph, ascended a lofty throne, and from that commanding eminence beheld an effective representation of the battle. When the feigned combat was over, crosses of honor were distributed among the most distinguished soldiers, as they appeared and defiled before him.

The field of Marengo remained without change or improvement until the year 1847, when Signor Giovanni Delavo, of Alessandria, a passionate admirer of the Emperor, purchased the ground, and with it the cottage in which Napoleon rested, and wrote to the Emperor of Austria after the battle. This gentleman, with a view to contribute to the interesting character of the place, immediately constructed an elegant and commodious mansion upon the spot. From historical considerations he preserved the walls, foundations, and chambers of the cottage, and admitted them as a constituent part of his new edifice. The old oblong building upon the right was at the same time enlarged, and so fashioned as to become an auxiliary embellishment to the premises. The mansion of Signor Delavo stands about thirty feet from the main road. In the area before his residence, took place on the 14th of June, 1847, the anniversary of the battle, the inauguration of a colossal statue of Napoleon. The festival

celebrated in honor of the day, and the event, is represented to have been transcendently magnificent. It was a demonstration worthy of the field, and worthy of him who conquered upon it.

On the 26th of December, 1848, General Forti, commander of the Lombard troops in the Sardinian army, passed them in grand review before this statue. Pointing to it, he said, "Soldiers, do you know this general? He was a son of Italy; in our plains he more than once trod under foot the enemy (Austria) who now insults us, and more than once passed as a conqueror through the cities. Cannot the land produce a hero to resemble him?" The soldiers thereupon cried, "Viva Italia."

Without farther comment I propose now to submit, as concisely as possible, a description of my recent visit to this memorable place. My companions were soldiers, and as soon as we reached the site, we all by common consent took off our hats and did reverence to the memory of Napoleon.

Marengo lies about half way between Genoa and Turin, and the mansion of Signor Delavo is one of the most distinguished objects upon the plain. At a distance it appeared to me like a piece of Rome. The house itself is three stories high. The upper stories contain nine front windows each; the lower story is even with the ground, and divided in the centre by a wide hall, which passes through from front to rear. The building externally is of a reddish stone color, and has rows of columns painted in relievo upon its face. The figure of Murat is seen standing among them upon the right, and the figure of Kellerman upon the left. The old oblong edifice

upon the Turin side is of the same reddish hue, and over its broad surface is delineated the prospect of a terrace adorned with vases of flowers. The columns of a temple are also visible, with niches occupied by the effigies of Berthier and Bessieres; likewise a lofty dome lifting its cone to heaven. The spacious area before the residence of Signor Delavo is of a square form, with gravelled walks, and contains in the centre a beautiful circular grass-plot, in the midst of which, resting upon a large block of granite, rises the colossal marble statue of Napoleon. Low granite posts, hung with chains, surround the base of the monument, and serve for its defence. The attitude of Napoleon is one of great composure. His head is uncovered, his right hand is placed upon his breast, his left rests upon his sword. At his feet is placed a cannon, partially covered by the folds of a banner. He is represented as he appeared when First Consul, and as such is habited in the uniform of a French general, with his waist cinctured by a broad flowing sash. The statue was executed by Cacciatore, a celebrated sculptor of Milan, at an expense of about six thousand francs. The railing which separates the area from the main road, is of iron; the intermediate supporting columns are moulded in the form of Roman fasces, capped with the battle-axe.

Having thus disposed of the front part of the building, I proceed to describe what is of note within. Upon entering the mansion, the wall upon the right-hand side of the hall exhibits in fresco the portraits of Soult, St. Cyr, and Victor; and upon the left, those of Massena, Lannes, and Marmont. Turning to the left, after passing through an

anteroom, the visitor is ushered into the original front chamber of the cottage. The entrance to this apartment has over the door a gold wreath, inclosing the cipher of Napoleon.

This chamber has been dedicated as a museum for the reception of the memorials, which from time to time have been gathered from the field of battle. Its walls and ceiling are completely studded with the relics of Marengo; swords, scabbards, broken swords, and broken scabbards, bayonets, and bayonet-sheaths, rusty and dusty, cross-belts and belt-plates, helmets and horse-bits, straps of leather and belts of leather, buttons, lances, and broken spears; bullets and balls, of all sizes, from that of a man's head to a pill; one bomb still charged; fragments of balls, and pieces of bombs; guns, firelocks, ramrods, and soldiers' caps. The ceiling has a complement of guns, arranged in the form of an immense star, with a blue French drum in the centre, with the drum-sticks and the tall red plume of the drummer attached. Besides the guns upon the wall, I counted about fifty others distributed in military order in a circular stand adapted for the pnrpose. Upon the mantel-piece rests the beaver of an Austrian major of infantry, edged with a broad gilt band; also ten gilded eagles that adorned the throne of Napoleon, when he held the grand review upon the field in 1805, on his way to assume the iron crown at Milan. Over the fire-place is suspended an engraved design of the original plan for a pyramidal monument in honor of Desaix, and of the brave men who perished with him in the battle. Under the front window is placed the pine table upon which Napoleon wrote to the Emperor of Austria after the battle. In the

drawer of the table is kept the ink-stand which he used on the occasion; also an ebony frame containing several of the gold coin issued by him in commemoration of the victory. The words upon the pieces read—

"L'Italie délivrée à Marengo, Liberté, Egalité, Eridania."

Eridania, it will be recollected, is the classical appellation of Northern Italy. The old green velvet chair, with its high back, that served Napoleon when engaged at the table, is still serviceable for the accommodation of visitors. On the first of October, 1846, a register was opened for the insertion of the names of those who visited the premises. It contains many names, and among them appear those of some distinguished personages. For example—Louis Murat, Prince Poniatouski, *Louis Napoleon Bonaparte*, visit dated 16th of August, 1847, Marshal Marmont, Duke de Ragusa, Kellermann, Duke de Valmy, &c.

I was informed that the book contained the names of only three American visitors; upon turning to them, they proved to be officers of the United States navy.

Under the window, outside, is read the following inscription, chiselled upon a black slab:

E, uscir s'intese voce di precetto
All' aula imperiale da un umil tetto.—Rosetti.

And from an humble roof, was heard
A voice of command, to the Imperial Throne.

This inscription has reference to the dignified tone assumed

by Napoleon, when he wrote from the cottage chamber to the Austrian emperor.

The parlor upon the right side of the hall is tastefully furnished, and its walls are embellished with representations of a number of the French marshals on horseback. Passing up stairs, upon the ceiling of the first apartment is seen a grand painting, entitled the "Apotheosis of Napoleon." The outside of this representation is bordered with a ranging circumference of columns, with the figures of globes, helmets, eagles, banners, and shields in repose among them.

Upon the centre-table is placed a large plan of the great battle of Marengo, with explanations corresponding with Thiers's history thereof.

The clock upon the mantel-piece exhibits the figure of Napoleon on horseback, crossing the Alps.

The fire-board represents the transportation of the Imperial ashes to Paris. The fire-boards of most of the apartments afford illustrations of the career of Napoleon.

Another apartment contains a very spirited view of the battle of Marengo. The fall of Desaix is depicted with much effect. Upon the walls of the same apartment are views of the battles of Jena, Arcole, and Austerlitz. Upon the mantel-piece stands a splendid clock, representing Napoleon pointing a cannon at Montereau. The figures of Time appear between the spokes of the wheels, and the hands are made to revolve upon the axle of the cannon's carriage.

Another apartment illustrates Bonaparte's return from Egypt. The ceiling of one of the saloons is favored with a beautiful full length figure of a female, representing "Italia;"

her person is truly divine, and her raiment resembles that of a goddess; her smiling eye follows the beholder as he makes the circuit of the room.

The third story of the building is reserved for the private apartments of the family of the proprietor, and as such, excepted from examination.

I now pass from the house to the garden, and note in order the objects which there arrested my attention. In the rear of the building, under one of the windows, appeared a spring of considerable interest; its border is protected by iron chains, supported by low wooden posts. A firm stone seat is fixed by its side. Behind the spring, in the wall of the house, is placed a neat slab with an inscription, which reads as follows:

Qui
Posava e dissetavasi
La sera del XIV Giugno MDCCC, alle ore IX,
il General Bonaparte
Glorioso della seconda conquista d'Italia.

Here
Rested, and quenched his thirst,
On the evening of the 14th of June, 1800, at the hour of 9,
General Bonaparte,
Rendered glorious by his second conquest of Italy.

After leaving the spring I passed an extensive conservatory, filled with valuable plants, and then arrived at the edificial monument reared for the commemoration of the dead of Marengo. This structure is of medium size, of a quadrangular form, and has an Egyptian aspect. Its top

culminates with the figure of a burning globe. Over the door appear these words:

"Ai Prodi di Marengo."

To the heroes of Marengo.

The door is composed of light iron bars, so arranged as to admit of a perfect view of the contents of the monument. Upon looking in I noticed three divisions; one upon the right, another upon the left, and the third in the rear. Each division contained a large sarcophagus, filled and piled high up with *bones*. Skulls and big bones lay below and the minor bones above. The space in the centre of the monument being reserved for a tall stand, intended to serve for its illumination upon each recurring anniversary of the battle. Externally on each side of the portal are sculptured torches crossed and reversed, encircled by wreaths of amaranth.

A few steps beyond rises the *new* monument of Desaix. It is a plain tall marble block, capped with the bust of the fallen general. He is clad in a loose Roman guise, slightly embroidered. A few steps farther is observed an artificial island, formed to represent as closely as possible the island of St. Helena. It is accessible by means of a foot-plank. Upon its summit reposes a plain flat slab of blue stone, bearing upon its face a bronzed star with five points and the letter N. beneath. This is the cenotaph of Napoleon; above it a weeping willow bends, and sighs, when the winds pass by, a requiem to his memory. The stream which creates this island is called the "Fontanone." It threads its sinuous

course through the garden and village of Marengo, until it mingles with the waters of the Bormida. During the battle it was three times lost and won, and became completely filled with the bodies of the slain. Advancing a short distance, a rising part of the ground is occupied by a neat eight columned retreat, adapted for observation and refreshment.

Having said thus much of the mansion and garden of Signor Delavo, a few words may be acceptable in reference to the village of Marengo, which lies immediately contiguous. Marengo appears to have been in ancient times a place of some consideration, and figured in classical history. It afterwards became the residence of the Lombard Kings, of Otho the Great, and of Pope Stephen VIII. It then fell into obscurity and remained almost unknown until the glory of Napoleon restored it to fame. Recently some learned Italian scholars have delved into its classical annals, and communicated to the public the result of their investigations; but their researches are of too dry a character to command the attention of the general reader. The present population of the village is estimated at about 1800. Its buildings have an old, thoughtful appearance, and have evidently seen hard times. Its chief object of interest is the aged brick tower which served Napoleon as an observatory after the battle. I ascended this tower, and from its summit looked upon the field of victory. The day was fair, and the sky was as blue as the ocean, while the white clouds sailing over it, resembled ships at sea under a press of canvass. The plain of Marengo is so extensive that the armies of Europe might be reviewed

upon it. It produces rich crops of grain, and a limited quantity of wine, but very few trees. The eye when it has noted the adjacent belfries of Spineta, and Castel-Ceriolo, discerns nothing but a boundless level of ever-living green.

Napoleon always felt a peculiar attachment for the field of Marengo. It was there that his pretensions to the consulship were established, and it was there that his destiny as Consul and Emperor began its course. His proclamations and addresses to his troops abound with graphic allusions to that memorable field. In his preparatory dispositions for the great battle of "Friedland," he exclaimed, "Soldiers! this is the anniversary of Marengo; the battle could not have fallen on a more propitious day." Even the relics and habiliments of Marengo were precious in his estimation. At the Marengo review in 1805, he appeared upon the field in the same uniform in which he gained the battle. In crossing the Alps, Napoleon wore his usual simple dress, a gray surtout and three-cornered hat. That surtout he particularly cherished, and was accustomed to wear it when upon the eve of commencing his most distinguished battles. On the field of Marengo itself he wore a blue cloak. That cloak accompanied him in his exile to St. Helena, and served as the pall which covered his funereal bier. It was afterward conveyed to Europe and consigned to his son, the Duke de Reichstadt, in fulfilment of the dying will of the lamented Napoleon.

It is a solemn thing to walk over a field of battle, and particularly so at night. At midnight I passed some time upon the field; at that lonely hour every body had retired, and I had the whole prospect to myself. As I pondered with

a tearful eye upon the field, I thought of the earth, and of the grave, and of bleaching bones; but when I raised my eye above the broad plain of Marengo, and surveyed the blue camp of heaven, marshalled with constellations of stars in full review, I thought of the Elysian fields and of the immortal spirits of the heroic dead, and felt that Man was as immortal as his Sire, and could Never Die!

CHAPTER XXI.

Asti.

I REACHED Asti just as the moon lifted her bright shield over the city. The country through which I passed abounds with fields of grain and mulberry trees; the leaves of these trees afford food for the silk-worm. Silk is extensively produced throughout Piedmont, and sent to Genoa for exportation. Turin, the capital of the kingdom, lies twenty-five miles farther to the north. Asti is a very ancient place; it reposes upon a broad plain, remarkably fertile and beautiful. During the summer, very little rain falls in Italy. From time to time, the earth is refreshed by artificial communications of water. The wells and reservoirs in the fields are sheltered from the rays of the sun by green arbors, which present a very refreshing appearance to the eye. In walking about the town, I noticed some of the effects of the late wars in the cause of Italian independence, a large number of the wounded and infirm soldiers of the king's army being quartered here for medical treatment. I saw soldiers without arms, soldiers without legs, and many moving about on crutches, or leaning upon staves. Instead of swords, I saw scarcely any thing but canes and

crutches among the military. Asti, like all old cities, is surrounded by a wall, and has gates, at which are stationed toll-gatherers and tax-collectors. In reply to the frequent inquiry, whether the cities and towns of America were encircled by walls, I have replied that the American cities grow too fast for such restrictions. The walks about this place are truly charming, and very extensive; they are so green and shady, and are so well graded, and so admirably provided with trees, all so regularly planted and cared for. Most of the Italian cities and villages are distinguished by having pleasant resorts for promenade and recreation. They have certainly had time enough for the completion of such improvements. Population, civilization, and knowledge have so long existed in these places, that we are prepared to expect such things from them.

Early in the morning, I entered an old church with many wings, dedicated to Saint Peter. The rotunda of this edifice is reputed to have been a heathen temple for the worship of the goddess Diana. The doors of the churches in Italy are always open until noon. In this old building I found myself almost alone. I saw, throughout all, the evidences of other years upon its walls:—old tablets, fragments of ancient monuments, and many curious devices in the dead languages; in the rear I passed into a small garden abounding with flowers, full of youth and beauty. Toward the centre of the city is a large square, called the Piazza di Armi, or Place of Arms, where the military are assembled for reviews. Upon one side of this square, an immense building with colonnades has been reared for the accommodation of cattle-drovers and grain-merchants; this structure is one of the largest and best arranged

buildings of the kind that I ever beheld. It has capacity enough to serve for the wants of the capital of an empire.

Vittorio Alfieri, the gifted tragic poet, was born in this city. The palace in which his birth occurred is still in existence, at No. 154 Contrada Maestra. The mansion is of a grayish yellow color; it is only two stories high, but of considerable length; in respect to length, if divided, it would serve for four ordinary-sized habitations. A spacious court occupies the centre of the premises. The people of Asti cherish the memory of Alfieri. A street near his palace bears his name. A coffee-house also has assumed it; while his portrait and works are found in the libraries and book-stores of the city. The ashes of Alfieri repose in the church of the Holy Cross, Florence, beneath a magnificent marble mausoleum designed by Canova. In that church some of the greatest men of Italy have been sepulchred. Galileo, Michael Angelo, Machiavel, and a portion of the Bonaparte family, are there. In Italy, as well as in England and France, when great men die, their mortal remains are consigned to such abbeys and fields as have received the bones of distinguished predecessors.

The room in which Alfieri was born fronts with two windows upon the street. It is a very plain, old-fashioned apartment, and contains the original furniture, in good preservation. The same bed, with its yellow silk coverlet and curtains, the chairs and sofa, covered with the same material, and the large mirror and the secretary, remain. Over the mantelpiece is suspended a portrait of the poet himself, habited in black, with a red mantle upon his shoulders, ruffled shirt, and

white cravat with a large bow; upon one of his fingers he appears wearing a ring with the figure of Dante upon it.

On the left, in a frame, is placed an autograph letter written by the poet to his sister, dated Florence, 2d April, 1796. Above this hangs a sketch of his tomb in the church of the Holy Cross, Florence. On the right is hung a portrait of his sister, habited in a white dress, with a blue shawl, bordered with white lace; her head-dress is composed of lace and pink ribbon; a neat pink bow adorns her breast. A portrait of the mother of Alfieri hangs opposite. A blue book is presented to visitors for the insertion of their names, and also for the reception of such sentiments as the admirers of the poet may choose to insert. The book was commenced on the 30th of June, 1828, and contains many names, probably more than five hundred, and a great deal of panegyrical poetry, chiefly in Italian.

The towers of this old city have interested me very much. Their tops are crowned with that truly catholic emblem, the cross. High above all other things, this emblem is exalted for the observation and confidence of the people. The birds of heaven have made their nests in the apertures of these buildings, and hover and warble around their walls until the sun goes down. For centuries the bells of these old towers have been speaking and tolling away the hours and lives of successive generations. I have frequently listened with deep awe when these aged representatives have spoken. First one would speak and declare the hour, and then another, and so on, each in a tone of its own, until all had spoken and delivered their charge. As I looked steadfastly upon this

venerable assembly of towers, I thought that it would be wise to regard them as time's counsellors for eternity.

The cathedral of Asti is so large that it seems like an immense brick mountain; although the population of the city is only about nineteen thousand, its chief sanctuary will compare in size with the largest church in the city of New-York. At the base of the huge Gothic pillars of the edifice confessional boxes are planted, but they really appear so small that they are scarcely observable. Although I have been some time in Italy, and have visited churches without number, I have very seldom found men at the confessional; but I have seen thousands of females approach and bend the knee for absolution.

The priests are very comfortably provided for in these boxes; they sit upon a cushion, have elbow-supporters, a foot-stool, a fan, a snuff-box, and other etceteras, and a silk curtain before them, which they can draw at pleasure. The penitents are not quite so comfortable; they kneel upon a cold oak board, and maintain a very constrained and fatiguing position during the whole operation. I have frequently seen females detained half an hour at the box, and sometimes even much longer. It has often occurred to me that the priests must have a great deal of spare time to dispose of. Queens, I believe, receive about as little consideration at the confessional as the poorer members of their sex. It is recorded that when Fray Fernando de Talavera, afterward Archbishop of Granada, who had been appointed confessor to the Queen Isabella of Spain, the illustrious patroness of Columbus, attended her for the first time in that capacity, he continued seated after she

had knelt down to make her confession, which drew from her the remark "that it was usual for both parties to kneel." "No," replied the priest, "this is God's tribunal; I act here as His minister, and it is fitting that I should keep my seat while your highness kneels before me."

The day I visited the cathedral of Asti was on the occasion of the celebration of the festival of *Corpus Domini*, and the concourse assembled for that purpose was exceedingly great. The judicial, martial, and civil authorities were present, besides all the various religious orders of the city. The National Guard also attended, and after the performance of some military exercises in the church, detailed eight members of their company to advance and serve as a guard of honor around the altar. Four of this number, with bayonets fixed, stood without, and four with drawn sabres posted themselves within its precincts, having their caps and plumes upon their heads. As soon as the ceremonies at the altar were over, the different societies and chapters were organized to march in procession through the town. A large body of priests headed the procession, habited in the richest gala apparel of the Church; a portion of them bearing burning candles in their hands, the other portion bearing long white staves capped with silver balls. The civil and military officials succeeded, some bearing black maces, others burning lights. Then followed the incense-bearers, and the Host, borne by the venerable vicar, under a silk canopy, surrounded by a powerful body of ecclesiastics, and a military guard. The moment this portion of the procession arrived in the square, in front of the cathedral, it was saluted by the National Guard and its

band of music. The music first saluted the Host, and then followed a heavy discharge from the guns of the Guard. Among the notable things that attracted my attention in the procession, was the appearance of a small auburn-haired boy, about nine years of age, who represented John the Baptist; this child had nothing but a girdle of sheep-skin around his loins, and a pair of sandals upon his feet; in his hand he carried a cruciform staff with the fleecy image of a lamb upon the top, surrounded by a narrow banner lettered Ecce Agnus—Behold the Lamb.

A short distance behind him came a girl of about twelve years, who represented Mary Magdalen. She was without stockings or shoes; her arms and neck were bare, and her hair hung dishevelled and desolate over her person. The apparel she wore was very loose, and of the meanest description imaginable. Her hands were elevated before her breast, and supported a white napkin, upon which reposed an ebony cross with the gilded figure of our Saviour attached. Her eyes were fixed upon this image, and her whole attention appeared centred upon its consideration. Afterward (probably for the personification of angels) several beautiful young girls advanced, robed in raiment of a celestial appearance, crowned with garlands, bearing small baskets of flowers in their hands, which they scattered with benignant smiles along the way.

The rest of the train was composed of the various charitable divisions, dressed in the uniforms of their respective orders. The length of the procession would probably equal a mile. Nearly all who assisted on the occasion carried

candles, some of which appeared as big and as heavy as a musket.

The windows and balconies of the houses in the streets through which the procession passed were extensively decorated with tapestry, of various colors, frequently embroidered with gold. The windows of the poorer classes were distinguished by a neat display of bed-quilts, bed-curtains, and counterpanes. The front of one house, probably the residence of a picture-vender, was completely covered with the portraits of martyrs, saints, and Virgins.

The ground passed over, all the way, was fragrant with the odors of flowers, scattered expressly for the occasion. Rose, mint, violet, and fennel, were very prevalent; but in passing the Alfieri Palace it was really like walking over a flowery carpet, so thickly were these heavenly emblems spread.

CHAPTER XXII.

Turin.

Turin is laid out regularly and geometrically as the city of Philadelphia. It is a place of salubrity, convenience, and beauty. It is the capital of the kingdom of Sardinia, the residence of the King and his court, and contains a population of 120,000 inhabitants. The palace of the King will well repay a visit. Several days might be passed in the examination of its vast apartments. The first saloon into which I entered was the saloon for "balls;" it is rich beyond description. The ceiling is so painted as to represent the canopy of night, and produces, when properly illuminated, an effect truly remarkable. I was next conducted into a division styled the "alcove," one of the richest apartments probably in Europe. The walls, ceiling, and furniture, were so rich, that, had there been a heavy shower of gold from the skies, I doubt whether a more gorgeous display could have met the eye. I next surveyed the grand dining saloon, full of statuary and paintings, then entered various suites of apartments, admirably embellished, and was afterward ushered into the drawing-room of the Queen: the apartment where she passed her hours of leisure, either in sewing, painting, or recreation. She appeared

to have left it only a few hours ago, as her things were dispersed in most graceful negligence about the room.

I next passed into her toilet cabinet, and then into a little closet where the Queen prayed. This was the most remarkable closet that I ever entered: it was very rich, but withal so modestly decorated with gold and precious things that anybody might pray there without thinking about them. I was next ushered into the chamber where the Queen slept:—although I had, in the course of my peregrinations seen many beautiful apartments for the repose of Queens, yet I must confess, that the splendor of the chamber of the Queen of Sardinia, materially exceeded every anticipation. It was so grand that I could not help inquiring, "whether the Queen did really sleep there every night." I was answered with a smile, "Yes!" Her bed was covered with the richest damask that I ever saw, the curtains were also damask, and the canopy was crowned with a feathery diadem. Paintings of extraordinary beauty covered the walls, and statuary of inestimable value glistened before the eye. Gladly would I have lingered in so interesting a place, but was hurried forward into the less pretending apartments of the late sovereign, Charles Albert. I then passed into the hall where the King held conference with his Ministers, and then into the throne room. The throne of Sardinia is only two steps high, and is shaded with a crimson canopy, gemmed with many golden ornaments, and surrounded by a low balustrade of dazzling splendor. In one of the apartments I was shown a very neat affair; the interior part resembling that of a carriage. It is so constructed as to ascend and descend at

pleasure, and serves to convey the Queen above and below whenever she wishes to avoid the fatigue of going up and down stairs. The motion of this vehicle is exceedingly pleasant. I never saw such a prodigality of gold as this proud palace labors to reveal. Its saloons, halls, and chambers, seemed as if the auriferous waves of the gold sea had been beating and fretting through every accessible avenue of the premises; and then this gold appeared so pure and bright, as though the deluge had only happened yesterday!

The royal gardens are behind the palace, and are worthy of high praise. Here trees of every variety afford their shade, and flowers of every clime regale the senses; statuary also presents its charms, and in allegorical language illustrates the history of man from the works of the poets. In emerging from one of the most beautiful bowers in the garden, I was somewhat unexpectedly saluted with a very salutary admonition. It was such as the Royal family must encounter, every time they look out of their palace windows. I allude to the sepulchral temple of the sovereigns and princes of Sardinia, crowning the hill of Superga. Charles Albert, father of the reigning monarch, sleeps there. In these ancient kingdoms, in whatever direction you turn your eye, you are sure to behold the hoary trophies of the king of terrors;—the power of this arch invader is felt in every clime: it may be truly said that the sun never sets upon his dominion; the cemeteries of the world are his fortresses:—against a veteran of so much skill and experience, the ablest and most intrepid of men have always been outgeneralled

and defeated. *We must retreat*—but there is a day coming when our Great Leader shall take the field; and when he shall appear, and shall have gathered together our scattered forces, His language to us shall be, as He rides along our recovered ranks, "Soldiers, you have retired far enough!" On that great day we will recover all our lost ground, we will drive the enemy from graveyard to graveyard, and pursue our success until every vestige of his supremacy be destroyed.

The museum of Turin enjoys a very distinguished reputation. The buildiug in which it is located is so lofty and so long, and withal so majestic and rock-like, that it reminded me of the Palisades of the Highlands upon the Hudson river. Its collection of Egyptian Antiquities is remarkably extensive. Here may be seen scores of mummies of every description. The linen in which they are packed is coarse, compared with the fine fabrics of the nineteenth century, but nevertheless almost as white and clean as when first purchased. Besides the characters on the lids, I observed that the interior portions of the coffins, were completely covered with minute hieroglyphics in various colors, probably forming the biography of the dead. One of the mummies wore a crown very richly gilded. The walls of the apartment are covered with papyrus; among others there is a superbly written funeral ritual sixty feet long. The Egyptians, like the Chinese, undoubtedly understood printing by the use of blocks; many of the cases contain a large assortment of linen printed neatly and legibly, resembling the handkerchiefs sold in modern stores with odes upon them. The ground floor is devoted to

the reception of an immense collection of kings, sphinxes, gods, and queens, fashioned in marble and stone. Here are likewise massive pillars, obelisks, and coffins. The directors of the museum, although confident in the strength of the building, deemed it imprudent to risk the storage of such heavy masses in the upper stories. The stone statue of "Osymandias," comprising part of the collection, is fifteen feet high, and weighs eighteen thousand seven hundred and fifty pounds.

The departments of geology and natural history are included in the same building, and merit the highest commendation. The labor of arranging this vast collection of beasts, birds, shells, fishes, insects, bones, petrifactions, nests, eggs, gems, ores, and minerals, must have been truly incredible. The ingenious disposition of the insects in the cases reminded me of printed pages of stenography and poetry. The University of Turin is another grand institution:—its library contains 112,000 volumes and 1880 manuscripts. As I surveyed the massive walls of books of this venerable bibliotheca, I bowed my head and did reverence to the labors of the learned dead. The royal armory formed in 1833, partly from the arsenals of the kingdom and partly from private collections, occupies a large hall in one of the wings of the king's palace, and will compare in interest with any in Europe. When I first entered this saloon, and beheld the long files of knights clad in steel, and looked at their steeds in armor, bearing mailed warriors on their backs, and at the vast assortment of ancient weapons, shields, and helmets which filled the hall, I felt for the moment as if

"Chivalry's bright lance and nodding plumes" had returned.

The public and private picture galleries of the city deserve commendation. The hospitals are numerous and well conducted, the largest of which is called after the Evangelist St. John, and contains five hundred beds. The grand defect in the Italian hospitals appears to be want of ventilation. The air in most of these establishments would suffice to make a well man sick. The windows of many of these institutions are provided with iron gratings as well as wire nettings, and the sashes are seldom thrown up, even on a hot June day. The Italian physicians and nurses seem to think that sick people have no need of fresh air or fresh water. Invalids are treated in the same manner as monks and nuns: they are locked up to vegetate in the shade. There are one hundred and ten churches in the city, one of which, built in imitation of the Roman Pantheon, is dedicated to the Virgin Mary, under the title of "*Gran Madre di Dio*" (Great Mother of God). The celebrated Silvio Pellico, once a prisoner of state in the dungeons of Spielburg, whose prison narrative is familiar to many an American reader, is at present a citizen of Turin, and occupies the situation of librarian to the Marquis di Barollo. Bancroft's great work upon American history has been translated into the Italian language.

The royal hunting-castle of the Sardinian sovereign is located at "Stupinigi," about four miles from the city, and is truly a noble edifice. Bonaparte was much attached to this beautiful castle, and in May, 1805, in company with the Em-

press Josephine, passed twelve days in it very agreeably. The view from the window of the room occupied by him commands one of the richest prospects imaginable. I passed through the different sleeping-chambers of the late kings, and then through the numerous saloons and halls of audience, and noted and admired the sumptuous furniture and costly paintings which genius had lavished upon the walls, and surveyed the royal chapel dedicated to St. Hubert, the patron of the sports of the field.

I noticed over the royal couches the suspension of rich canopies, similar to those seen over the chief altars of the churches. The subjects of the paintings appeared to be chiefly of a mythological character. Diana! Diana! Diana! the lovely goddess of the chase, is the "prima donna" of the castle; now she is represented going to the bath; presently she is seen returning from the chase, and anon going forth again upon her favorite recreation. The roof of the castle is surmounted with a large bronze stag, which is so imposing in its appearance as to attract attention from "magnificent distances." The road which leads from Turin to Stupinigi runs all the way as straight as a die, and is margined the entire distance by rows of stately trees. There are also broad avenues diverging from the castle in other directions, so thickly studded with green poplars that to look at them is like looking on tall walls of wings furled in repose. Last spring, on the occasion of the marriage of the young duke of Genoa with a princess of Saxony, a grand entertainment was given at this palace, at which the people generally attended as invited guests. The young duke served with much credit in

the late Italian campaigns, and won considerable military distinction. The princess of his choice signalized her entrance into the kingdom by many generous exemplifications of beneficence. A deputation from the Chamber of Deputies complimenting her arrival, uttered the following beautiful sentiment: "We feel that we have acquired in you, illustrious princess, a new source of relief for the unfortunate, as your first act, since you placed your foot in our country, has been to shake from the laurels culled by your consort on the field of honor, a beneficent dew, destined to console the orphans of those who fell accompanying him in his noble undertaking."

In the course of my journey from the Alps towards Turin, at the hour of midnight, I was aroused from slumber by the sound of female voices sustaining a hymn in chorus. It proved to be a company of nuns marching by, bearing a cross and holding lights in their hands, and followed by a large procession of country people, with their heads uncovered. The conductor of the diligence immediately stopped the vehicle, and halted until the train had passed by. The train was probably half a mile long, and was winding its way to some favorite chapel in the mountains. To me it was a very impressive exhibition, and when I looked upon the females and regarded the hour, and the lights which they carried, I was reminded of the remarkable parable of the wise virgins, spoken of in the New Testament: "And at midnight there was a cry made, behold, the bridegroom cometh! Go ye out to meet him!"

After the sun had risen and had begun to warm the cold

earth with his fire, as I was looking down upon the right side of the road, I saw a medium-sized stone building, and noticed upon the wall thereof a large fresco painting of the day of judgment. The long trumpets of the angels were rapidly waking up the dead, tombstones were falling, sepulchres were breaking up, and the sleepers were hastening to meet their final doom. The two incidents to which I have thus briefly referred affected me with convictions of profound solemnity.

The Christian traveller opens his Bible with a livelier interest as he journeys through the classic regions of the Roman empire. The books of prophecy and revelation abound with allusions to the rise and fall of this formidable power. Italy was the heart and soul of this vast empire, and is hallowed by some of the most interesting reminiscences of Christianity. The epistles to the Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians, Philemon, Hebrews, Peter, Timothy, and the gospel of Saint Mark, were all written in Italy. Paul, the prince of Apostles, was a prisoner and preacher at Rome, and for two whole years continued a resident of that city, and there presented his appeal to Cæsar. In passing through places and localities of historical importance, I have been accustomed to gather flowers and distribute them throughout the leaves of my pocket Bible; these souvenirs have so perfumed the volume, that whenever I open the book to read, I fancy I inhale the breath of an angel among the leaves. When I was in Rome, I visited the beautiful gardens attached to the Papal Palace on Mount Quirinal. I carried this little volume with me there: some of my fellow-countrymen observing it in my hand, eagerly inquired "if it was a guide for the gardens of the Pope."

"No," replied I, "it is a guide to the gardens of *Paradise!*"

In Turin I met the American consul of Rome, who had passed through the entire revolution in the Eternal City, and who was present when the doors and dungeons of the Inquisition were opened by the decree of the Triumvirs, its prisoners released, and the building converted into an asylum for the poor. It was interesting to hear from the lips of an intelligent eye-witness the most ample confirmation of the published statements relative to the condition and appearance of this iniquitous establishment. The Holy Inquisition of Rome is situated near the Porta Cavalligeri, and under the very shadow of the sublime dome of Saint Peter's cathedral, and capable, in case of emergency, of accommodating three thousand prisoners. The consul was particularly struck with the imposing dimensions of the "Chamber of Archives," filled with voluminous documents, records and papers. Here were piled all the proceedings and decisions of the holy office from the very birth of the Inquisition, including the correspondence with its collateral branches in both hemispheres. Upon the third floor, over a certain door, was an inscription to this effect—"Speak to the first Inquisitor." Over another—"Nobody enters this chamber except on pain of excommunication." They might as well have placed over that door the well-remembered inscription of Dante over the gates of Tartarus—"Abandon hope, all ye who enter here." That chamber was the solemn Hall of Judgment, or Doom-room, where the fates of thousands have been sealed in death. Over a door directly opposite another inscription read, "Speak to the second In-

quisitor." Upon opening the door of that apartment a trap-door was exposed, from which the condemned, after they left the Hall of Judgment, stepped from time into eternity.

The well or pit beneath had been built in the ordinary cylindrical form, and was at least eighty feet deep, and so ingeniously provided with projecting knives and cutlasses that the bodies of the victims must have been dreadfully mangled in the descent. At the bottom of the abyss quantities of hair and beds of mouldering bones remain. Not only at the bottom of the pit, but also in several of the lower chambers of the building, were found human bones. In some places they appear to have been mortared into the walls. The usual instruments of torture in such establishments were likewise manifest. The consul presented me with a *bone* which he brought with him as a memorial of his visit. The Pope fled from Rome on the 24th of November, 1848. The Roman Republic was proclaimed on the 11th of February, 1849, and immediately after its installation the Assembly solemnly declared the abolishment of the Holy Inquisition, and by a special decree charged the Triumvirate with the duty of erecting a lofty column to commemorate the overthrow of one of the greatest evils that ever darkened the face of the earth. But the scenes of this world change. On the 1st of July, 1849, the Roman Republic after a brief existence of five months, capitulated to the French, and in April, 1850, Pius IX., after an exile of one year and five months, returned to his capital, proscribed the Triumvirate, and re-established the Inquisition in all its former power.

Mazzini was the soul of the Roman Triumvirate, and has

gained a name in history by his defence of Rome against the French. His enthusiasm throughout those days of revolution was, at times, truly electrical. In that respect he was the Lamartine of Italy. The following proclamation from his pen, during the struggle, will show the spirit of the man.

"*Romans!*—To the crime of attacking a friendly Republic, with troops led on under a republican banner, General Oudinot adds the infamy of treachery. He violates the written promise we have in our hands, not to attack us before Monday. Arise, Romans! to the walls, to the gates, to the barricades! let us prove to the enemy that Rome cannot be conquered, even by treachery. Let the Eternal City rise to a man with the energy of one common thought. Let every man fight! Let every man have faith in victory! Let every man remember our ancestors and be great. Let right triumph, and let eternal shame attend the ally of Austria!"

"Viva La Republica."

Rome, from the residence of the Triumvirs.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Ivrea, Piedmont.

After a journey of about twenty-two miles to the northward of Turin, I entered within the walls of the little city of Ivrea. We passed upon the way a white cross at the roadside, with an inscription designating the spot where a deed of murder had been committed. In passing through the plain outside of the town of Chivasso, we noticed a regiment of Piedmontese soldiers under arms: as we surveyed them from the top of the diligence, they stood so compact and motionless as to exhibit nothing but a dense mass of glazed caps and black knapsacks; at first sight, the view resembled a field of black bugs. In passing through the hamlet of Caluso, we noticed twelve females all in a row, washing linen upon the edge of a limpid stream. They all had straw beneath their knees, and their wash-boards in the water. This primitive method of washing is very common upon the banks of the rivers of Italy.

Ivrea is a city of antiquity, and mentioned by many ancient authors under the name of *Eporedia*. It rests upon the bank of a very rapid rivulet called the Dora, which has its source among the fastnesses of the Alps. The Cathedral of the city was originally a Pagan temple, and exhibits upon

its façade a bronzed Roman Eagle of more than ordinary dimensions. Parts of the wrecks of the ancient tombs of Ivrea have from time to time been discovered and transferred to this sanctuary for protection. An old castle of the middle ages stands upon a high rocky eminence above the town, and now serves as a place for the confinement of prisoners awaiting the sentence of the law: at present it contains 150 persons in that situation. The prison is of immense size, and has four very lofty towers, one for each angle, with frowning turrets upon their tops. After considerable trouble I succeeded in procuring a special permission to visit this gloomy institution. The instrument given me for this purpose was as big as my pocket handkerchief, and signed by the Intendant-General of the province, with an impression of his seal upon its face.

Three officials conducted me through the building, and caused to be shown to me all that I wished to see. Prisoners of state are separated from common criminals, and enjoy preferable accommodations. The window of the apartment through which prisoners are on certain days permitted to converse with their friends, is grated with iron bars outside, and inside with a netting of iron wire, so as to prevent the introduction of articles that might facilitate an escape. The horrors of imprisonment appeared so dreadful, that I hastened my steps through the remaining cells and corridors of the castle, and ascended one of its high towers where I might breathe the sweet air of freedom, and think of the charms attending its possession. From this lofty pinnacle the sight of the hills, the streams, the fields, and the

hamlets, filled my heart with pleasure inexpressible. It appeared as though Nature had just unrolled a section of her vast chart, and was pausing to unroll and show the rest. Ivrea, with its narrow streets and tiled-roof habitations, was almost beneath my feet, and seemed like an intrenched camp of old red shields; while the distant chains of mountains appeared like the walls and bastions of some mighty empire, bristling with sentinels.

From one of the turrets of the castle I gathered the fragrant shoot of a young fig-tree; the seed from which it sprang had doubtless been brought thither by some passing wind, or by the beak of some gentle bird. The holes in the walls and towers of the castle are populous with birds, whose songs soothe in some degree the weary hours of the prisoners.

In Ivrea, as well as in the most obscure sections of Italy, the marvellous reports of the gold regions of California, have for some time been in circulation, and the interest manifested upon the subject is almost incredible. The Italian papers publish all that they can glean about California, and generally make that the leading topic of American news. In Italy there appears to be a charm in the very name of gold. The hotels and inns of the country are commonly called after some golden object. For example: Hotel of the Gold Lion; Hotel of the Gold Horse; Hotel of the Gold Crown; Hotel of the Gold Wheel; Hotel of the Gold Bottle; Hotel of the *old* Gold Cannon; Hotel of the *new* Gold Cannon; Hotel of the Two Gold Stars; &c. The immense distance of California from the shores of Italy occasions much surprise, mingled with feelings of profound regret.

In Ivrea I was shown the church and buildings once occupied by the Holy Inquisition. The gloomy dungeons beneath its foundations are now vacant. This institution was suppressed in Ivrea about the time of the French Revolution. Previous to that event there were seven convents in successful operation in the place; but the French suppressed six of them, and the seventh continues a lingering existence with about twenty inmates.

The Churches of Italy are generally built with spacious domes and cupolas. It is there that the fresco paintings of the celestial regions are usually put, and when a mellow light falls upon these representations they do seem truly seraphic. Sometimes a dove is placed upon the culminating point of the whole, and appears as if descending from the seventh heaven. It is almost necessary to lie down upon your back to look at these things to advantage.

In this city, as well as throughout the Italian Peninsula, the Jews occupy a particular section of the town by themselves, and scrupulously cling to the belief of their fathers. There are about 300 in Ivrea, and their cemetery is one of the most modest and unobtrusive little spots that could be imagined. Their synagogue is held in the upper story of a very high building.

According to the late Constitution given by Charles Albert, the Jews are admitted to enjoy all the rights and privileges common to the Catholic citizens of the kingdom.

Since the promulgation of the constitution the people of Piedmont call themselves citizens, not subjects. Piedmont, or the kingdom of Sardinia as it is called, is at this moment

the only government in Italy that is governed by a constitution.

The judges of Ivrea wear togas; three judges, a public prosecutor, a clerk, and an advocate for the accused, constitute the court for the trial of ordinary causes. The judges constitute the jury. When the case has been heard, the judges retire and render a verdict conformable to the law. Their decision is read to the prisoner, and if he is condemned the grounds of his condemnation are declared, and the law cited, with the penalty incurred by its infraction. In place of an entire Bible, one leaf only from that book is pasted upon a sheet of paper, and placed upon the corner of the table before the judge. When the witnesses approach the table to give their testimony, they gently press this paper with the fingers of the right hand, and this act is considered tantamount to the administration of an oath.

Previous to the promulgation of the constitution, persons were arrested and imprisoned without trial or explanation.

The cemetery of Ivrea is situated upon the brink of the river Dora. This stream rushes by the place of graves with the velocity of an arrow. Over the gate of the cemetery is fixed an hour-glass. The rapid river and the hour-glass tell of the flight of time, and would impress upon the living the consideration of its improvement. No inscription is found upon the arch of the cemetery, nor is one needed, if the signs referred to be wisely understood. The cemeteries of Italy may be always distinguished by the tall cypress trees with which they are gloomed. I call these trees, *The muffled banners of the army of the dead.* They look as stern as

grenadiers upon the field of battle. Yet gloomy as these trees appear, they do not stand without some other object to relieve the sadness which they occasion. I allude to the presence of the *cross*, which is always to be found beneath their shade. Thus, full as this life is with miseries and sorrows, it is not without its compensations, and he who chooses to do so, may very easily find them, even in a grave-yard. The *cypress* is the emblem of affliction, but the *cross* is the emblem of *consolation*.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Aosta, Piedmont.

The distance from Turin to Aosta is about fifty-four miles. The road passes through Ivrea and the village of Fort Bard. Fort Bard, it will be recollected, occasioned much perplexity to the French army after the passage of the Alps, and well nigh defeated the projected campaign of Marengo. But the fortune and genius of Napoleon predominated, and enabled him to lead his army, 30,000 strong, through the place without material loss. The village was passed in the night, the binding of straw upon the wheels of the artillery and the hoofs of the horses, and spreading it upon the pavement of the narrow street, aided in overcoming the difficulty. The road at this place is remarkably narrow. On one side the river Dora rushes by, rumbling and foaming with all the violence of a mountain torrent, and on the other side high rocks lift their frowning brows among the clouds. The fort at that time contained only a small garrison of about four hundred men and twenty guns. Within a few years it has been greatly enlarged, and now mounts upwards of one hundred guns, and may be considered impregnable. I passed

the place at midnight, and shall never forget my emotions as I descried the village belfry and the opposite eminence, where Bonaparte planted his field-pieces to respond to and silence the artillery of the fort. The moon was shining brightly, and as her pale beams cast shadows over the place, I felt as if I had seen a vision of history instead of reality itself: every thing was so silent and dreamy and solemn. The road is the work of the Romans, and in some places is cut out of solid rock. The Romans delighted to leave some enduring impression of their strength upon the countries subjected to their arms.

The mile stones made by them are sculptured in full relievo upon the rocks; and in one place they cut the road through an arching rock, fashioned it into a gate, which is divided and marked so as to resemble mason work. As the Romans were not acquainted with the use of powder for blasting, it has been suggested that they employed some acid as an agent in their herculean operations. The population of Aosta is estimated at about 6,400 inhabitants. It is bounded by Mont Blanc, Mont Rosa and the great Saint Bernard. As I regarded the high mountains encircling it, the little city of Aosta appeared to me like a fleet anchored within their shelter. The earlier history of Aosta is somewhat fabulous, but there is no difficulty in fixing its foundation 406 years before that of Rome; or 1158 years before Christ. It was anciently the chief city of the Salassi. Twenty-four years before the Christian era it was taken by the army of the Roman Emperor, Octavius Augustus Cæsar. Its inhabitants were reduced to captivity, 36,000 of whom, according to Strabo, were

conveyed to Ivrea and sold as slaves at public auction. The Emperor Augustus rebuilt the city and gave his own name to it. The Roman wall of Aosta in part remains, but is nothing more than a composition of rents, holes, and patches. It looks about as ragged as the tattered border of a beggar's garment.

In entering the city we passed through the famous triumphal arch of Augustus. Nearly one fourth of the arch is buried in soil brought down from the mountains by torrents. But notwithstanding the ravages of war, time, and floods, the arch continues in a favorable state of preservation. Some modern inscriptions appear upon its face in French; one reads as follows:

Au triomphe d'Octave Auguste Cæsar,
Il defit completement les Salasses,
l'an de Rome 724.

To the triumph of Octavius Augustus Cæsar,
Who completely defeated the Salassi,
In the year of Rome 724; or 24 years before the Christian era.

Another reads,—

La Salasses long tems defendit ses foyers.
Il succomba. Rome victorieuse
ici redressa ses lauriers.

The Salassi for a long time defended their homes.
Surrendered. Rome victorious,
Here raised her laurels.

Augustus is the Roman Emperor of whom St. Luke says, in the commencement of the second chapter of his Gospel, "And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from *Cæsar Augustus* that all the world should be taxed." Joseph and his espoused wife, the mother of our Saviour, in consequence of that decree repaired to the city of David, which is called Bethlehem, and were in that city taxed, because they were of the house and lineage of David.

It is of this Emperor, also, that Virgil speaks in such memorable terms. Under the arch a cross is suspended, and the cross bears upon it the figure of him who was crucified.

The thoughts of the Christian traveller, as he pauses beneath this triumphal arch, are transported to the age of the Cæsars, and to the period when the star of his Redeemer first gleamed upon the plains of Judea.

By the telegraph of thought he is permitted to hold communication along nineteen centuries, even from the birth of the Messiah to the year 1852, and if the day is fair and his *wires* are in good order, he will find himself in less than an hour so flooded with facts, ideas, reflections, and suggestions, that he will be at a loss how to go to work to dispose of them.

Advancing a few yards farther, we passed through the massive stone gates of Aosta, into the city itself. These gates are of the same age as the arch, and appear equally venerable. A recent inscription has been put upon them, and reads thus—

L'Empereur Octave Auguste fonda cesmurs;
Batit la ville in trois ans,
et lui donna son nom;
l'an de Rome 728.

The Emperor Octavius Augustus Cæsar founded these walls.
Built the city in three years,
and gave it his name,
in the year of Rome 728.

Near by are seen the remains of an amphitheatre and of a Pretorian palace; also the ruins of walls, towers, pillars, and fragments of things inexplicable.

The roofs of the houses and churches of Aosta are covered with very coarse, heavy, unpolished, slabs of rock. This measure is necessary in order to guard against the effects of the violent winds which visit the place in the winter months.

In one of the principal streets stands a marble monument, erected in commemoration of the flight of Calvin.

It consists of a square base, with a column culminating in a cross. A fountain issues from the base and flows for the public benefit.

The inscription upon the monument runs thus—

Hanc Calvini fuga
erexit
Anno MDXLI.
Religionis Constantia
Deparavit
Anno MDCCXLI.
Civiam pietas
Renovavit et adornavit
Anno MDCCCXLI.

There are two graveyards in Aosta, one for the city and the other for the parish. Each has a towering wooden cross in the centre. The only monuments over the graves are low wooden crosses, with the deceased's name and date of demise. Equality above ground as well as below. Over the minor door of the parish graveyard appears an inscription from the third chapter of John and the fifth verse; while over the chief door is a quotation from the fifth chapter of John, 28th and 29th verses.

These inscriptions pleased me very much, because so applicable to the place; and moreover so full of hope, truth, and consolation, that no right-minded person would seriously venture to question or reject them.

An additional inscription ran thus—

Nous avons 'ete ce que vous etes
Dans peu vous serez ceque nous sommes.

We have been what you are—
Soon you will be what we are.

While musing among the graves the remarkable expressions of "Horace" were brought to my recollection:—

"In the capacious urn of death every name is shaken."
"The urn of death is shaken for all, and sooner or later the lot must come forth.

The city graveyard is considerably larger than that of the parish, although equally simple. The face of the little chapel at its side is covered with frescoes, much injured by

time. Its inscriptions have likewise suffered much from the same cause. One section of the fresco, however, remains sufficiently clear to be very well understood. It purports to be a representation of a company of human beings in the flames of purgatory. Above the sufferers is seen an angel, descending from heaven with a palm branch, to place in the hand of one of the sufferers, and is about to bear him to paradise. Near by, another angel is bending with a beautiful crown of laurel, and is preparing to place it upon the brow of a second sufferer and to escort him to a happier abode. An inscription beneath signifies that they who walk in the middle shades of the dead have nothing to fear. Over the graveyard gate I read these words—"*Siste Viator*," "Stop Traveller!" The tombs of Rome and Pompeii have the same startling admonition engraved upon them.

In Roman Catholic countries the concerns of purgatory occupy one half of the religious consideration of the people; and vast sums are applied to help the souls of the dead. In reference to this subject, Caleb Cushing in his Spanish Reminiscences, tells a good thing. The Count of Villa Medina was the most gallant and witty cavalier about the court of Madrid, young, handsome, brave, and munificent. Many of his bon-mots were famous. Being one day in the church of the Madonna dell'Atocha, and observing a priest bearing about a basin soliciting "elemosina" to deliver souls from purgatory, the count threw down a pistole. "Many thanks," said the friar, "there is one soul released from purgatory." The count threw in a second pistole; "another soul is released from purgatory," cried the monk. The count

gave him six pieces, one after the other, receiving at each time the same response. "Are you sure of it?" demanded the count, "Yes, yes, most excellent senor," answered the monk, "I vouch for their being in Heaven." "Well then," said the count, "I will take my money back again, seeing it is of no use to you, and the poor souls are fairly released from purgatory."

The cathedral of Aosta exhibits over its grand door a remarkable representation of the last supper in sculpture. All the figures are of the size of life, and are so ingeniously introduced that the tableau looks like a real supper table, with its members engaged in supping and conversation. One of the altars of this church is dedicated to St. Honorius, the patron of the bakers. A full length painting of the saint is seen over the altar, while in the perspective a company of bakers are observed occupied in kneading dough and baking bread.

Upon the walls of an old building I remarked a painting of the Virgin Mary, with her hands gracefully extended and rays of light or magnetism passing off from them. In a church at Vercelli I lately saw a large fresco painting, which represented the Virgin Mary surrounded by clouds of angels —one angel was directly under her foot, and others were flying about her with a golden crown, which they were putting upon her brow. Above the Virgin was visible the figure of a very aged man, whose snowy flowing beard almost covered the jewels of the crown. This aged personage represented the "Eternal Father," ratifying her coronation as Queen of Heaven. All through the country images of the

Madonna are found by road sides and upon house fronts. When the peasantry pass these images they take off their hats; some to say their prayers, others to scratch their heads. The peasantry of Aosta are very partial to wearing red coats, cut after the fashion of the Quakers. On Sundays and on holidays they appear in shirts, the collars of which reach above the tips of their ears. The bed sheets of the small towns and humble hamlets of Italy have often attracted my attention. They are coarse and heavy it is true, but then again they are perfectly pure and white.

In Aosta, upon the decease of one of its inhabitants, a piece of black cloth is suspended at the sides of the door of the house of mourning, with a slip of paper in the centre bearing the name of the deceased, with a request that prayers be rendered for the repose of his soul. The following copy of one of these slips may serve as an example:

Pregate,
per l'anima
della fu Damigella Felicita Botero.

Pray
for the soul
of the late Miss Felicity Botero.

When persons of wealth or distinction die, the attendant demonstrations are far more imposing. On such occasions the cathedral is put into mourning, and an inscription is placed over its portal, commemorative of the virtues of the departed. When Charles Albert, the late sovereign of these dominions, died, the metropolitan church at Turin was put in the deepest

mourning. The gloomy drapery of the temple was so arranged as to convey the idea of the valley of the shadow of death. A large catafalco, ornamented with the trophies of war, was in front of the main altar, around which the Senators, the Representatives, and the clergy assembled, to celebrate the mass for the repose of his soul. When the candles were all lit, the catafalco appeared like a blazing bonfire. Over the door of the temple the following inscription appeared, from the pen of the President of the Senate, Baron Mano. His language will sound strange to an American reader.

"The National Parliament prostrates itself at the foot of the altar, and implores with fervorous prayers that the heroic and holy spirit of Charles Albert, author of our liberty and initiator of Italian independence, be admitted into the embraces of the Almighty, and that he obtain for his desolate fatherland the fulfilment of the magnanimous hopes which he entertained for its good, but which from adverse fortune he failed to realize."

On the demise of Charles Albert, every church in the kingdom went into mourning, and celebrated mass in his behalf. Over the door of one of the humbler churches in the town of Vercelli I read an inscription to this effect:—"Charles Albert, King, hero in battle, wise in law, giver of liberty to his people, died in exile that he might not see his country oppressed by the stranger. Pray for his repose."

In Protestant states, upon the loss of a ruler or governor, the people, acting upon the conviction that the soul of the departed is, peradventure, beyond all human influence or succor, direct their whole thought to the moral application of the

bereavement for the improvement of the living, and to implore that Heaven may sanctify the event to the national good.

In Roman Catholic countries exactly the reverse occurs. The living are left almost entirely out of the question, the main aim being to relieve the soul of the dead, and to extricate it as speedily as possible from the purgatorial sufferings of an intermediate state.

It was interesting to examine the inscriptions over the doors of the Italian churches on the death of Charles Albert. Some conveyed the most serious apprehensions for his situation, and recommended that, if the people entertained any affection for their late Sovereign, the sooner they said their prayers in his behalf the better.

Others intimated that he might not be so badly off as was supposed; while others, again, testified that he was perhaps already released from purgatory, and was even then looking down from heaven and helping them by his prayers.

Charles Albert died in exile at Oporto, on the 29th of July, 1849. As soon as the intelligence of this fact reached the court of Turin, the Legislature suspended its sittings, and delegated the prince of Carignano to proceed by steam from Genoa to Oporto, and obtain the body. Meanwhile, according to the programme, a cavalcade was to be in readiness at Genoa to receive the same, and bear it with funeral honors to the capital.

All the towns along the route, with a view of showing every mark of respect to the memory of the departed monarch, resolved to meet the train upon its march, and to extend to it suitable marks of consideration. The authorities of Al-

essandria adopted the following resolutions—[Alessandria and Marengo both lie upon the main road to Turin.]

"1st. That the national guard will receive the *spoils* of the distinguished monarch upon the plain of Marengo. [By a form of expression in the Italian language, the remains of the dead are called spoils.]

"2d. That the municipal members assemble at the Marengo gate of the city to meet the train.

"3d. That all, uniting together, accompany it to the cathedral through the main street, draperied with mourning.

"4th. That the bier be placed upon a stand covered with white satin, and without any other decoration, save four tricolor standards.

"5th. That during the night the municipal and the national guard are to keep watch over the precious deposit, and pray that his spirit may pardon our lukewarmness, and, above all, our *transgressions*."

I am now under the shadow of the Alps, on the dividing boundary of France and Switzerland. I have travelled from Mount Etna, in Sicily, through the different capitals of the Italian kingdom, to the vale of Aosta; and in all my wanderings I have only seen three copies of the word of God in the Italian language, namely, one at Pompeii, one at a book-stall in Milan, which had been put in circulation by some English Bible agent, and another at a library in Milan, a very elaborate edition in twelve volumes, with copious notes by the Archbishop of Florence—price, ten dollars. If this copy should be bought by a Roman Catholic, he would be

obliged to purchase a dispensation before he would be authorized to read it.

Perhaps no country in the world is more liberally endowed with churches than Italy. They constitute her chief glory and principal wealth. She has within her borders some of the sublimest temples in which man ever prayed. She has not much occasion to add to their number. In church-building she appears to have almost finished her labors. In all my observations I only saw four new temples going up, namely, one at Leghorn, one at Turin, one at Milan, and one upon the battle-field of Marengo.

CHAPTER XXV.

Milan.

The cities of Italy and Sicily may be compared to a numerous family of lovely and illustrious sisters, severally remarkable for their distinguished qualifications and accomplishments. In view of this idea, the suffrage of custom appears to have designated them with titles illustrative of their consideration. Thus

IN ITALY.

Milan	The Grand.
Rome	The Pompous and Holy.
Naples	The Odoriferous and Gentle.
Florence	The Beautiful.
Genoa	The Superb.
Mantua	The Glorious.
Lucca	The Industrious.
Ravenna	The Benignant.
Pisa	The Prudent.
Sienna	The Powerful.
Venice	The Rich, the Wise, and the Lordly.

IN SICILY.

Palermo	The Happy.
Messina	The Noble.
Catanea	The Illustrious.
Syracuse	The Faithful.
Girgenti	The Magnificent.

Milan is well worthy of the title of "Grand," and Napoleon honored her claim to the appellation when he selected her as the capital of the Italian peninsula. Her present population is 133,000; in the zenith of her glory it exceeded 300,000. In the course of her history she has sustained 42 sieges, and was 24 times taken by assault. She is now in subjection to the power of Austria.

The cathedral of Milan is one of the seven wonders of the world. It has a paved square before it.

The immense palace of the Viceroy stands upon the left, and faces the square. Before the gates of the palace are posted two brazen field-pieces, mounted upon carriages, with accompanying powder-tumbrils at their side, in constant readiness for service. At noon, every day, regiments of the line are reviewed before the palace. The uniform of the Austrian army is novel and beautiful, the coats being white, and the pantaloons blue. The caps of soldiers are mounted with cotton pompons, colored yellow and black, while the caps of the officers display plumes of black or green. The coats are faced with either violet, red, green, azure, black, or yellow cassimere. No epaulettes are worn. Stars upon the collars are put to denote the rank of the minor officers, and gold collars with stars of silver to represent officers of superior rank. The swords used are all very long, and are of a curved or sabre form. They repose in scabbards of steel, highly polished. The sword-belts and suspension-straps are of gold. The sashes are either of gold or of rich yellow silk. The buttons worn are always plain. The music of the band sounds with thrilling effect upon the nerves. All the instruments are

of brass, and of great volume. The drums sound like the humming melody of a thousand bee-hives. The bass drums are so large that they are conveyed upon a two-wheeled contrivance specially adapted for the purpose. Almost all the officers and soldiers have been under fire, and won medals and crosses, which they wear upon the breast, suspended by ribbons of a blood-red color. The appearance of the Imperial columns at noon, in front of the cathedral, is truly brilliant. The effect of the sun upon an army, clad in coats white as the driven snow, is remarkable beyond expression, and when music swells along the ranks, the grandeur of the scene is complete. It is then that the profession of the soldier looks inviting and fascinating. But every picture has its dark side, and so has war. After seeing one of these reviews, in the course of a walk, I found myself at the extreme end of the city, and upon mounting the green rampart to gain a commanding view, the first object that I beheld was the spacious arena of the military hospital, filled with invalid soldiers, some sick from wounds and some from diseases. Some were in the sun, some in the shade, and some under trees; all were moving about like muffled spectres. The triumphal banner, music, the snowy coat, and the waving plume, were gone! and nothing but a living graveyard remained behind.

Almost all the churches and many of the palaces of Milan have angels upon their tops. Some serve as trumpet-blowers, some as preachers, some as cross-bearers, some as shield-bearers, and not a few as guardians. As they are much exposed, being out in all weather and constantly on duty, they are very providently furnished with lightning-rods for their protection.

Sometimes, when there is a row of angels together, a good stout iron wire passes along from the wing of one angel to another, so as to pass off the electric fluid in case the lightning should happen to strike any of the company. Notwithstanding all that St. John the Divine has said, in the xviith chapter of the book of Revelation, about the mystical woman arrayed in scarlet and purple, the Church of Rome, by a strange fatuity, still persists in dressing herself in these ominous colors. The other day, I noticed the procession of the Host issue from the main door of the Milan cathedral, on its way to administer its consolations to the dying. The bellman marched first, carrying in his hand a large brass bell, like such as are used on board steamboats to summon passengers to pay their fare. He was clothed in scarlet. As he rang the bell every knee bowed, and every head was uncovered, while carriages and beasts of burden paused in their course. Next followed the canopy over the Host, which was also of scarlet; the robes of the priest were likewise scarlet, and the candle-bearing boys were also clad in scarlet; even the ceremonial boxes were of the same color. In Rome, scarlet and purple are the fashion. The Sacred College of Cardinals (seventy in number), and the Pope himself, dress in scarlet—and wear scarlet hats, and even scarlet shoes.

The carriages of the Cardinals and of the Pope are as large as the omnibuses of America; they are lined inside and painted outside scarlet. The trappings of the horses, the liveries of the coachmen and footmen, the uniform of the papal guard, and the garniture of the papal throne and foot-stool, are of the same flaming color. A Cardinal has three

footmen—one to help him out of the carriage, another to support his scarlet robe, and another to carry his scarlet parasol.

When the churches are decorated, they are almost invariably hung with scarlet and purple.

When I was in the "Eternal City," I met with a Presbyterian clergyman from Boston, and, though a very grave man, he could not help smiling when we reflected together how unfortunate the Church of Rome had been in the selection of her colors.

The Italian people are fond of employing, on almost all occasions, figures for emblems. For example, the litter that conveys the sick to the hospital has the image of a bird upon the top, with a palm-branch in its mouth; and the porter at the hospital door on a Sabbath day, stands with a large metal plate with a human skull upon it, painted black, to signify "collections received for the dead." At a funeral of a child, the body is conveyed to the church in a box covered with a rosy pall, with a wreath upon it, and is borne thither by four boys dressed as angels, each of the boys wearing a pair of wings made of boards fastened to his back, and painted very angelically. The crowns of their heads are liberally powdered with rye flour to represent the ashes of mourning.

At Messina, in the celebration of the Assumption of the Madonna, a huge car is introduced, forty feet high, supported by iron machinery, and very fancifully decorated. The car is drawn through the streets for three days. The base represents a tomb, occupied by a choir chanting over the body of the Madonna. The twelve apostles are in attendance, personated by youths of good families.

Above them is a circle that revolves horizontally, with children attached to it representing angels, under a large Sun and Moon that turn vertically, with six infants as cherubim suspended at the ends of the principal rays. The infants and children suffer exceedingly in sustaining the parts assigned them, and when taken down, are not unfrequently half dead from fright and fatigue.

As to the girl who personates the Madonna, I was informed that it was always deemed prudent to place her under the custody of the police for some days afterward, to save her from the infatuation of the lower orders, who would, unless thus restrained, tear the hair off her head for relics.

The lungs, it is well known, sustain only a subordinate part in the economy of life. In one of the Romish parades, a boy, who had been gilded over and exhibited to represent the Golden Age, died in consequence of the obstruction occasioned to the vessels of circulation.

No foreign newspapers are admitted into Milan, except such as are of a moderate or neutral character. There is only one paper published in the city. It is entitled the "Gazetta di Milano." It is about the size of an American penny paper, and is under the direction of the Government, and sold at eight cents per copy. It never says any thing about what may happen in the city. All local intelligence is suppressed. It gives, however, a daily abstract, taken from the Imperial observatory, as to the state of the heavens, direction of the winds, humidity of the atmosphere, and grade of the thermometer. It contains no business advertisements. The following is a brief index of contents, copied from one of its numbers.

Empire of Austria—Vienna; honors awarded to Marshal Radetzky, the savior of his country: the marshal dines at the table of the Emperor as an invited guest; Pesth; execution of Count Batthyani and Baron Jessanak, two of the leaders of the Hungarian insurrection, with an account of the confiscation of their estates, movable and immovable. [The value of Count Batthyani's property thus confiscated being estimated at seven millions of florins, or three millions two hundred and ninety thousand dollars.]

Kingdom of the Two Sicilies—Account of the Pope's visit to the Museo Borbonica; Naples; ceremony of kissing the Pope's foot, with the names of distinguished personages admitted to that honor [among which appear the names of the directors and alumni of the Royal College].

Roman States—Arrival and departure of illustrious individuals; arrests.

Spain—New custom-house tariff adopted; departure from Cadiz of the frigate Terrolana with a company of missionaries for the evangelization of New Holland.

France—Speech of M. Dupin in the National Assembly; trial of prisoners at Versailles.

Great Britain—Information relative to Sir John Franklin's expedition to the North Pole.

Turkey—Disorders of Samos.

America—News from California.

Public Amusements—Notices of the performances to be exhibited at the various theatres in the evening.

The censorship of the press is very rigid. No books can be published without the examination and approval of the Government. Politics and religion are interdicted subjects; but in reference to treatises upon the sciences, belles-lettres, fine arts, architecture, or mechanics, the Government is, generally speaking, very considerate and liberal.

At a banquet given at Vienna to Marshal Radetzky, Dr.

Kluck, in drinking to the health of the Marshal, exclaimed, "To the man that we all love and venerate! To the man admired by Europe and by the world! To the hero Radetzky, health and long life!"

The churches of Hungary have suffered very much from the late revolution. The church property previous to that event yielded an annual revenue of 400,000 florins; but at present, instead of yielding any revenue, large sums will be required in order to repair the damages which war has done to them.

Upon the surrender of the fortress at Comorn, the Hungarian patriots, among other things, relinquished four hundred church bells, which they had intended to cast into cannon. The churches of Rome were during the revolution deprived of very many bells, taken for a similar purpose. After the fall of the Republic, the cannon in the fortress of St. Angelo were sent to the foundry, to be converted into bells, to supply such churches as had lost those wakeful monitors.

The ladies of Milan dress themselves with much propriety. Their chief aim appears to be to emulate each other in simplicity. The gay colors so common to Southern Italy are seldom worn by them. They are accustomed to brush their hair completely from the forehead and temples. This practice causes them to appear as neat as Quakeresses. Capes of lace are worn fitted neatly to the bust, with a narrow neck collar, hid by a plain pink or azure colored ribbon. During the revolution it was the tri-color.

The hats are of the cottage form, rather small, and cut in a very modest style. The favorite flowers among the ladies

are the camellia and the dahlia. Their hats have generally upon the left side a large full blown camelia or dahlia, without any other accessory. The bouquets for ladies are principally formed of these flowers, and the garlands and floral offerings cast upon the stage to popular actresses, are of the same composition.

Speaking about hair, it may not be amiss to say that the ladies of Sorrento, the birth-place of Tasso, braid their tresses and then arrange them in the form of a wreath, such as artists are wont to place upon the brow of their favorite bard.

In Italy, toward the going down of the sun, the ladies are accustomed to repair to the balconies of their habitations, and to occupy them until the evening shades have appeared. At that pensive hour the balconies are as frames, inclosing pictures more beautiful than any in the noblest galleries of the Italian capitals.

Venice was the last of the Italian Republics. Her independence lasted only seventeen months. Her surrender to Marshal Radetzky occurred on the 22nd of August, 1849, and on the 25th the Austrians entered her gates. According to General Hess the siege of Venice cost the Austrians ten thousand men, besides fifteen thousand invalids and sick, and two millions of florins in war materials and restoration of fortresses. More than fifty thousand passports were issued by the Austrian Governor to emigrants wishing to leave the city. Greece was the first country that offered them an asylum. The Government of Sardinia afterwards followed her example, and voted the sum of twenty thousand dollars as a fund for

their relief. In anticipation of the fall of Venice, a private subscription list was circulated through the Kingdom of Sardinia in the month of June, and in the course of a short time amounted to upwards of three thousand dollars. One subscription upon the list was of a somewhat singular character. It was that of a cavalry officer, who subscribed ten thousand francs to be divided into one hundred dowries of one hundred francs, each, to be paid severally to such young girls of the Kingdom of Sardinia, of good conduct, as should become espoused to the Venetian emigrants.

The Neapolitan general, *Filangieri*, in a proclamation addressed to the inhabitants of Sicily, styles their island "La terra di Paradiso"—The land of Paradise.

Milton it will be recollected, sojourned some time in Italy, and passed through her chief cities. His immortal poem abounds in metaphors and figures illustrative of the history, the mythology, and the glory of this classic country. Let the volume of Milton be opened at Avernus, Parthenope, Mt. Palatine, Fiesole, or in the vale of Vallambrosa, and its pages seem to speak as if baptized afresh with the sacred elements of inspiration. Virgil, the bard of Mantua, has it is true sung of Italy in strains almost divine, but Virgil was a Pagan, Milton a Christian.

The history of Mount Palatine is an epitome of that of Rome, and embraces a period of thirty-three centuries. The Palatine has been truly called the throne and grave of Roman dominion. On it Romulus founded Rome.

I cannot express the emotions that I felt when I stood upon the summit of this mount, and pondered upon the

prospect which fell under its command. On that occasion memory revived her freshest recollections from Gibbon's great work upon the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, and rehearsed them for my instruction. Among other things, she reminded me that it was in the neighborhood of this self-same hill, while musing among the crumbling columns and fallen temples of the Capital, that that splendid historian first conceived the magnificent design of writing his imperishable production.

For miles and miles the vast prospect was fraught with the lingering remains of fallen greatness; the tombs of Caius Cestus and Cecelia Metella and Scipio, the Coliseum, Palace of the Cæsars, columns of Phocas, Trajan, and Antoninus, Temples of Concord and Fortune, and Jupiter Stator, the Forum and triumphal arches of Titus, Constantine, and Septimus Severus, and myriads of other objects of monumental interest.

In the midst of so much majesty and sublimity, I felt as if I was in a storm at sea, looking out upon a shoreless ocean, and listening to the moaning billows of departed centuries, while about me were floating the wrecks and ruins of mighty empires, half buried beneath the surf.

The cathedral of Milan constitutes its crowning glory. This edifice is so lofty, towering, and magnificent, that it would take the snow-capped Alps to *earth it.* A life-time might be passed in studying this great temple. There is a history in its every stone. St. Peter's, at Rome, occupied three centuries and a half in its erection, engaged the attention of forty Popes, employed some of the best architects

of the modern world, and cost upwards of sixty millions of dollars, a sum which, when we consider the facilities that Rome possesses in marbles and bronzes, does not exceed one-third of the expenditure that would be necessary to build another like it in any other capital. With two exceptions, all its altars are adorned with a mosaic, the labor and expense of which are almost incredible, each occupying one man on an average thirty-five years, and costing on an average fifty thousand dollars. The Vatican is another great wonder. It is a palace of learning and sculpture. The Vatican and the Cathedrals of Rome, Florence, Venice, and Milan, may be compared to the works of Homer, Milton, and Shakspeare: they live not for a day, but for all time.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Milan.

The memorable decree of Napoleon, to prevent the American flag from trading with Great Britain, was issued in this city on the 27th of December, 1807. This decree was followed by the "British orders in Council," and then followed the war between the United States and Great Britain. Milan is the "Paris" of Italy, and its public edifices are numerous, stately, and magnificent. The city contains ten theatres, constructed almost all upon the ruins of places formerly sacred. The grand theatre of "La Scala" is built upon ground once occupied by the church of "Santa Maria." It was opened in 1778. It is probably the largest theatre in the world. The following are its dimensions in Paris feet:

	Length.	Breadth.
Pit	64. 4	57.4
Stage	120.10	95.9
Entire building	265. 8	100.5

The interior contains six rows of boxes, from thirty-six to thirty-nine in each row. The Emperor's box has the appear-

ance of a magnificent saloon. The curtains of the boxes are of rich yellow silk, fringed, while ornaments of gold are scattered profusely all over the house. Upon the front of the building is a much esteemed bas-relief representing Apollo in his car and the Goddess of Night apparently detaining him. This design is very appropriate because theatres generally keep open rather late. When Bonaparte was in Milan he attended some grand operas in this house. Several severe battles were fought under his eye. On one occasion five hundred infantry and two hundred cavalry appeared upon the stage in battle array before him. One of the performers personated Napoleon, and conducted himself in that character so much to Bonaparte's satisfaction, that he sent him the next day a roll of gold and one of his own uniforms, as a mark of his approbation. All the great operas, such as "Attila," "Norma," "Nabuco," "Ernani," "Marino Faliero," etc., as well as the grand ballets, are produced here in a style of splendor and magnificence almost incredible. In some of the "ballets" it is no uncommon thing to see five hundred dancers in motion on the stage together. The Austrian Government contributes annually about forty thousand dollars toward defraying the expenses of the establishment. An actor, in performing in such a theatre and beholding such masses of spectators rising tier above tier before him, cannot help feeling himself to be indeed surrounded by a "great cloud of witnesses." The scenery and stage movements of an establishment like this, are, as may well be supposed, upon a highly imposing scale. If you should take a position during the performance close by the stage, where you could hear the orders for shifting the scenes,

and mark their execution, you would very likely imagine yourself on board a man-of-war suddenly tacking ship off a lee shore. The terms of admission for a season at the "La Scala" are remarkably reasonable: for example, subscription to a seat in the platea or pit for seventy nights, would be only seventy zwanzickers, or about eleven dollars and twenty cents; while for a seat in the "loggione" or amphitheatre, for the same period, would cost eighteen zwanzickers, or two dollars and eighty-eight cents. For this small sum you would hear the music of some of the sublimest of the Italian operas, executed in a style that would put all competition at defiance. The best talent of Europe is to be found at the "La Scala." Here it will be remembered that Malibran, Pasta and Parodi in the opera, and Elsler in the ballet, have gathered some of their most enduring laurels. Milan is, in fact, the musical capital of Italy.

Marshal Radetzky may be called the "Wellington of Austria." It is chiefly to his military talents that the House of Austria owes the recovery of her Italian possessions. For his services in the Italian campaigns he has received honors and acknowledgments from nearly all the continental sovereigns of Europe. He is the possessor of thirty-two orders and decorations, and is a citizen of honor of twenty-six different cities of the monarchy. As a monument to his fame as conqueror of Italy, one of the highest mountains of the empire is to be called "*Alpi-Radetzky.*"

The Emperors of Austria consider themselves the lineal descendants of the Cæsars, and on this account affix the words "*Cæsar Augustus*" after their names. Besides the

titles of Emperor of Austria, King of Bohemia, Lombardy and Venice, they have *forty-eight* other titles, which are all enumerated in the promulgation of important laws.

Some idea of the extent and promiscuous character of the population composing this vast empire may be inferred from the fact that its laws have lately been published in ten different languages and dialects. The uniform of the Austrian army is white, and when its soldiers are drawn up in review on a field-day, they resemble an immense forest of trees covered with snow. The military force of this empire is about 650,000 men; and, in emergency, may be increased to 800,000. According to the official Gazette of Milan there are three millions and a half of Protestants living in Hungary. The Hungarian Declaration of Independence was drawn up by Szacsvay. He perished upon the scaffold. In Europe, people take off their hats to great men; in America, great men take off their hats to the people. Universal suffrage, says a French author, renders the children of men equal to the children of the gods.

The numbers of the houses in Milan commence at No. 1, and ascend in regular consecutive order from street to street, through the entire city. From this circumstance, the numbers of the most modern buildings ascend above 5000. There is no such thing as a duplicate number in the place.

The other day I visited the church of "St. Thomas." It was gloomed with mourning in consequence of the death of a count. It was not merely draperied, but fairly clothed with black cloth and black crape. Even the columns

façade, doors, and roof, were dressed in sable. The building, thus clad, had the appearance of an immense black hearse. Inside it was so dark that you could scarcely recognize a friend.

The quantity of tapestry required to dress a large church is immense. Some of the cathedrals of Italy, for example, would need as much as would suffice to equip the "North Carolina," or any other line of battle ship in sails.

The Italians seldom make fires in the winter time; they warm their churches and their apartments with their *breath.*

The real name of Pius IX is Giovanni Maria Mastai Ferretti. The Popes seldom adopt their own names when elected to the pontificate; they generally assume some other; thus "John Mary Mastai Ferretti," took that of Pius IX.

Recently I noticed in a shop window a singular caricature. A sick man upon his bed, surrounded by friends looking upon him with solicitude, while a physician at the table is writing a prescription for the patient. The caricature is styled, "Passport for another world."

In another window I noticed an engraving of the vine of Christianity twining itself around the cross. The popes constituted the trunk and pith of the vine, commencing at the root with the Saviour, and Peter his first successor, until Pius the Ninth rose upon the head of the vinous trunk. The arms or branches of the vine, represented the different countries of the Roman Catholic religion. Italy was the chief branch:— Chili, Peru, and Mexico, were minor ramifications. On the

right and left were lopped off branches marked Jerome, Luther, Huss, Melancthon, Wickliffe, Knox, Wesley, Deism, Atheism, Judaism, Iconoclastism, and Mahometanism. These branches were falling below into raging fires. At the foot of the engraving I observed a certificate from the hand of his holiness the Pope in approbation of the work.

On funeral occasions in this country you sometimes behold strange sights. The other day during the celebration of a funeral, I saw over the door of the church of "Maria delle Grazie" the figures of three skeletons in a crouching attitude, with a long crape veil gracefully cast over their craniums. This I judged to be a parody upon the "Three Graces."

The "Trieste Observer" has for its motto "Liberte Legale"—(Legal Liberty). In Europe people are treated more like children than men. A learned professor in Milan compares John Bunyan to Dante: and says that Bunyan is Dante in English prose.

The Italians excel in music, poetry, and the fine arts. This to some extent may be explained by a reference to their past political situation, the nature of which has almost precluded their turning much attention to other pursuits. All day long I hear the notes of beginners learning to sing—patiently training their voices for the concert and the opera. Even the itinerant organ grinders know all the chief operas by heart, Italy is so musical.

Tickets of absolution are given by the priests in this country. These tickets are presented and indirectly serve as letters of recommendation. In some situations of respon-

sibility, these tickets are indispensable to obtaining employment.

The colossal stone statues of giants, which support the massive parts of the old palaces of Milan, have many of them wigs upon their heads, woven by nature out of plantlets and grass.

In this city no midnight religious celebrations are allowed. They are prohibited for fear of rebellion. Christmas-eve is therefore a silent night.

In this place there is one inn called the inn of *Promessi Sposi*—(after Manzoni's popular novel), and another the inn of the "Madonna"—in compliment to the Virgin Mary.

Large quantities of American cotton in bales are brought into Milan, and afterwards disposed of among the different manufacturing establishments in the environs of the city. This cotton is brought hither from Genoa, by horse and donkey power. Recently a manufacturer conducted me to his residence and showed me a magnificent table, the top of which had a representation in woods of choice selection, so put together as to illustrate, like a picture, the various stages of the cotton plant—ten stages in number, from the germ and the bud to the cotton full blown by the wind. All the various tints and phases were admirably delineated. This work he told me was executed after some drawings received from New-York.

The provincial direction of public order have lately passed decrees for the better observance of the Sabbath and other holydays. It commands that labor shall cease, and stores be closed, except apothecaries' shops, which are permitted to sell

on such days at all hours. Dealers in bread and other provisions of necessity may sell after the celebration of the morning services in the churches. Coffee-house keepers and barbers may also at that time open their shops. Petty venders of gingerbread and candies for children, and of things and objects subservient to religious purposes, such as images, statues, and relics, as well as approved books, works of devotion, (except Bibles and Testaments!) are permitted to sell on such days as much as they please, at all hours, without molestation. Buffoon exhibitions in the streets are not to commence until after the conclusion of divine service. For every infraction of these regulations the fine imposed is to be not less than four or more than eight dollars.

All the churches of the city have this inscription over their doors—"*Indulgentia Plenaria*," which may be translated thus—"*Sins forgiven on reasonable terms.*"

The cemetery of Milan is situated about half a mile outside the walls, and is called "Foppone di Saint Gregorio." In Italy, be it remembered, every thing has its patron saint, whether it be a graveyard or a corn-field. This place of graves covers ground enough for a field of battle; every grave is distinguished by a cruciform monument of either wood, stone, or iron; these crosses are so crowded together that their shadows fairly darken the field; they stand as close as the soldiers of an army. Upon many of the monuments I noticed the figure of a butterfly as an emblem of human life, and a serpent wound round a column, head and tail united, as a type of Eternity. In walking about for observation, I perceived that all the various professions were

fully represented—music, theology, medicine, painting, war, and commerce. Death had taken his recruits from every rank and condition in life. There were many visitors upon the ground; they were looking for the tombs of their kindred; their heads were uncovered as a mark of respect for the place, and their lips were moving in prayer for the souls of the departed. This spectacle revived the truthfulness of the Oriental proverb—"To-day we visit the tombs of our friends, and to-morrow our own are visited," and I considered that there was "a pillow upon which every head must rest, and every eye be closed." The favorite words upon the tombs of the "Just" are so poetical that I cannot omit their introduction. They read thus—"*e morto nel bacio del Signore*" —(he died in the kiss of the Lord). While pondering upon the topic of mortality, I thought of the venerable gravediggers of the capitals of Europe, and of the startling numbers that they must have assisted in consigning to the silence of the sepulchre. The catacombs of Paris contain at least three millions of bodies. Francis Pontrarei, the last gravedigger of the catacombs, deposited therein, according to his own register, in thirty years, ninety thousand subjects—had he continued in office thirty years longer, he would have gathered within the walls of the vast Necropolis committed to his charge, a population as numerous as the imposing armies marshalled under the banners of Bonaparte, Wellington, and Blucher, on the field of Waterloo.

One of the chief virtues recommended in the Italian pulpits, is charity; and the most strenuous efforts are put forth to encourage its practical exemplification among the people.

The churches, oratories, and shrines, are burdened with money-boxes for the reception of alms. Outside, the churches are provided with apertures in their walls, so as to receive contributions after the doors have been closed. These apertures resemble the scupper-holes in the sides of a ship.

The patron saint of Milan is "Saint Carlo." His tomb is situated in its grand cathedral, and is said to be the most magnificent and costly in Europe. It is subterraneous, and is built directly under the dome of the temple. Besides its entrance, it has a mouth which is covered with a skylight and surrounded with a bronzed balustrade, encircling the figures of seraphs holding luminaries in their hands, which, like the lamps at the tomb of Mahomet, are always burning. Around this balustrade pilgrims and worshippers from all parts of the world are attracted to say their prayers and bestow their pence. A companion-way behind the high altar conducts below to the interior of this splendid mausoleum. After effecting the descent, the appearance of the vestibule leading to the chapel and tomb, bears some resemblance to the cabin and saloon of a Hudson River steamboat with state-room on either side for various offices. The regular fee for a sight of this superb mausoleum is one dollar. Once a year, however, on the anniversary of the saint, the doors are thrown open, and the public are freely admitted without the payment of any specific fee, but in the certain expectation that each visitor will cast a piece of money into the treasury before he leaves the door. I visited the premises on the anniversary of the saint; and the crowd on that account was so great that the visit proved any thing but

an agreeable operation. Following the heady current, I was in a few moments swept in front of an altar radiant with gold, silver, and precious stones. Above this altar appeared a sumptuous crystal sarcophagus, brilliantly illuminated. Within this sarcophagus sleeps "Saint Carlo,"

> "Who sepulchred in such pomp doth lie,
> That e'en kings for such a tomb would wish to die."

The saint is clad in his sacerdotal vestments, which glitter with costly jewelry and sparkling gems. His head is crowned with a rich mitre, while his hand sways a crosier of burnished gold, and his fingers display a profusion of diamond rings. The motto set in the armorial bearings of the saint, and lettered over the door of the sepulchre, is "*Humilitas.*" What humility had to do with so much splendor puzzled me to comprehend. Upon the altar in front of the sarcophagus was placed a large deep dish full of specie, and all who passed were expected to throw in something for the benefit of Saint Carlo. When the attending priest observed the slightest remissness in this respect, he rapped loudly and frequently upon the rim of the dish, by way of calling the attention of the visitors to their duty. As we passed along, many of the females presented their rosaries to the priest, who thereupon gave them several smart rubs against the glass case of the saint, and then returned them to their owners. When I saw this, I was reminded of the practice of school-boys, who, when they visit a museum and see a loadstone, are wont to take out their jack-knives and rub them upon it, so as to obtain the benefit of some of its magnetic properties. From a credi-

ble source, I am informed that the august mausoleum of Saint Carlo cost the enormous sum of one million of dollars.

Philip IV., King of Spain, Frederick Visconti, and Alphonse Litta, were among its most munificent benefactors, and marble tablets are conspicuously introduced to commemorate their generosity. Having seen all that was of interest below, I now returned to the body of the cathedral, in order to look at the paintings hung up to illustrate the life and history of the great saint. These paintings (one hundred in number) are of great size, and are hung up on every return of his anniversary. The cathedral on this occasion seemed converted into an immense picture-gallery. It was densely thronged with visitors, who appeared to be highly delighted with the exhibition. One picture represented the saint as selling a valuable domain, and distributing the proceeds (forty thousand dollars) among the poor. When I thought of the "tomb," I imagined that this deed of benevolence had been most abundantly rewarded. Another picture represented him as making a breakfast on bread and water, and another represented him as entering triumphantly into paradise. Saint Carlo is seen sailing, in fine style, under a cloud of canvas, borne on waves of angels—himself dressed in scarlet, without a hat, while the celestial haven is crowded with popes, cardinals, and other distinguished personages, joyfully awaiting his arrival.

In this country, it is customary to see exposed in the halls and at the doors of charitable institutions, on festival occasions, the busts and portraits of their principal benefactors, with the amount of their respective donations lettered beneath their effigies.

When at Rome, I visited the "Trinity Hospital," and noticed upon the marble walls of the grand hall the names of all its benefactors and patrons, cut in bold relief into the solid marble. Some of these benefactions dated antecedent to the discovery of America. The walls were storied over with names, dates, and figures. I studied these marble pages of benevolence very carefully, in order to find any record of persons who had done good with the left hand, without letting the right hand know any thing about it; but the search was fruitless; every sum was coupled with the name of the party who had bequeathed it, and nearly all the names were identified with some title of honor. Whenever I witness ostentatious displays of benevolence, I am irresistibly reminded of the remarkable observation of Seneca, that "he who gives to be seen of men, would not relieve a man in the dark."

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Monuments and Cathedral of Milan.

The primitive monuments of Milan have disappeared. Wars and sieges have razed them to the ground. The sixteen lofty columns that stand in desolate majesty before the church of Saint Lorenzo, are the only important ruins of the early past. Their history is obscure, but they are distinguished for being loftier than any range within the walls of Rome. Of the modern monuments, the Arena, a spacious open amphitheatre of the Napoleon era, is worthy of observation. It is intended for races, balloon ascensions, and public amusements; can seat forty thousand spectators; and, when desired, may be supplied with water for naumachical or aquatic contests. Beyond this, upon the verge of a broad plain, stands the famous "Arch of Peace," probably one of the most magnificent monuments in existence. This arch was originally intended to be called the "Arch of the Simplon," and to be embellished with a statue of Victory, in commemoration of the battle of Jena, and covered with bas-reliefs illustrating the wars and triumphs of Napoleon. When only half finished it fell into the hands of the Austrians, who changed its name to that of the "Arch of Peace," and instead of Victory, placed the

figure of Peace in the car, and transformed the relievos to represent the events that preceded the general pacification of Europe. On the top of the arch is a bronzed figure of Peace, standing in a car drawn by six horses. These horses are truly colossal. They are a size larger than the "Pennsylvania animals." Four equestrian figures of Fame (one at each angle) announce her arrival with trumpets. The total cost of this monument, including the lodges on each side, and the iron railing, was $714,195. The front, facing Milan, bears the following inscription:

Imp. et Regi, Francesco I. Augusto,
adsertori perp. faustitatis parenti pub.
Pace populis parta.
Longobardia Felix D. D.

To the Emperor and King, Francis Augustus I.,
maintainer of perpetual prosperity, parent of the state.
By peace obtained for the nations.
Fortunate Lombardy gives and dedicates.

The Italians have a great dread of lightning, and, for the better security of this great work, have caused the prominent figures to be ingeniously guarded by lightning conductors. The genius of Peace, for example, holds in her hand a tall wand tipped with the head of Minerva. This wand serves both as the sceptre and safeguard of the genius. Even the crowns in the hands of the four equestrian heralds are slightly pointed, so as to catch the electric fluid. The effect of the rising sun shining upon such a magnificent mass of pure white marble is remarkably sublime. Beneath the rays of that orb the Corinthian columns of the monument appear nobler than

ever, and the relievos and the works of sculpture seem clothed with the very attributes of intelligence. It is then that the arch assumes a new interest, and appears as if, like the fabled divinity of the Greeks, it had started into being from the foam of the prolific deep.

The chief and crowning glory of Milan is its cathedral. The foundation of this great structure was laid in 1386, at the instance and by the liberality of the Duke Giovanni Galeazzo Visconti, to atone for the crime of imprisoning and poisoning his uncle and father-in-law, Bernardo Visconti, and family, in the castle of Trezzo. It is of the Gothic order, is built of white marble, and is called the eighth wonder of the world. After the Visconti, twenty other great Milanese families assumed the prosecution of the work; and in 1805, Bonaparte issued a decree which very materially expedited the undertaking. It is not yet entirely finished. In fact, very few of the great cathedrals of the old world are, even to this day, altogether completed. This condition of things arises from the grandeur of the scale on which they have been projected. In the execution of such extraordinary designs, nothing short of the wealth and talents of centuries is sufficient.

The following table will assist the mind in forming a comparative estimate of the relative magnitude of the different remarkable edifices and monuments of the age:

	Length (inside).	Breadth (inside).	Height.	Cross L. transcpts.	Height of nave.
St. Peter's, Rome.....	613	131	430	445	150
Cathedral, Milan.....	477	185	345	283	151
St. Paul's, London.....	500	107	370	248	88
Trinity, New-York	170	72	264	72	67½

The height of the Pyramid of Cheops, in Egypt, is 479 feet.

The height of the proposed National Monument, at Washington, is 600 feet.

The height of the mainmast of a line-of-battle ship of 120 guns is 224 feet.

The Cathedral of St. Peter, at Rome, and the Coliseum, severally occupy about six acres of ground apiece, and the Pyramid of Cheops, eleven. In one story only of the dome of the Cathedral of St. Peter, 1100 beams were employed, 100 of which were of such magnitude that the arms of two men could not embrace them. The extent of the Vatican almost exceeds belief. De la Lande represents the number of its apartments to be 11,246; while according to Bonanni, the apartments of this vast edifice number not less than 13,000. The inhabitants of Rome maintain that the Cathedral of St. Peter is never crowded, not even during the august ceremonies of a Christmas night. On important occasions, in the height of imposing celebrations, certain portions will, of course, be densely thronged, but one will always find abundance of space by passing over to the opposite side, or retiring a few feet behind the crowd.

The following table, compiled from a reliable source, will exhibit in another form the capacity of this colossal pile, as compared with others throughout Europe, allowing four persons to every quadrate metre or square yard:

	CAPACITY.	
	Persons.	Yards.
St. Peter's, Rome	54,000	13,500
Milan Cathedral	37,000	9,250
St. Paul's, London	25,600	6,400

	Persons	Yards.
Florence Cathedral	24,300	6,075
St. Sophia, Constantinople,	23,000	5,750
Notre Dame, Paris	21,000	5,250
Pisa Cathedral	13,000	3,250
St. Mark's, Venice	7,000	1,750

The piazza or grand square of St. Peter's, in its widest limits, allowing twelve persons to the quadrate metre, or square yard, holds 624,000; allowing four to the same, drawn up in military array, 208,000. It is from the balcony of the cathedral, overlooking this square, that the Pope, on Easter Sunday, calls down the blessing of Heaven upon the earth in the presence of the multitude assembled from all nations, and here, over kneeling myriads, pronounces the words "*Urbi et Orbi*" on the city and on the world.

When I first surveyed the Cathedral of Milan, the general appearance of this vast Gothic edifice reminded me of a dense forest of shipping;—as if one should stand on the heights of Brooklyn, and therefrom survey the girdling commerce of the port of New-York. It appeared to me as though it might be the fabrication of a superior order of beings; as though archangels had employed their sublimest faculties in the undertaking. In regarding the colossal portals of this grand cathedral, one feels the full force of the majestic language of the Psalmist—language which the author of the "Night Thoughts" has so beautifully paraphrased, and which the churches of every land have extolled in song:

"*Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.*"

The face of the edifice is enriched with every imaginable

illustration of Scripture, in sculpture; while the stained glass of its immense windows exhibits, in another form, illustrations of a similar character. The dedication tablet over the grand entrance comprises only two words:

"MARIE NASCENTI."

(Mary being born; or, in honor of the Virgin's birth.)

The cost of this magnificent temple has been estimated by some writers at not far from one hundred millions of dollars. It contains many tombs of great value; that of Saint Carlo alone cost one million. Even to this day, the annual appropriation for labor and repairs averages forty thousand dollars. It has two pulpits, made of bronze, encircling its main pillars, and each capable of holding twenty preachers. Behind the choir is the statue of St. Bartholomew, who was flayed alive. The sculptor has represented the muscular parts of the human body entire, with the skin most ingeniously taken off and cast as a robe or toga over the person. This work is considered to be worth its weight in gold.

The confessional boxes are very numerous. Some of them are as old as the building. The penitents, in approaching these boxes, kneel and confess through a perforated square plate into the ear of the priest. These plates, from the constant action of the breath and lips of so many postulants, present a remarkably polished and lip-worn appearance. This temple is so immense that the people worshipping within its walls look like mites. It has no galleries; hence, in order to clean its arches and brush its lofty naves, a movable tower

is framed and put up to serve the purpose. The appearance of this tower reminded me of the portable observatory prepared for Napoleon on the field of Waterloo. Owing to the great altitude of this pile, the bells, although of remarkable power, are scarcely heard inside when tolled; merely a faint sound is perceptible, as if coming from the clouds. The Emperor Joseph II., in his admiration of this vast temple, exclaimed that it "was a mountain of gold converted into marble." A peasant being observed gazing very thoughtfully on the building, a bystander inquired what he judged it to be worth. He responded, "*I think it worth a fine day in July*," alluding to the powerful effect produced in one day in that month upon the growth of the crops in the ardent clime of Italy. The answer is certainly both original and singular. On one occasion, I noticed some workmen suspended along the walls by ropes from the spires and turrets: they were scraping off the grass and plants which time had produced. In every part of the city, paintings, engravings, and models of this incomparable temple are exposed for sale. One of the best models I saw was executed in glass; it was a very elaborate piece of work, about three feet in height, and valued at thirty dollars. Notwithstanding the age of the Cathedral, it has lost none of its novelty, not even in Milan. Nobody passes without looking up at it. The old residents who have gazed upon it from their childhood, tell me that they feel a fresh glow of pleasure every time they behold it. In the roof, near the front angle of the building, is a small aperture, which might almost be taken for a star. The sun's ray strikes through it, and at noon falls on a meridian line drawn on the

marble floor. As the eventful moment draws nigh, the worshippers within and the people without range themselves near the line, and, with their watches in their hands, pause to set them by this infallible regulator.

It will be remembered that it was in this Cathedral, in the year 1805, that the coronation of Napoleon, as King of Italy, took place, attended with all the pomp and splendor of the empire. The iron crown of Charlemagne, which had slumbered for a thousand years in the treasury of Monza, was then brought forth and placed with his own hands upon his brow. All the magnates of Europe were present, and the day was celebrated as a jubilee throughout the land.

The appearance of this architectural wonder varies with the nature of the weather, and the changes of day and night. Probably it appears most sublime by moonlight, and most august in a snow-storm.

On Christmas eve, over the main altar is suspended a large bright star, figurative of the Star of Bethlehem. Multitudes from a considerable distance are attracted to behold this sign.

When the music of the two magnificent organs first burst upon my ear, and filled the aisles and arches of the temple, I was overwhelmed with wonder. It arose with all the sublimity of an anthem on the deep. It was so grand, and so profound, that it sent a fresh acceleration of life through my system. It was the voice of the elements in harmonious agitation—

> "I was all ear,
> And took in strains that might create a soul
> Under the ribs of death."

The task of ascending a pile of this magnitude is, it must be confessed, somewhat fatiguing; but then the fatigue is only momentary, while the pleasure in compensation lasts for ever.

After mounting, and counting one hundred and fifty-eight steps, I found myself on the roof of the edifice, in the midst of a perfect forest of marble columns, towers, spires, and minarets, pinnacled with statues. The guide informed me that there were *ten thousand* statues on the needles of these spires, and that five thousand more were yet required to finish the complement. The scene now became very grand. After wandering about a good season in this mazy labyrinth, I mounted the spiral stairway to ascend the grand main tower, which is elevated as high again above every thing else. As I ascended, I gradually rose above all the spires of the edifice, and left their marble population of statues beneath my feet. At length I passed the gold stars and the plumed angels, that culminated upon the points of some of the loftier columns, and when I ascended still higher, I could look down upon every thing, even upon the "fixed stars" and the backs of the angels. In my elevated position I felt as if I was in a balloon—suspended

> "Where the deep-transported mind may soar
> Above the wheeling poles, and at Heaven's door
> Look in."

I paused a moment to scan the names of the many distinguished visitors which covered the marble rail that encircled me. I had not the vanity to put my own name among the

number, but I did put those of some of my countrymen, and among others that of the lamented "Bascom," whose flights of eloquence had so often, in my native land, carried my mind above the domes and towers of Europe.

To gain my present elevation, I had mounted altogether *five hundred and twenty steps.*

In the orient the sun was rising in his strength, and gilding the horizon with his glory. The prospect was one of ineffable magnificence; but I preferred something of the terrific mingled with the magnificent. I wished to be in my cloudy height in a thunder-storm of wind, lightning, and tempest; to be, as it were, in the very midst of the artillery of Heaven; to see the powder flash from its bastions, and to hear the voice of the commanding Power directing the movement of its rumbling guns.

I levelled the telescope in the direction of Monza, where the "Iron Crown" is kept, and the town lay like an illuminated picture before my eye. I looked toward the north, and there were the tented Alps, covered with sheets of snow. Milan and its environs lay round about me with innumerable avenues of communication, diverging as from a common focus in every direction of the compass. The guide pointed out the high roads to Venice, Genoa, and Paris. But how difficult is it, in such a situation, to confine the mind by visible limitations! In the presence of such a vast prospect, it becomes so enlarged and expanded that it travels with the telegraph, and spans the globe.

Material magnitude! what is it when compared with mind? "Creation (to adopt the language of an eloquent

divine), magnificent as it is, does not equal the grandeur of one immortal spirit. Majestic the universe undoubtedly is; but it cannot think, feel, reason, imagine, hope, or love. Talk to me of the sun! I might say, standing up in all the conscious dignity of my own nature, the sun is not alive; 'tis but a dead luminary, after all. I am living, I never was dead, and never can die; and I therefore plant my foot on that proud orb, and say, 'I am greater than thou.' The sun cannot understand the geometry of its own motions, or the laws of its own radiating light; but I can do both. From all its vast surface it cannot utter a single articulate sound. It is dumb, though magnificent. The sun cannot love one of the planets that revolves around it, but you and I can love all beings; nay, were our hearts large enough, we could (to use the language of a great German writer) '*clasp the universe to our breast and keep it warm.*'"

With reluctant steps, I descended from the tower of the noble Cathedral of Milan, but the impressions of the visit are imperishable;—they were too vivid ever to be dimmed by oblivion.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Bridge of Lodi.

The victory of Napoleon upon the bridge of Lodi may be considered among the most remarkable achievements that distinguished his military career. He was at that period in his twenty-seventh year, and had but recently received his commission as commander-in-chief of the army of Italy. Within the brief space of thirty days from the opening of this, his first campaign, he had defeated the Austrians at Montenotte, Millesimo, and Mondovi, and compelled them to evacuate Piedmont and retire to the opposite bank of the Adda. The Adda is a rapid and deep river, and is crossed at the town of Lodi by a wooden bridge, called the "Bridge of Lodi." On the left bank of this river, the Austrians, under the command of Beaulieu, a veteran of seventy-six, halted, and posted themselves in all their strength to arrest the progress of the victorious Napoleon. They planted thirty pieces of artillery upon the bridge, and stationed 12,000 infantry and 4000 cavalry upon the ground, to act in effective co-operation. With such formidable means of defence, nothing but instant death appeared to await any demonstration on the part of the French to force the passage of the bridge. Napo-

leon reached Lodi in the afternoon of the 10th of May, 1796, attended by his best generals and choicest troops, and without hesitation immediately resolved to assail the Austrian position. A few moments antecedent, he delivered the following laconic address to his soldiers:—"Frenchmen! here is starvation, there is the enemy, beyond him plenty. *March!*" His cavalry were ordered to cross at a place where the Adda was said to be fordable, and fall upon the Austrian flank; meanwhile Bonaparte, at the head of 3,000 chosen grenadiers, under the shelter of the walls of the town, waited until the appearance of the cavalry who had crossed the ford had disquieted the Austrian flank; at this critical moment, a word of command from Bonaparte brought the grenadiers upon the bridge; they rushed forward with loud shouts of "Vive la Republique!" but their appearance was the signal for the opening of the Austrian artillery upon their ranks. The volleys which issued from these field-pieces were most terrific. At one time the French grenadiers, unable to resist the dreadful storm, appeared for an instant to hesitate; but Lannes, Bonaparte, and Berthier, hurried to the head of the column, and by their presence gallantly renewed the resolution of the soldiers, and carried the bridge. The artillerymen were quickly bayoneted, and the Austrian army put to flight, losing in their retreat upward of twenty guns, and a thousand prisoners, and perhaps two thousand more in wounded and slain. It has been said that no praise was more grateful to the ear of Napoleon than that which characterized him as "he of Lodi's Bridge."*

* In my descriptions, the reader will perceive that I hurry forward

This celebrated bridge crosses the Adda at the town of Lodi; it is five hundred feet in length, and built entirely of oak, and is supported by forty-two sets of tressels. The railing which flanks its sides is rather low, being only two rails high. The bridge has no curve or arch, and is level enough for the passage of a railroad. With the exception of the middle portion of it, which was destroyed in the Italian revolution of 1848, the bridge remains in its original condition, entire. It is let by contract to Signor Guiseppe Pogliani, who pays sixteen hundred dollars per annum for it; and he collects from every pedestrian one cent, and from every carriage or other vehicle sixteen cents, toll. The proprietor is a man of about forty, of much taste, and has cultivated a little garden upon the embankment of the bridge. He speaks with rapture of his little garden with its wicket fence, and passes his leisure hours in meditation within its borders. He led me through this pleasant retreat, and culled for me a bouquet of the choicest flowers it contained. He kindly introduced me to his family, and communicated many interesting facts in relation to the place. I found him very familiar with the history of the American Revolution. He lent me a costly copy of Botta's able history of the "War of American Independence," in Italian. He had read this work with much enthusiasm, and prized it above all the books in his library.

The district of Lodi is altogether of a pastoral character; it contains 30,000 cows, and exports immense quantities of butter and cheese. As one passes through the country, his

my figures (taking care to do so in good order) the same as a general hurries forward his soldiers to an attack,

senses are refreshed with the healthful odor of its meadows. The town of Lodi numbers about 18,000 inhabitants, and is surrounded by an old Gothic wall. A few venerable men still survive, who were residents in the place at the time of the "Battle." Since that event two generations have passed into oblivion. I succeeded in finding one of Napoleon's old soldiers, and accompanied him to the residence of the postmaster, in order to see a large design of the passage of the bridge. This work occupied a frame in the front parlor, and extended from window to window. I was much pleased with the spirited and truthful manner of its execution. My military companion informed me that he was an invalid at the hospital in Ratisbon when Napoleon paid it a visit, and beheld the Emperor put a decoration upon the breast of a wounded officer about to suffer the amputation of a leg; as soon as the limb was severed from the body, the soldier said to the surgeon, "Give me that leg." It was given him, and waving it in the air, he shouted, "Vive l'Empereur!" In a few hours afterward he expired.

Lodi is one of the most quiet towns in Italy. Some of the streets are quite grass-grown; every thing that meets the eye appears to wear a dreamy, peaceful aspect. The celebrated Madame Starke, who wrote an excellent "Guide-Book for Italy," died in this place. In rambling about the town, I noticed a hotel, called "Albergo del Papa" (Hotel of the Pope), with a Pope's head over the door. After leaving the town, I walked about half a mile beyond its gates, in order to see a little cemetery, on the margin of the Adda, called "Morti della Barbina," where had been collected all the dead

and drowned soldiers, both French and Austrians, that were found after the termination of the terrible conflict upon the bridge. Here they were then placed, and here they still remain. An oratory stands upon the ground. As you enter this oratory, you behold on each side wooden cases, fifteen feet high, with wire-work before them, through the netting of which are visible the bones of the slain soldiers of Lodi, all covered with dust and cobwebs. There are several boxes in the wall, with tablets upon them, requesting alms to defray the expense of masses for the repose of the souls of the slain. I observed many old women at prayer in the oratory, and remarked that they finished their devotions by kissing the foreheads of the skulls in the cases. From this cause, many of the skulls had become as smooth as polished ivory. Over the door of this "Chapel of Death" I read the following quotation from the Scriptures:—"*Exultabunt domino ossa humiliata.*" ("The humbled bones shall exult in the Lord.")

The bridge of Lodi is well regulated and gravelled, and forms a very pleasant promenade. On holidays it constitutes the favorite resort of the people. The country along the banks of the river is very beautiful, and the air is always moved by fresh winds. The Adda is a very swift river, and runs with a strong current. After a rain-storm it swells and becomes quite deep; on such occasions its depth would average twenty feet. A large stone statue of "Saint Giovanni Nepomiceno" stands upon the Lodi side of the bridge. This saint was, and is still, the protector of the river Adda. On the day of the battle, the cannonade was so furious that the saint could not protect even his own statue from destruc-

tion. It was knocked down, had its head knocked off, one arm badly fractured, both legs broken, besides sustaining several severe contusions on the face. When the conflict was over, some pious persons collected the limbs, united them to the body, and restored the statue to its old place.

Upon the opposite bank of the bridge, where the Austrians were engaged, resides the toll-gatherer, Signor Pogliani. Here stand five or six small low stone houses, and an old stone tower in the middle, with a tall lightning-rod rising above its top. These old buildings still bear the marks of the terrible scenes through which they passed. Even the sacred effigy of the Virgin Mary did not escape the fire; it was pierced in two places by musket-balls.

The inhabitants were highly gratified with the interest I manifested in reference to every thing connected with the history of the bridge. This gratification was much heightened when I expressed the belief that, if the bridge in question was accessible to the people of America, it would be visited by perhaps hundreds daily. Signor Pogliani, the proprietor, perceiving that I was a young man, and not yet married, considerately introduced me to several blooming ladies of Lodi, and seriously pledged me that, if I was inclined to marry, he would engage to find me a wife in the place and send me home with a cargo of *cheese!*

While discoursing on the bridge, a thousand Austrian foot soldiers passed over with their guns, drums, and knapsacks: they marched three deep, and were soon followed by five hundred mounted hussars. I asked the proprietor if they

paid any thing. "No," replied he, "they pay nothing, because they are our masters."

I shall never forget a little incident that occurred in Milan. I had passed the evening with a young merchant in that city, and he, as I was about to depart, volunteered to accompany me home. It was a dim starlight night, and the walk somewhat solitary; as we passed under the gloomy arches of some public buildings, we encountered a long column of Austrian soldiers performing their nightly rounds. "Ah," exclaimed my friend, with a deep sigh, "there come our conquerors!"

The Italians do not and cannot love the Austrians; they are invaders and oppressors, and can never govern the country, except by the power of the sword. Never was the influence of Austria so omnipotent in the affairs of Italy as at this moment. This influence is felt from Venice even to the shores of Sicily. Lombardy is thronged with her military men, who display upon their breasts the various crosses of honor, received for their services in the suppression of the Hungarian and Italian revolutions. They are well paid, well fed, and are usually quartered in the most magnificent palaces of the provinces. The Italians feel much exasperated at the idea of crosses being conferred upon such men, and among one another do not scruple to give utterance to their sentiments by saying, that anciently "they used to put thieves on crosses, but now-a-days they put crosses on thieves!" In view of the present condition of Italy, I might say with the prophet Jeremiah; "She weepeth sore in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks; among all her lovers she hath none

to comfort her; all her friends have dealt treacherously with her; they are become her enemies."

Italy will reverence for ever the memory of Napoleon for his expulsion of the Austrians from her territory. The name of this great man is still a terror among her oppressors. From what I have seen in these old countries, I can readily appreciate the observation uttered by Chateaubriand in the Chamber of Peers, shortly after the banishment of the Emperor to the island of St. Helena, when he declared that "the great-coat and hat of Napoleon, placed on the end of a stick on the coast of Brest, would make Europe run to arms from one end to another."

The best engraving that I have ever seen in circulation illustrative of the passage of the bridge of Lodi, is that contained in Ireland's large pictorial edition of the "History of Napoleon." This work also contains admirable views of nearly all his great fields of battle, from Lodi to Waterloo. These designs are reduced from the famous paintings which adorn the historical galleries of Versailles, and convey a faithful idea of the principal places rendered illustrious by his military achievements.

I could not resist the temptation of cutting some pieces of wood from the bridge of Lodi, to be remitted as souvenirs to my friends in America. In accomplishing this pious operation, I unfortunately broke the blade of my knife, but this was a small loss in comparison with the value of the wood.

In passing over the bridge I counted the number of steps and found them to be (from embankment to embankment)

two hundred and sixty; as I did so, I pictured to myself, how fearful these steps must have been, when taken in the very face of the thundering discharges of the Austrian artillery. But the genius of Bonaparte triumphed over every opposition, and bore his advancing legions in triumph through the storm.

As I surveyed from my position the political and moral prostration of Italy, and beheld the emblems of her conquerors meeting my eye in every direction, I panted for the resurrection of Napoleon, and felt that his appearance would be sufficient to put twenty years of fresh life into my body.

It appears to have been the settled conviction of this great commander, that bold and decisive movements in military operations, were conducive, in the end, to the economy of life in an army. We have a practical exemplification of this theory, not only at Lodi, but likewise in every important engagement that distinguished his extraordinary career. The remarkable words uttered by him in riding along the ranks of his army on the eve of the battle of Jena, can never be forgotten: "*My children*," said he, "*you must not fear death; when soldiers brave death, they drive him into the ranks of the enemy.*"

CHAPTER XXIX.

Brescia, Lombardy.

NORTHERN Italy, from Milan to the Adriatic, is called Lombardy, and abounds with many cities of great fame. In this section of Italy Shakspeare has fixed the scenes of some of his most celebrated plays and tragedies. "Othello," "Romeo and Juliet," the "Merchant of Venice," the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," the "Taming of the Shrew," and several others are, in an especial manner, associated with the recollections of Lombardy.

The cities of this kingdom are numerous and possess much significance of character: Milan, Pavia, Brescia, Cremona, Bergamo, Lodi, Monza, Mantua, Verona, Vicenza, Padua, and Venice, still retaining to a remarkable extent, their original historical peculiarities.

In Lombardy the earliest and freshest laurels of Napoleon were gathered, and in Lombardy his coronation as King of Italy was consummated by his assumption of the "Iron Crown" of her ancient kings.

The titles of many of the marshals of France were also taken from places within the limits of this interesting section

of the peninsula: Montebello, Treviso, Belluno, Vicenza, Feltre, Rovigo, Bassano, Castiglione, Rivoli, and Conegliano, are intimately connected with the glory of the marshals of Napoleon.

When exiled to the lonely isle of St. Helena, it was one of the favorite occupations of Napoleon to spread his large map of Italy, like a blanket, upon the floor, extend himself upon it full length, and review his Italian campaigns in the presence of Bertrand, Montholon, and Las Casas.

It is yet undetermined whether the foundation of Brescia is to be ascribed to the Etruscans or to another people of anterior origin. The Romans, however, afterward took possession of the place, and its laws, language, customs, and divinities soon became purely Roman. The city is situated upon very elevated ground, and commands a most admirable view of the waving plains of Lombardy. The appearance of these plains from the heights of Brescia, reminded me of the aspect of the sea in a calm. The churches and habitations, glittering in the distance, looked like ships windbound. The city has three gates, and is three miles in circumference, and embraces 3,570 houses, and 34,000 inhabitants. The Roman remains of Brescia are manifest in almost every section of the city. In the court of the Gambara house may be seen the remains of an ancient theatre of greater amplitude than that of either Herculaneum or Pompeii. In the year 1820, in the course of some excavations into a lofty mound within the walls of the town, an antique temple was discovered of great interest. According to inscriptions, this edifice was built in the year 72, under the reign of the Emperor Vespasian. Since its

exhumation it has been converted into a museum, under the title of *Museo Patrio Bresciano*, and is enriched with a valuable collection of works of art recovered from the ruins of antiquity. In the main apartment is preserved the heathen altar of the temple. The figure which stood upon it, is said to have been three times the size of life. In the left apartment there is another altar in good preservation. The style of construction, and general appearance of the pagan altars of the ancients, closely resemble those of the present day seen in the Roman Catholic churches. In fact, any of the pagan temples of the ancients would serve for the immediate resumption of the rites of Romanism—all that would be necessary would be merely to change the images, or their names.

The famous bronze statue of Victory occupies the most conspicuous place in the museum, and is certainly a work of great merit. It was recovered among other things from the rubbish that once filled the building. In 1835, the Emperor of Russia erected a monument at Chulm, to commemorate a triumph gained at that place by the Russian army, over Vandamme, in the campaign of 1813. The monument was a high pedestal surmounted by a bronze figure of Victory, after that contained in the museum of Brescia.

The walls of the museum are appropriated to the reception of historical, mythological, and obituary tablets. I was much interested in the examination of a case containing a remarkable collection of coins and medallions, both ancient and modern, and noticed with pleasure among the number a medal with the head of Franklin upon it, bearing this inscription:

"Benj. Franklin, natus, Boston, XVII. Jan. MDCCVI."

This medallion was placed side by side with others of men of great fame; such for example as Columbus, Galileo, Marco Polo, Frederick the Great, &c. There are probably more lightning rods in Italy than in any other country. The Italians reverence the memory of Franklin, and speak of him as a philosopher who would have done honor to Greece when Athens was in her glory.

The album of the museum contained no recent names of American visitors; the latest written were full two years old. When I say *American* visitors I mean citizens of the United States. In Europe, the visitors from South America and Mexico are all called "Americans," and the United States consuls assure me that the people in the mass seem to think that the jurisdiction of the Government represented by them extends from Cape Horn to the North Pole.

Brescia is full of fountains. Next to Rome it numbers more than any other city in Italy. It contains seventy-two public and four hundred private ones. The concert of its waters is very pleasing to a stranger, and forms one of the striking features of the place.

The galleries of the city are numerous; those most worthy of note are the Averoldi, Brognoli, Lechi, Fernaroli, and Tosi. The "Tosi" gallery is called the "Luxembourg of Brescia," and is justly entitled to that distinction. In the Lechi collection I observed in a very small frame three miniatures of a very minute size, arranged in the following order, viz.

1st—WASHINGTON.
2d—NAPOLEON.
3d—FRANKLIN.

This delicate tribute of pre-eminence to the American patriot appeared to me worthy of notation. The Italians pay the greatest deference to the memory of Washington, and his bust may be seen in every part of the peninsula. In the Villa Negroni, in Genoa, the Marquis Giovanni Carlo di Negro has dedicated a beautiful arbor to his remembrance. At Leghorn I saw a large Italian ship, with this inscription on her stern—"WASHINGTON: ANCONA;" also, a large freighting barge, bearing the same name. In the same city I had the honor of an introduction to a venerable Roman citizen who had shaken hands with Washington and Napoleon.

In Lombardy, in time of peace, conscripts are released from service on the payment of three hundred and fifty dollars. No substitutes are received. The barracks, fortifications, and military arrangements of Italy, are on an imposing scale. This state of things appears to be a kind of necessary evil. It would be the same if the different kingdoms were republics. I doubt very much whether any government could stand in Europe without the aid of a standing army. The masses are not sufficiently educated to govern themselves. The enlightened and well-disposed parts of society are sadly in the minority. Without military support the best government would soon be subverted by the mob—order and security would be impossible.

A number of the oldest churches in Brescia have been dismantled and are now in repose. Like ships of war, they

have finished their career of active service and are "lying in ordinary," and serve as "receiving ships" for the reception of timber, hay, and troops.

The other morning I attended the funeral of a young lady of Brescia. Her bier was covered with a white pall, a crown of fresh flowers was placed upon it, with a gentle bird perched in the centre to represent the soul. Six young females, robed and veiled in raiment of snowy whiteness, bore the departed to her new-made grave. A company of maidens followed the procession, bearing crosses, burning tapers, and chanting the litany of the Romish Church. The people took off their hats while the train passed by.

In returning I noticed a store closed, with a bill upon the door; the bill read thus: "*Per la morte di uno Padre,*" (for the death of a father.) Never before did language appear so tender and pathetic. In the afternoon I followed the funeral of an Austrian officer who was consigned to the tomb with military honors. In the van marched a soldier with a cross, draperied with crape; then followed the band, then the chaplain, and then the body, borne by six soldiers. The bier was covered with a rich black pall, upon which rested the equipments and habiliments of the fallen officer. The sunbeams glistened upon his useless sword, and the murmuring winds ruffled, as they passed, the ruddy feathers of his warplume. The colors of his command were shrouded in sable, and the muffled drum rolled the funeral beat. Never shall I forget the music sent forth on this solemn occasion. It was a grand dirge, full of military sublimity: worthy a soldier's requiem. The cemetery of the city is situated about a quar-

ter of a mile beyond the walls. In proceeding to it we passed a large camp, dedicated to the exercise of troops, and saw an imposing body of infantry under the review of one of the Imperial archdukes. Continuing our course we soon arrived at the vast "Campo Santo," or burial field of Brescia. The military camp we had just passed was large and somewhat astonished me, but I soon discovered that death's camp was larger than the camp of war. Of all the burial fields heretofore seen by me, this appeared to be the most extensive and remarkable. It reminded me of the paintings and descriptions of the academic groves of Greece. It seemed on the whole to be the conception of some comprehensive intellect, who had produced it after having studied all the plans and works of past and modern ages upon the subject. The chapel is one of the neatest and most chaste edifices imaginable. Above its altar is a marble figure of the archangel commissioned to blow the last trump, which he holds in his left hand, and with his right points toward the heavens. This figure is as white as snow. Beneath his feet are vases to represent the ashes of the martyrs. The niches of the chapel, which is of a circular form, are filled with the busts of the saints of Brescia. Most of the churches of the city are named after these saints.

In contemplating the popular cemeteries and battle-fields of Europe, I have often thought of the trifling amount of room men occupy when committed to the earth. Some years ago, with this idea in view, a thoughtful mathematician of Boston was led to consider and answer the question, "Where will men find room at the general judgment?" and showed

conclusively that a comparatively small portion of the earth's surface would be sufficient to contain the aggregate multitude of human beings that have existed on the globe, and allow a yard square to each person. "Suppose," said he, "for the sake of round numbers, that the earth has stood 6,000 years, and that the population has always been 800,000,000, as now estimated, sixty centuries multiplied by three generations in a century, would make 180 generations of 800,000,000; and these multiplied together would make 144,000,000,000, as the supposed whole population of the globe since the creation. Then suppose one yard square for each individual of this vast number, how many miles square would be sufficient for the whole? Multiply 320 by 320, the number of rods in a mile, and the product will be 102,400, as the square rods in the square mile. Then multiply these square rods by $5\frac{1}{2}$, and this product again by $5\frac{1}{2}$, the number of yards in a rod, and the product will be 3,097,600, as the number of square yards in a square mile. Then divide the 144,000,000,000 by 3,097,600, and the quotient will be 46,487 and a fraction over, as the number of square miles necessary to contain, in erect or lying posture, the present and vast population of the globe. Then extract the square root of 46,487, and the root will be 215 and a fraction, showing that 215 or less than 216 miles square of country—say as large as the state of New York—would furnish standing place of a yard square, for *the one hundred and forty-four thousand millions* of the earth's supposed population from the creation to the end of six thousand years.

The natives of Brescia are a remarkably spirited people.

In March, 1849, finding the garrison of the place materially weakened by the heavy bodies of troops drafted off to the war in Piedmont, they revolted against the Austrian domination, and became masters of the city. Their victory was of short duration. General Haynau in a few days appeared before its walls, with 3200 men and a heavy battering train. He found the streets strongly barricaded; after a fearful struggle, he carried the barricades at the point ot the bayonet, every inch of ground being fearfully disputed on both sides. As a last resort, the inhabitants abandoned the streets and took refuge in their houses. The troops fired the houses, and many of the inmates perished in the flames. The massacre that ensued was bloody beyond parallel. The victor ordered the execution of the principal insurgents, and imposed a fine of one million of dollars upon the town. The effects of this terrible assault are even now lamentably apparent, particularly in the ruined condition of the buildings in the neighborhood of the walls and gates. The figures of our Saviour, painted for purposes of religion, suffered very materially when they happened to be where the struggle occurred. The visage of the Saviour marred with musket balls, and his side torn by shells, was a melancholy sight. Never, since the days of Napoleon, was the condition of Austria so critical, as about or a few months antecedent to the insurrection of Brescia. Italy and Hungary were in arms, Bohemia in commotion, Vienna in revolution, and the Emperor himself a fugitive from his capital. The news of the various Hungarian victories always produced a remarkable sensation upon the continent. On the 14th May, 1849, Buda, although powerfully garrisoned

and munitioned, surrendered at discretion to Gorgey, the Hungarian general.* The conqueror announced his victory in the following laconic letter—"*Hourah! Buda! Gorgey!*" more epic than the "Veni, Vidi, Vici," of Cæsar. For terseness, these words will compare very favorably with those of the lamented Worth at Monterey. General Taylor, it will be remembered, assigned to him the task of carrying the heights on the Saltillo road. Worth felt the importance of his task, and resolved to carry the heights, formidable as they were, or perish in the attempt. "*A grade or a grave!*" he exclaimed, as he leaped into his saddle:—he was successful.

General Haynau has been very appropriately styled the "modern Attila." He was born in 1786, and is said to be a natural son of the Duke of Hesse. After the reduction of Brescia, he commenced his well-known campaign against Hungary. Fortunately for Austria, Russia had now cast her weighty influence into the scale, and was already sending a powerful army to co-operate in the same undertaking. With such effective support, Haynau could not have been otherwise than successful. After taking several cities, he occupied Pesth, and leaving only a small Austro Russian garrison in the place, marched with all his available force to accomplish the destruction of the Hungarians. In departing from Pesth, he addressed a proclamation to the inhabitants to this effect:—"Inhabitants! I expect that during my absence you will not touch a hair of one of my officers or soldiers who stay behind,

* Gorgey. The gallantry of this general, in the early and secondary stages of the Hungarian struggle, commanded the admiration of the patriots of Europe: of his conduct at Arad I have nothing to say.

nor of those of the brave Russian army in alliance with us for the holy end of re-establishing order. If you heed not my warnings, if even a part of you should venture with audacious insolence to transgress my orders, then annihilation will be your lot. Then, making *all pay for one, and one for all*, will I regard *your lives and properties as forfeited*, in atonement for your crimes. Your fair city, inhabitants of Pesth, which is now partially touched with the traces of just punishment, will then be reduced to a heap of ashes, a monument of your treason and of its castigation. Believe that I am a man of my word, whether to punish transgression or to reward merit. The disloyal inhabitants of Brescia, who, like yourselves, repeatedly deceived by the ringleaders of the insurrection, set about fresh treason, may serve as an instance whether rebels have to expect any indulgence from me. Reflect upon the chastisement which visited that city, and beware lest, by neglecting my warnings, you force me to inflict the same upon you."

The fate of Hungary is well known. Austria, in gratitude for the aid furnished by Russia in accomplishing its subjection, erected a monument of granite upon her northern frontier, bearing this significant inscription: "*Austria and Russia united*, 1849." Austria will never forgive the United States for the strong interest manifested in reference to the Hungarian independence. Notwithstanding all the vigilance of her police, and the rigid regulations and scrutiny of her post-office department, it was found impossible to conceal this feeling from the knowledge of her subjects. The communications of the American press were faithfully published in the leading

French and English journals, and, through this medium, indirectly found their way to the capitals and people of the most despotic governments of Europe. The effect of Webster's famous speech, delivered in 1849 at the New Hampshire festival, in reference to the Hungarian question, and his energetic letter on the same subject to Chevalier Hulsemann, dated 21st December, 1850, were all that might have been anticipated. When such men speak, "the power-importing name of America" is felt every where; their sentiments permeate the globe.* I can read these things, even in Austria, but it would not, of course, be either expedient or wise for me individually to rehearse or promulgate them; if I did, I might be arrested, and consigned to the prisons of Olmutz or Spielberg, to linger till I died. In this age, to confine thought is almost as impossible as to confine the winds, or chain the sea: it will travel in spite of every opposition.

* A teacher in New England, wishing to convey to his scholars some adequate idea of the intellectual greatness of Daniel Webster, used the following language: "Why," said he, "Daniel Webster is a man that can stand upon the ground of Boston Common, and feed 150,000 people without any more effort than it costs me to feed this class."

CHAPTER XXX.

Mantua.

History relates that when Bonaparte arrived at Mantua, he sat down before its walls. He well knew that to attempt to take the place by storm would be perfectly idle; he therefore instituted a regular siege in order to its reduction. He commenced operations for that purpose in June, 1796, and in the course of six months the garrison capitulated. The amount of prisoners, artillery, howitzers, muskets, balls, powder, cartridges, and shot, that fell into the hands of the French by the capitulation, was immense. The Austrian commandant, General Wurmser, a veteran of seventy, was allowed to march out with the honors of war, and retire with his staff and a limited part of his command beyond the Adige. Wurmser is said to have lost during the siege twenty-seven thousand men by disease, and in the various numerous and bloody sallies which took place. His soldiers were on the brink of starvation, and no alternative remained but immediate capitulation. This decisive event put an end to the war in Italy.

Mantua may be truly called the "Modern Ilion;" it is the citadel of the Peninsula, and may be fairly said to be impreg-

nable, except by famine. It is flanked by two lakes, and girdled by a broad, deep moat or ditch, overgrown with cane and willow trees; and, as the water from the lakes can at two hours' notice be made to flow in and rise to a level with their tops, all attempts at navigation or hostile demonstration against the walls would be worse than fruitless. Most of the churches and public buildings are strongly fortified, and have cannon and ammunition lodged in their towers; and many of the private edifices are bomb-proof. With twenty thousand men Mantua may very easily keep out two hundred thousand.

The history of Italy, from the birth of Romulus to the fall of the Roman Empire (which happened in the fifth century), is comparatively a simple study; but when the Roman Empire submitted to the invading armies of Alaric, Genseric, and Attila, Italy, as a natural consequence, became subject to the authority of a multitude of dukes and warlike leaders, who divided the country among themselves, and governed it by a diversity of laws. Wars, rivalries, and jealousies ensued, and for thirteen centuries this unhappy land has been a prey to civil dissensions and fratricidal revolutions. Under these circumstances, a thorough historical knowledge of the different states of Italy, its kingdoms, principalities, and republics, becomes a task of more than ordinary magnitude.

But to return to Mantua:—Mantua, after various fortunes, fell into the hands of the "Gonzaga" family, under whose princely administration it steadily arose to importance and affluence. After having continued for three hundred years in the possession of this gifted and talented family, it was, on the 8th of April, 1630, besieged by the Austrians and taken. In

1796, Bonaparte, as already stated, captured the place and held it until his abdication, when it reverted again to the house of Austria. The present population of the city, independent of the garrison, is about 25,000. It is in appearance one of the most military places in Europe, and is constantly filled with conscripts from all parts of the Austrian Empire, under instruction in the art of war. Sometimes as many as forty thousand are quartered here for that purpose. All the "monkeries" have been converted into barracks, so that every possible facility may be afforded in the advancement of military objects. Now and then a stray monk may be seen wandering about; but the flock to which he once belonged no longer flock together here; they have been scattered, and their pleasant places have become lairs for soldiers. Monks meet with very poor encouragement now-a-days. Soldiers are a necessary evil; but monks are useless, and are neither needed nor desired any where. Mantua is one continued series of mounds, bastions, towers, and fortifications. At a distance it looks like a *necropolis*. In respect to climate and lowness of situation, it may be compared to Charleston or New Orleans. In the morning the atmosphere is very foggy and vapory, and the air smells like gunpowder. From the marshy character of the surrounding country, the city has always been considered unhealthy, particularly in summer.

In all the Italian towns, the first thing that travellers ask for when they stop to take their dinner, is soup, and then boiled beef or veal. The beef is generally kept all the time in the pot, and as a piece is called for it is cut off, and the main part put back again; hence there is but very little nour-

ishment in the beef; it has about as much taste as a piece of leather. In cities, such as Milan, Turin, and Naples, this remark has, of course, no application; there they cook beef differently.

In reference to passports, Austria is perhaps more particular than any other government on the continent. In passing from Brescia to Mantua, for example, I had to go first to the police for a *vise*, and then to the military commandant for its confirmation. The diligence, in going out of the gate, always hands to the sentry a manifest of the freight and passengers "on board," and on arriving at its destination, it delivers a duplicate of the same thing. Strangers are required, in the course of a few hours after their arrival, to present themselves to the police for recognition, and the proprietors of the hotels where they put up are, under a severe penalty, required to report the age, name, country, and profession of their lodgers. In passing from one petty kingdom to another, a bill of health is needed. All the formalities imposed on commercial vessels are applicable to land conveyances. In fact, the same trouble is imposed as would be incidental to a vessel leaving or arriving at New-York from a foreign port. The diligences between the chief cities—between Milan and Turin, for example—are *commanded* by "conductors," who have as much responsibility as the captain or supercargo of a ship.

The passport department of a large city like Milan resembles the counting-room of an extensive mercantile establishment. Some of the registers are as large and as formidable as the journals and ledgers of a bank. At Cremona I had to undergo a long categorical examination. It was so unusual

a thing for an American to come among them, that they wished to know the why and the wherefore of such an unexpected visitation.

On the route to Mantua we passed "Goito;" at this place the Italians, in their contest for independence, gained a victory over the Austrians, perhaps the most decisive in the whole course of their unavailing struggle. The chief part of the engagement occurred upon the bridge a few paces from the town; the houses in the immediate vicinity sustained considerable damage, and the effects of the cannonade are still apparent. A barren place was pointed out where the bodies of the slain men and cavalry were piled into a pyramid and consumed by fire. In the late losses upon the battle-fields of Europe, fire has been employed as a ready agent for the decomposition of bodies. We passed through Castiglione, famous for one of Bonaparte's early achievements, and as the place where Marshal Augereau gained his title to the dukedom of Castiglione. While engaged in surveying the positions of the field, and listening to some explanations on that battle, one of the natives, learning that I was an American, approached, and told me with a sparkling eye, that he had seen the banner of my country, and he described it as well as I could myself. The Italians think the world of the American flag; according to their eye, it is not only full of glory, but full of poetry and patriotic inspirations. On the route, by the way-side I noticed a great number of signs which read "Vino Buono" (good wine). I read upon one sign "*Vino Cattivo!*" (*bad wine*). The eccentric proprietor will sell his wine, most probably, just as well as if he called it good.

Mantua is full of noble palaces and edifices, but they are of some age. Europe is not so enterprising as she used to be; she is getting old. Europe points you to the past. She says, "Look at what I have done, and excuse me from further progress. I have done enough, and feel little disposed to subject my powers to renewed exertion. I need repose, and I possess laurels and trophies sufficient to render my bed comfortable."

The names of the streets of Mantua are not painted on perishable boards, but chiselled upon rock and marble; the same with the numbers of their habitations. In these old countries, when they build a church, a house, or a tomb, they build their work as though they intended that it should endure until doomsday.

The bishops and archbishops of the Roman Catholic Church in Italy live like princes; they have large palaces for their residences, with servants and footmen and coachmen in livery, and ride in the richest carriages with the finest horses. The Bishop's palace of Mantua is as large as the cathedral; instead of columns before the grand door, two colossal marble giants support the mass above. In Milan, the ecclesiastical palace occupies an entire block.

"He that is punctual may take the sun-dial for his coat of arms." Upon a sun-dial in Mantua I noticed the following inscription:—

"Puo ben errar della campana il ferro,
Ma quando luce il sole io mai non erro."

The clapper may make a mistake in the time,
But I never blunder if the sun does but shine.

The fifth act of Shakspeare's "Romeo and Juliet" is laid in this city. Friar John was sent to advise Romeo to visit Verona without delay; but Friar John was staid, and as there was no railroad or electric telegraph in those days, poor Romeo failed to receive at a seasonable time intelligence of vital importance. Verona is about twenty-four miles from Mantua, and to this day all communication between the two cities is carried on in the same old-fashioned way as heretofore. It was in this city that Romeo hied to a certain pharmacy to purchase poison. The apothecary at first objected, and said:—

> "Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
> Is death to any he that utters them."

But the gold of Romeo at length prevails, and the apothecary, delivering the fatal preparation, says:—

> "Put this in any liquid thing you will,
> And drink it off: and if you had the strength
> Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight."

I am authorized to state that the law spoken of by Shakspeare, against the sale of poison, is still in force here.

In wandering about the streets I noticed baskets of eggs for sale, colored scarlet, this being "Easter time:" boys and men were cracking eggs; some were of course winners, and some losers: the losers used very singular language in mourning at their loss. They frequently ejaculated, "By the body of Bacchus;" "by the body of the Madonna" (Virgin Mary), and then changed the phrase by saying, "By the blood ot

the Madonna." One street in the place is called "Vicolo Dottrina Christiana" (Street of Christian Doctrine). In the Cathedral I looked upward upon the concave of the dome, and saw a painting of eight circular tiers of angels, all sitting and looking down, with their wings above their heads; the effect was very sublime. The Ancient of Days sat above this august assembly, enthroned in clouds. There are some remarkably heavy sepulchral monuments in this church; two or three of which would be weighty enough to ballast a seventy-four gun ship. The angels seen upon the churches and public buildings are placed ofttimes in such hazardous situations, that one cannot help trembling for their safety. Upon the very eaves of the temples they are frequently seen sitting, and instead of using their hands for clinging to some support, extend and use them to hold up a clock, or the armorial bearings of an archbishop; inside of the temple, they bend over and expose themselves in order to support the drapery placed in their hands. A plain inscription on the pavement in the church of St. Egidio marks the grave of Bernardo Tasso, father of the author of "Jerusalem Delivered." The only paper published in the city is called the "Gazetta di Mantova;" it is about the size of an American penny paper, and sold at five cents a copy; advertisements pay four cents a line. At the head of the sheet appears a figure of Virgil, surrounded by a wreath of laurel, bearing the words, "Mantua me genuit." (Mantua begat me.) One of the most beautiful squares in the place is called the "Piazza Virgiliana," in honor of the poet. The Marquis Cavriano is the podesta or mayor of the city, and resides in a magnificent

palace; opposite this palace is a pleasant garden, in the centre of which stands a colossal statue of Virgil, holding a volume in his hand; the large marble block which supports the statue bears the following inscriptions, in Latin:

Primus Idumæas referam
tibi Mantua palmas
et viridi in campo templum
de marmore ponam.

I will be the first, O Mantua, to bear away for thee the Idumean palms, and I will erect a temple of marble in a verdant plain.

Cedite Romani scriptores
cedite Graii
nescio quid maius
nascitur Iliade.

Yield, ye Roman writers! yield, ye Greek! there is produced (something) I know not what, greater than the Iliad.

Mantua musarum domus
atque ad sydera cantu
evecta Andino et Smyrneis
emula plectris.

Mantua, the home of the muses, and raised to the stars by the song of Andes, and a rival unto the Smyrnesan Plectrum.

Mantua se vita
præclari jactat alumni
Parthenope famam
morte Maronis habet.

Mantua prides herself on the life of her illustrious foster-child. Parthenope (Naples) glories in the possession of his grave.

The poet was not born absolutely at Mantua, but at Andes,

a small village about two miles from the walls of the city; popular tradition makes the modern Pietola answer to Andes.

The ducal palace, built by the once renowned Gonzaga family, still breathes of the magnificence of its princely occupants; it is truly a colossal pile, and amply confirms all that history relates of the grandeur and power of the "Gonzagas."

In the first chamber I noted the portraits of the ancient dukes of Mantua, nineteen in number. Some were in armor. The next chamber is characteristic of Egypt; the next is embellished with tapestry in Hollandaise style, two hundred years old; the next is the sleeping apartment reserved for the Emperors of Austria when they visit the palace. Francis I., Ferdinand I., and the present Emperor, Francis Joseph, have reposed in it. The imperial bedstead is furnished with four mattresses, one above the other; it is divided in the centre, but virtually constitutes one and the same when united together, serving for both Emperor and Empress. It is covered with gold and hung with silk. I next entered the dining saloon. Upon the walls are representcd the rivers of Italy: first, the Adige; second, the Adda; third, the Po—the brow of this figure is crowned with the green blades of some water-plant, and has horns, to signify the strength of the river—fourth, the Oglio; fifth, the Seccio. This saloon looks out upon a beautiful garden, called "Il Giardino Pensile." I next passed into the "Sala dell' Zodiaco," painted by Giulio Romano—very grand. The field of this ceiling is of a dark-blue color, and represents night, with the constellations of heaven shining upon it—a very sublime representation. The ceiling of another chamber exhibits Venus with divers loves.

This painting was executed four hundred years ago, and is encircled with fretted gold. Passing into a saloon of unusual length, I saw an extensive collection of paintings, and among the number one of great size, called the "Age of Gold," and another, the "Age of Iron." I then entered the hall of audience, and was presently ushered into the ducal apartments, upon the ceiling of one of which I noticed Cupid and Psyche. The division walls between some of the main apartments are so wide that I was obliged to extend my arms to measure their width. The next chamber contained designs on tapestry, copied from the cartoons of Raphael, being subjects of a sacred character, represented on a grand scale. Lastly, "La Sala di Ballo," a very superb saloon—Giulio Romano, painter; first division represents Night drawn on a car by four dark-red steeds, with stars, owls, and bats very powerfully depicted; second, Jove in triumph on Mount Olympus; third, car of the Sun, drawn by four white steeds; fourth, Apollo on Mount Parnassus, surrounded by the poets. Some idea of the extent of this vast palace may be formed from the fact that it contains twenty-six courts, three of which are remarkably spacious. The chapel of the palace is as large as an ordinary church. I was informed that not even at Vienna was there a palace to equal this; but, owing to its being situated in a fortified place, of proverbial insalubrity, it was very seldom visited by the members of the reigning imperial family.

In looking at the collection of ancient sculpture which represented the members of the Gonzaga family in their antique habits and high collars, ruffles, laces, and queer head-dresses, I could not help thinking how laughable they, in this

age, appeared; and I remembered the truthful words of Greenough, the American sculptor, in Florence—"Fashions," said he, "change, but nature never changes." "The object of sculpture is," continued he, "to perpetuate character, not fashions." "The less we have to do with dress," he added, "the better. We are most natural when we succeed in presenting nature in prominent relief, and casting dress into the shade."

Of the illustrious families that contributed most effectually to the elevation of the arts, the literature, and the glory of Italy, scarcely any, at this day, remain. The families of the "Gonzaga," the "Medici," the "Farnese," "d'Este," and the "Scaligeri" (the Escalus of Shakspeare), have all passed away, and princes of the house of Austria occupy their places.

Outside the walls of Mantua stands the celebrated "Te" palace, built and embellished by Giulio Romano. This palace contains paintings upon its walls and ceilings of great fame. In one saloon, I observed upon the ceiling a painting by Giulio Romano, which represented day departing and night coming in. The car of the sun is fast receding, and the artist has so arranged his design that, as the beholder looks up, he looks under the wheels of the car, under the horses' legs, and those of Phœbus, the driver; the effect produced is truly remarkable. Another design represents the god of day driving his car homeward toward the west, but, as his steeds approach the Adriatic, they become frightened by the noise and foam of the sea, and Phœbus losing his command, the car and the whole equipage are plunged into the briny deep.

Man has wrought imperishable wonders in Italy. The temples and works of art that every where abound bear testimony to the triumphs of his intelligence and power. The builders of the noble and venerable monuments that cover this beautiful land have passed away. The *works* remain, but where are the *men?* If we question infidelity upon the subject, we shall receive a most discouraging and very unsatisfactory reply; but if we appeal to Christianity, she will inform us that they live again, and are expanding their powers in an eternal state.

Philosophers tell us that our globe weighs the same now, that it did six thousand years ago. Its atoms have changed their form, but not their existence; if change cannot destroy matter, how can it destroy the soul?

"Matter immortal! and shall spirit die!
Above the nobler shall less noble rise?"

Language is too poor to describe the sublime creations of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Bernini, Brunelleschi, Bartolini, Bandinelli, Bramante, Donatello, Giotto, Sansovino, Correggio, Guido, Leonardo da Vinci, Salvator Rosa, Tintoretto, Titian, Borromini, Domenichino, Guercino, Carlo Dolci, Palladio, Canova, Juvara, and Giulio Romano.

In surveying the works of these great painters, artists, architects, and sculptors, I have a thousand times been impressed with the most overwhelming convictions of the immortality of the soul. Indeed, this department of evidence of itself appeared to me to be opulent enough in argu-

ment and sufficiently conclusive for ordinary credibility, even independent of the Bible, or the analogy of nature.

"Still seems it strange that thou should'st live for ever?
Is it less strange that thou should'st live at all?
This is a miracle, and that no more."*

* A person who was inclined to be skeptical said to a clergyman—"If we are to live after death, why don't we have some certain knowledge of it?" "Why didn't you have some knowledge of this world before you came into it?" was the reply.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Verona.

This ancient city was founded three or four centuries before the Christian era. It is situated on the banks of the Adige, and contains a population of 50,000 inhabitants. It has fifty-three churches, and is the head-quarters of the military power of Austrian Italy. Catullus, Cornelius Nepos, Vitruvius, Pliny, and Marcus Emilius, were all of Verona. Every body familiar with the works of Shakspeare will remember that the greater part of the scenes in the tragedy of Romeo and Juliet, are laid in this city. The names of the families at variance with each other were Montecchi and Cappelletti; and the name of the prince of Verona at that time was "Bartolomeo della Scala" (or Scaligeri). Shakspeare has anglicised these names by calling them Montague, Capulet, and Escalus. Juliet is supposed to have died in 1303. The Italians do not appear to have woven the incidents of her fate into romance until two centuries afterwards, when the novels of Luigi da Porto and Bandillo were written. From these works Shakspeare (in 1595) most probably gathered the groundwork for his great play.

The families of the Scaligeri, Montecchi, and Cappelletti, are at this date all extinct, but their palaces remain and may still be seen. The palace of the Cappelletti is known as No. 1012 in the Via Cappelli. It is a three-story habitation, of a very forbidding appearance, with a spacious court in the centre. The passage to this court from the street is ample enough for large carriages. Over the arch of this passsage I noticed, upon the white stone which formed its key, a sculptured representation of a Cardinal's hat, with a cross upon its crown and looping strings underneath the brim. In Italian "*Cappello*" signifies hat, and most probably this figure has some allegorical connection with the name of the family. This mansion is now made to serve as an inn for cartmen, draymen, and wagoners—and its court is filled with vehicles and beasts of burden.

The sign outside, over the front door, is a large red hat, made of sheet iron.

The palace Montecchi is in the Via Arche No. 1156, and stands next door to the corner. This house has also been converted into an inn for teamsters, and I found its court completely blocked up with carts and donkeys.

These buildings have, in their day, no doubt been very substantial and comfortable habitations, but never could have been distinguished for any architectural merit. They are now the very pictures of desolation. They are built of brick, and have never been painted since the death of Juliet. The streets in which they are situated are very narrow, and intolerably gloomy. I frequently visited these places at midnight,

and never shall forget the solemn impressions produced on these occasions.

The palaces of the Scaligeri are situated in the "Piazza dei Signori" (Square of the Nobles), and are truly worthy of their designation. They are models of architectural taste. This square is the most beautiful and agreeable in the city, and frequented at all hours by the opulent and titled classes. The sepulchres of the Scaligeri are located in the adjacent church of "Maria Antica," and exhibit the last remains of Veronese magnificence.

If history was silent, these monuments would attest the grandeur of the Scaligeri. Upon the wall of an old house contiguous to the tomb I read this inscription—

"Habitazione del Sagristano e custode del cimitero Scaligero."

The Franciscan Convent, upon whose grounds once stood

"That same ancient vault
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie,"

is situated one hundred and fifty paces beyond the ancient walls of the city. You at that distance turn to the left, and proceed up a narrow lane, called the "Vicolo Franceschine." At the end of this lane you ring a bell, and an old woman soon opens the gate and admits you into the garden. This garden was once the cemetery and burial ground of the convent, but the monuments that once studded its surface have entirely disappeared. The garden is quite spacious, and is at present in a very flourishing condition. The spot where the

tomb of the Capulets was situated is pointed out. From this site a red marble sarcophagus, which once served for the reception of the body of Juliet, was taken up many years ago and lodged in another part of the garden. This removal probably took place cotemporary with the suppression of the convent and the conversion of its grounds to agricultural purposes. The earth of this garden is said to be well stocked with bones, which are of course at this moment all mingled together in promiscuous confusion. The sarcophagus of Juliet is empty; even its lid has been lost, and as to her bones and the bones of her kindred, and those of Romeo, they are all missing, and will never be found until the morning of the general resurrection.

The tragedy of Romeo and Juliet is not yet finished. Shakspeare with all his genius could not have written it. He pursued it to the grave and there left it: but the curtain is to rise again, and on that grand occasion the parties themselves will appear and finish the piece.

The convent is now used as barracks for Austrian soldiers. In one of the outside chapels of the convent rests the sarcophagus of Juliet; it is of an oblong form, cut out of red Verona marble, and only calculated for the reception of one person. The bottom of this sarcophagus rises a little at the head, as if to form a low pillow. The tomb is quite rough, and contains no marks or inscriptions of any kind. One corner has been much broken, in order to furnish fragments for souvenirs. Maria Louisa, the Empress of Napoleon, took away a part, and had a necklace and bracelets made therefrom, and many noble ladies of Verona did the same. The

Government has very wisely interdicted the continuance of such appropriations. The roof of the chapel has been destroyed, and the heavens now serve as the canopy of the tomb. On the walls of the chapel I noticed an old fresco painting of the Crucifixion, with two females weeping at the foot of the cross. This painting, from exposure, is much damaged and disfigured. A small outhouse at the side of this chapel is the dwelling-place of an old woman and her daughter, to whose charge the tomb of Juliet is committed.

This tomb is said to have been shown by the Italians previous to the time of Shakspeare. It has certainly for several centuries been visited by thousands and thousands of pilgrims from all parts of the world, and not a few, according to credible information, have even wept upon it. About a block beyond the convent may be seen a long, low, stone cottage, with Gothic windows. This house served as the residence of Louis XVIII. during the French Revolution.

Even the little ragged beggar boys understand by heart the story of Romeo and Juliet, and are capable of pointing out the localities identified with the tragedy. Juliet, according to Shakspeare, was to have been married to the Count Paris (the rival of Romeo), in the St. Peter's Church, Verona. This is not one of the principal churches in the city, but it was most probably the parish chapel of her family.

I visited the "Museo Lapidario." This is an extensive collection of statuary, tombs, columns, and tablets, that have from time to time been collected from the excavations of the city and its suburbs. This museum is kept in a spacious open court, and quite exposed to the weather. I gathered

some fresh violets from the soil about these ruined monuments of Etruscan, Greek, and Roman glory, and then went away. I felt sad to look upon these old trophies of the past. They put me in mind of the scattered wrecks of a broken-up graveyard. In all old countries the eye is continually called upon to survey the ruins of temples, towers, and tombs; and the thoughtful traveller, as he muses in silence among them, may in truth exclaim—

"What is this world?
What but a spacious burial-field unwalled?"

The oldest church in the city is St. Siro. It stands upon the site of a Roman circus. Here St. Siro, in the year 56 celebrated the first mass ever offered in Verona.

In one of my walks I noticed some handbills, inviting public attention to the exhibition of a gigantic horse, called the "General Washington," weighing two thousand five hundred pounds, and equal in strength to three ordinary horses.

I visited the Old Roman amphitheatre of Verona. It is capable of accommodating at least fifty thousand people. It stands in the very heart of the city, in the midst of a vast square. There are forty grades or ranging ranks of seats, rising one above the other from the arena. The inside of this amphitheatre is in a remarkably perfect condition. The seats are broad and high, so that you may crowd the people together, and yet occasion inconvenience to nobody. The angles and facings of the seats and arches of this great work are as perfect as though only finished yesterday. The sight of this fabric is of itself worth a voyage across the Atlantic.

From its top rampart, which is very high, I could see all the city of Verona. I looked toward the south, and discerned the old, gray, square tower of the convent where the tragedy of Romeo and Juliet occurred, and noted the cross which capped its pinnacle.

This amphitheatre is of great strength; nothing but earthquakes can disturb the solidity of its foundation. It is capable of defying time, and standing, like Mont Blanc, until doomsday. As I walked under its colossal arches, and surveyed their gigantic proportions, it seemed to me as if the ancients had been determined to build something to stand in comparison with the awful productions of Omnipotence.

Trees, bushes, plants, and vines are now growing upon the coronal portions of the amphitheatre. I noticed in the composition of this work, some of the same species of red marble of which the tomb of Juliet and the tombs of the Scaligeri are composed.

When I descended and stood in the arena below and looked up, I felt sensations indescribable. Above me I could see nothing but the heavens, because the vast and lofty circuit of the surrounding amphitheatre shut the city and the world completely out of view. In this situation I felt as if I was in the hollow bosom of the ocean, while about me its liquid breasts were rising and swelling like mountains among the clouds.

Nobody given to reflection can stand within this vast circumference without connecting it in comparison with the Great Day, when the nations of the earth shall be summoned

and assembled in grand review around the Judgment Throne.

The sacred writers, as well as the most eminent orators and poets, appear to have had this figure in view in some of the most graphic illustrations of that coming day.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Padua.

"Fair Padua, nursery of arts;"
"There's nothing but what is kind in Padua."

SHAKSPEARE.

PADUA is seven miles in circumference. It contains a population of 51,000 inhabitants, and dates its origin anterior to the foundation of Rome. Livy was born in Padua, and his house is still shown. Belzoni was also born here. According to Strabo, this city was at one period one of the most important places in Italy. At this day, it is chiefly distinguished for its churches and university. Previous to the time of Napoleon, there were seventy-three convents in operation; at present, there are only five. Count Ludovico Cornaro, the author of a remarkable and well-known work upon hygeia, lived and died in this city at the advanced age of ninety-six. The discourses of Cornaro have been favorably received in both hemispheres.

In passing through one of the main streets, I read upon a tablet over a door this inscription:

Here stood the hospital where G. B. Da Monte
opened a clinical school; the first in Europe.

In a retired part of the city is located an asylum for foundlings, with a revolving cradle in the wall and a bell-cord by its side. Above this contrivance I read these words: "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."—Psalm xxvii. 10.

Striking clocks are said to have been invented in Padua. The Papafava Palace contains a remarkable piece of sculpture in the form of a pyramid. It is wrought out of a solid block of marble, five feet high, developing a group of sixty figures. It represents the archangel Michael expelling Satan and his satellites from the battlements of Heaven. The artist was employed more than twelve years upon this work. Eight hundred thousand dollars have been offered for it, and refused. It is beyond price. The devils are all furnished with horns and tails, but the greater part of them have lost their wings. Several dragons are seen hissing among the group.

In the court of the convent of St. Francisco, under a fresco painting of the Virgin Mary, appears the following inscription:

Tota pulcra es Maria et macula originalis non est in te.

(All beautiful art thou, Mary, and original sin is not in thee.)

Under another painting of the Virgin Mary is read:

O Maria! concepita senza peccato pregate per noi che ricorriamo a voi.

(O Mary! conceived without sin, pray for us when we recur to thee.)

The church of St. Antonio in Padua is considered one of the richest in Italy. You might visit it a hundred times, and

discover something new each time. A volume would be required for a description of its works of art. I met a man at the door rattling a money-box, and clamorous for contributions for the benefit of St. Antonio. I understood that his commission upon the collections was twenty per cent. In front of the church I noticed four large stalls for the sale of beads, relics, images, trinkets, and prints illustrating the miracles of the saint. These stalls do an extensive business, especially on Sundays. Pilgrimages are paid to this church from all parts of Europe, and all who come buy some relic to carry to their homes. About half a mile outside the walls of the city is situated a large chapel in honor of St. Antonio. Engravings, with brief narrations of all the numerous miracles he is alleged to have performed, are suspended in order behind the altar.

A few examples of the nature of these miracles may perhaps be acceptable. On one occasion, the saint being engaged in preaching in the open air, a sudden shower of rain began to fall and to occasion much inconvenience to his auditory. With great confidence of mind, he commanded the rain to cease falling upon his hearers, and, obeying his command, it fell only beyond the precincts of his congregation. At another time, noticing that his hearers were rather inclined to be drowsy and inattentive, he turned from the cliff upon which he was standing, and looking upon the sea, invited the *fishes* to hear him. The fishes forthwith raised their heads above the water, and in their language praised the Lord! The husband of a certain female, in a fit of passion, tore all the hair from her head, and otherwise ill used her. The

woman paid a visit to St. Antonio, who not only gave her much spiritual consolation, but restored her hair, and even gave her a more abundant crop than she had before.

In many parts of the city, I noticed small crosses sculptured upon blocks of marble fixed in the walls of houses and churches, and observed those figures to be habitually kissed by all classes. The advantage connected with this operation is fully explained in the following inscription:

Indulgenza di giorni quaranta concessa dal Sommo Pontefice Giovanni XXII., e di un anno da Papa Clemente IV., a chi biacciera a S. Croce.

Indulgence of forty days conceded by the High Pontiff John XXII., and of one year by Pope Clement IV., to whoever shall kiss the Holy Cross.

The water of the city is drawn from wells. These wells have marble mouths, and in their general appearance resemble the wells so often seen in paintings of Scriptural subjects; such, for example, as "The woman at the well of Samaria," &c.

The University of Padua arose in the beginning of the thirteenth century. In the zenith of its prosperity it numbered six thousand students. Upon the tower of this edifice is a clock of great size, with this inscription upon its face: "Crescit in horas doctrina." ("Learning increases every hour.") The large dial of the University contains this inscription:

Ut sapiens tempus lucretur computat horas.

(In order that the wise man may gain time, he reckons the hours.)

In the cabinet of natural history is preserved the fifth lumbar vertebra of Galileo. It is inclosed in a glass case, upon which rests a bust of the great Tuscan philosopher. This relic was stolen by the Florentine physician Cocchi, who, in 1737, was charged with the translation of Galileo's bones to the church of Santa Croce in Florence. This bone, which is about the size of a boy's fist, appeared to me to resemble very much the lumbar bones found in the skeletons of other men.

In the museum may be seen a stuffed elephant. The history of this animal is somewhat remarkable. A few years since, during the Carnival at Venice, it became enraged against its keeper, and in a fit of passion killed him. The animal was immediately shot, and the cannon-ball which pierced its body graces the present exhibition. The botanical garden, founded by the Venetian Senate, in 1545, is probably the oldest in Europe. It contains a flourishing old plane-tree, which is as venerable as the garden itself.

The Podesta, or Governor's Palace, contains a saloon two hundred and forty feet long, eighty feet wide, and as many feet high. The roof of this palace is said to be the largest, unsupported by pillars, in the world. The saloon will accommodate fifteen thousand persons; in one end stands a large model wooden horse, of colossal size. It will contain twenty-four persons. It is a figurative model of the famous horse of Troy; this model is four hundred years old. The statue of Livy stands behind it, and his bones repose over a neighboring door. The paintings upon the walls of the saloon are of a mythological, mystical, and astronomical character. Once,

on a festival occasion in honor of the Emperor of Austria, a portion of this grand saloon was converted into a garden. Trees were planted, and flowers bloomed around them. A ball-room was included, as well as a chamber of reception for the Imperial Court. I walked out upon the piazza of the palace, and there beheld a full collection of the wrecks of antiquity, dug up in the course of excavations throughout the city. The architecture of this remarkable edifice is of a solemn, oriental cast.

The Imperial Observatory deserves a visit. Its tower offers one of the most commanding views in the place Upon the walls of the story where the instruments of observation are lodged are seen full-length paintings of Newton, Galileo, Kepler, Copernicus, Ptolemy, and other distinguished astronomers. I levelled the powerful telescope in the direction of Venice (twenty-six miles distant), but, as the sky was rather cloudy, I could only imperfectly distinguish the monuments of the Venetian capital. Vapors hung about the tower of St. Mark, and mists obscured the glory of her temples.

In the west I caught a view of Vicenza, Arcole, and Montebello.

Every point of the horizon beamed with interest. As soon as I pointed the telescope in the direction of Arqua, the mansion and tomb of Petrarch loomed into view.

Within the walls of Padua I noticed some very beautiful pleasure-gardens, one of which contained a remarkable labyrinth, with a summer-house in the centre.

The prison of the province next attracted my attention,

with its spacious court, and its eight hundred prisoners, dolefully clanking their chains.

In looking upon the ceiling over my head, I remarked that it was appropriately painted with a condensed tableau of the different constellations. The guide, observing me to look upward with much curiosity, asked if I wished to ascend any higher. "Yes," replied I, "let us ascend above the constellations." I supposed that we were as high as we could go, and joyfully learned that we could go still higher. We soon hastened above, and quickly stood upon the very crown of the tower. The fairest section of Lombardy was immediately before us, and its history burst with all the splendor of a vision upon my imagination. I beheld fields of battle, lagunes, cities, rivers, mountains, and monuments, reposing in admirable diversity together.

Over this broad and beautiful prospect the banner of a brave and mighty people had once glistened in triumph, and been borne on the wings of victory beyond the seas; but those days of glory and independence had passed away; alien armies had invaded the borders of the land, conquered its liberties, and trampled its banner in the dust!

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Venice.

VENICE is a labyrinth. There is no city like it in the world. It always was an unintelligible place, and is still unintelligible. It contains a population of 115,000 inhabitants, located in 27,918 houses. There are 112 religious establishments; though at one period there were no less than 228. Of bridges, chiefly of marble, there are 306, and small communicating streets no less than 2,108. The city is seven miles in circumference. The grand canal is nearly 300 feet wide; other canals are wide enough; but the widest street is not more than ten or twelve feet from house to house, and the majority do not exceed eight. Horses are unknown, and the largest animal to be seen is a dog.

The foundation of the city commenced in 402, when the Venetians fled to the Lagunes, before the invading army of Alaric the Goth. The city is built upon seventy-two small islands, with pile and stone foundations for the buildings. The church of "Santa Maria della Salute" was constructed in 1531, as a monument of thanksgiving for the cessation of a great pestilence, and rests upon 1,200,000 piles. This

church contains 125 statues. It is said that in Venice there are thousands who never saw a hill, or a wood, or an ear of corn growing, or a vineyard, or a green field, or even a horse and carriage. The canals are traversed by gondolas, a species of canoe, twenty-five feet long, with a little cabin in the centre, sufficiently spacious for the accommodation of from five to ten persons. These gondolas, and their furniture and equipments, are all black, and when they move upon the water they have the appearance of floating hearses. The black cloth which is thrown over the cabin top is fringed with tassels, and exactly resembles a funeral pall.

At the close of the fifteenth century, the Republic, in order to repress the abuse of luxury among the patricians, created a law which imposed this sombre uniformity of color upon the gondolas. The ambassadors of foreign powers were the only class excepted from the observance of this regulation.

When the late Madam Malibran (the distinguished *prima donna*) visited Venice, she refused to enter the black and gloomy gondolas of the city, and required the gondola intended for her service to be painted a celestial blue. A feeling of solemnity oppresses one as he stands before the opera-house at midnight, and sees the ladies leave the house and step into these hearse-like concerns. To me it did really seem as if they were going to their long, long homes.

At Genoa, I saw another strange sight of a different character. That city is built upon the breast of a lofty chain of mountains. It has only three streets for the use of horses and carriages: all the other streets are so narrow and preci-

pitous that no beasts of burden are allowed to pass through them. The first Sabbath after my arrival I attended the principal church, and after service, instead of carriages, I beheld at the door a very large collection of sedan chairs, with men harnessed to them, in readiness to convey the ladies and the old folks to their habitations. This was a contrast to the gondola spectacle.

In Rome, in bidding a person good-bye, they say "Adieu;" in Naples, "Fare you well;" in Tuscany, "Rivederla," a word which signifies, "I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you again;" and in Venice, they say, "Your servant." In England and America you are accosted by the introductory salutation, "How do you do, or act?" in Holland, "How do you sail?" and in Italy, "How do you stand?"

Some writers have given it as their opinion that Venice will, in the course of time, be reconquered by the sea, and ingulfed beneath the waves of the Adriatic. To show how erroneous this conjecture is, it is only necessary to know that, according to the most accurate observations collected at different epochs by men of science, the sea has heretofore merely encroached, upon an average, at the rate of four inches in a century. At this rate, Venice would only lose forty inches in a thousand years. To all human appearances, this remarkable city will probably last as long as Rome, Milan, Naples, Florence, or any other of her contemporaries. The piles that were driven upon the first colonization of the place are still good. Recently, some of them were taken up and manufactured into a billiard-table.

The cemetery of the city is located upon a neighboring

island, and the dead are conveyed thither in gondolas. Charon's ferry is suggested in this idea, in connection with the fabled passage of the river Styx.

Upon the grand door of St. Mark's Cathedral are ten lions' heads in bronze, in a row, with iron rings in their mouths for knockers.

The Italian churches are all built of rock, marble, or brick, and are indestructible. They never wear out or fall down. The durable and massive character of the materials which enter into their composition makes them very cold, and sometimes exceedingly damp. According to Roman Catholic writers, the "sacred chilliness" which every body feels upon entering these temples, is the true sense which Christian architecture should aim to communicate.

The largest lustral vases of holy water that I ever saw I found in the Cathedral of St. Mark. These vases would hold, I should judge, upward of a barrel of water apiece. Every thing connected with the cathedrals of Italy is on a colossal scale. I recollect that a company of travellers at Rome, after regarding at a distance very attentively for some time a column of conspicuous size before the temple of St. Peter, supposed that two men might span around it; upon making the experiment, eight men were required to span the column. Upon the top of this column, a man hid himself among some of the sculptured ornaments with which it was decorated, and nobody could tell what had become of him. The statue of St. Luke in this temple holds in its hand a pen fifteen feet long.

Some writers have dwelt particularly upon the unpleasant

character of the canals of Venice, and described them as stagnant, green, and exhaling much effluvia. The narrow canals margined by the habitations of the lower classes are, it must be confessed, far from being very clean or salubrious; but the grand and main canals are, in truth, pure enough for a nymph to bathe in. They are as pure and as blue as the sea itself. It is never fair to look out for exceptions, and to bring them forward as evidences of the general character of a place. Venice, like all other cities, has its imperfections, but in the midst of so many redeeming features they sink into obscurity. For myself, in all my rambles and in all my observations, I have discerned nothing but poetry and beauty throughout the city. However, some persons are afflicted with such a criticising, fault-finding disposition, that if placed in Paradise they would endeavor to discover some imperfections. The Ducal Palace astonishes me very much. I do not know what to compare it with, except the Alhambra of Granada. It was here that Othello addressed the "assembled senate."

The floor of St. Mark's Cathedral is very rolling and uneven; in walking upon its pavement one feels the sensation of walking upon waves. Some assert that this irregularity was intentional, and intended to prefigure the surface of the Adriatic. The grand piazza or square of St. Mark is in front of the Cathedral. This square is called the "heart" of Venice. It is also called the forum, the exchange, the arena, of this beautiful city. There is scarcely an inhabitant of Venice that does not visit it at least once a day. It was in this square that Othello first saw Desdemona; and it was

here that Bianca Capello beckoned to Bonaventuri, and gave that pledge that was destined to raise her at no distant day to the throne of the Medici. When Napoleon visited this magnificent square he compared it to a saloon, and added that the heavens only were worthy to serve for its covering. The palaces which inclose it are noble beyond description. The Celebrated "Florian Coffee-House" is situated in one of them, and is never closed. It has remained open, night and day, ever since its foundation. Three hundred cups of coffee are dispensed every day at this establishment. I was lately introduced to a venerable old gentleman who had seen the ingress of three Emperors into Venice—

First—Napoleon, in.....1809
Second—Francis I.,.....1815
Third—Ferdinand I.,.....1838

The most splendid and memorable celebration occurred on the occasion of Napoleon's visit. The "Square," the Cathedral, the bell-tower, and Ducal Palace were illuminated every night during his stay. These places were one blaze of fire. Six hogsheads of oil, besides thousands and thousands of candles, were nightly consumed in sustaining this particular illumination.

The old gentleman told me that the celebration of the festival of "Corpus Domini" was probably more splendid in Venice than even in Rome itself. He assured me that the canopy (or umbrella) used on the occasion was composed almost entirely of solid gold, and cost the sum of twenty-four thousand dollars.

The bell-tower of St. Mark's Cathedral stands in the Square, detached from the church. It is forty-two feet broad at the base, and its height is three hundred and twenty-three feet. Its summit is reached by a winding passage. Napoleon ascended this "Venetian Chimborazo" on horseback.

Originally there were nine hundred palaces in Venice, but time and the mutability of fortune have materially lessened the number. I lately visited the "Pisani Palace." This palace is probably one of the largest in the city. One of its founders was a distinguished naval commander in the days of the Republic. In the hall just over the grand door I noticed three old lamps which had once been used in the Venetian war-galleys. The largest was more than ten feet high. The knocker upon the front door of this mansion is of immense size; it would alarm a town.

I visited the church of the "Scalci," and over the entrance of one of its doors read the following inscription:

Hic est janua Vitæ Æternæ.

This is the gate of Eternal Life.

The epitaphs upon the tombs in this church are remarkably concise and significant. Take the following for a specimen:

Familiæ de Fonseca—cineres.

One of the boldest looking churches in the city is that of the "Jesuits." It contains a very magnificent pulpit, composed entirely of marble. Even the canopy, drapery,

and curtains of this pulpit are of solid marble, all gracefully and ingeniously sculptured in imitation of satin.

The "Rialto" and Square of St. Mark are very noisy places, and always crowded with people; but the other parts of the city are quite silent, and indifferently frequented. In many sections the bridges, as well as the streets and squares, are overgrown with grass. I have seen small flocks of sheep turned out to graze in some of these places.

In the course of a walk, I one day viewed the ruins of the church of the "Servi." This church had twenty-eight altars; they are now all thrown down—nothing but the naked walls of the temple remain; the floor is deeply earthed and grass-grown, and tall trees lift their stately heads above the ruins of the main altar.

Trees and gardens are a real luxury in Venice. They are as grateful to the eye as plants and flowers on board a ship. Here the scent of cultivated fields is unknown. If you leave the thickly-settled parts and travel to the suburbs for fresh air, you get the sea-air of the Adriatic. Omnibuses (gondolas) ply between the extremity of the grand canal and St. Mark's Square; fare, five cents; distance, one mile and a half. Sign-boards at the station of departure may be seen, which read thus—"Omnibus per St. Marc."

Sea-weeds cling to the marble steps of the palaces; *crabs* sometimes leave the canals and crawl upon them. "Lots" are very high in Venice, because the ground is so scarce.

I have visited the houses where the following eminent men once lived, viz., Goldoni, Titian, Marco Polo, Doge Foscari, Doge Marino Faliero, Canova, Petrarch, and Byron.

The females of the plebeian classes wear neither hats nor bonnets, but they have dark, rich hair, which they braid and arrange in the form of a Roman helmet.

The Turks have a small mosque on the grand canal. The Jews are rather numerous, and have eight synagogues. They have twice been expelled from the city. The head and front of their offending appears on both occasions to have been usury.

There is a parish in Venice called "Parish of the Angel Raphael."

There are twenty-four shops upon the bridge of the Rialto. It was in the square close by the bridge that the "Exchange" was formerly held, "the place where merchants most did congregate," and where Antony "spat on the Jew's gaberdine." Shylock's favorite post may still be found. The Exchange is now held in the Square of St. Mark, and the Square of the Rialto is turned into a vegetable market.

The average depth of the canals is about six feet, but the channel of the grand canal is from eighteen to twenty feet deep. I noticed a topsail schooner, of about one hundred and fifty tons, called the "Nina," at anchor close by the Rialto. The chief article of exportation at present is beads; many cargoes are annually sent to England, destined for the East Indian, South American, and African markets. The arsenal is two miles in circuit, and contains arms, in six apartments, for 60,000 men. It is girded with strong walls and towers.

The coffins at Venice are merely rough pine boxes, without either plate, paint, or embellishment of any kind.

In shape they bear some resemblance to a seaman's quadrant case. The seams are coated with black pitch.

The narrow canals and secluded parts of the city are, as I have already observed, not much frequented. If you should happen to walk *overboard* of a dark night in such sections, you might splash about till daybreak before any body would hear you or come to help you out.

The Venetian republic, after a glorious and memorable career of 1400 years, fell on the 12th May, 1797, into the hands of Napoleon Bonaparte. At that date her affairs were governed by Ludovico Manin, the CXXth, and last of the Doges.

Upon the fall of Napoleon, Venice became annexed to the Austrian empire, to which power she still continues in hopeless subjection.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Venice.

A VOYAGE through the grand canal by moonlight is full of interest. At 9 o'clock in the evening I was in the square of St. Mark, but as the moon would not rise until after 10, I concluded to remain in this thronged resort until her appearance. In the interim I had the good fortune to see Marshal Marmont. He was sitting before the "Caffe Suttil," with a company of ladies and gentlemen, and I regarded, thought of, and studied him for more than an hour. He may be called a "young old man." He is tall and stout, somewhat inclined to corpulency, and struck me as bearing a marked resemblance to General Scott: stands very erect, has a military commanding presence, prominent features, bold nose, large mouth and eyes, with thick black eyebrows, hair gray, rather scant on the crown, full face with considerable color. He was dressed in blue, with a buff vest, flourished a light handy cane and conversed with great affability. He appeared to be in the enjoyment of excellent health and spirits, and to be active, lively, and energetic. He is held in no esteem by the Venetians, who call him a traitor whenever his name is mentioned.

Marshal Marmont was born at Chatillon sur Seine, in 1774, of a noble family. He was at the siege of Toulon, at Lodi, Mantua, Egypt, Marengo, Ragusa, Spain, Lutzen, Bautzen, Dresden and Leipsic, and figured conspicuously in the capitulation of Paris, and in the revolution of 1830, as chief in command under Charles X., scattered the bodies of 5000 of his countrymen over the pavements of the French capital. He accompanied the dethroned king to England, and has been an exile from France ever since. He was a valiant and excellent general, but his noble deeds are under a cloud. Of all the marshals created by Napoleon (twenty three in number), Marmont is the only survivor.* His marshals have mostly lived to a great age. Among those last deceased—

St. Cyr	died	in	1830,	aged 66
Mortier	do		1835,	do 67
Victor	do		1841,	do 75
Moncey	do		1842,	do 88
Bernadotte	do		1844,	do 80
Oudinot	do		1847,	do 80
Grouchy	do		1847,	do 81
Soult	do		1851,	do 82

At about half-past ten o'clock at night I quitted the square of St. Mark, and embarked in a gondola from the pier of the

* On the 2nd of March 1852, Marshal Marmont, after a brief illness of only six days, expired in the city of Venice; aged seventy-eight. His body was embalmed immediately after his death, and dressed in the uniform of a Marshal of France. In his last moments he expressed the wish that his remains might be allowed to be conveyed to Paris, and honored with a sepulchre in the "Hotel des Invalides."

Ducal Palace, to make the excursion by moonlight through the Grand Canal, returning by the external channel called the Giudecca. Upon our departure we noted on our left the church of St. Giorgio; also the custom-house and church of St. Maria della Salute; on the right, after passing the gardens of the government palace, and the pavilion in a Greek style, built by Napoleon, we noted the palace Trevis, formerly Emo, next the palace Giustiniani, now the Hotel Europe; a little further, the Casa Ferro, which, although it has only two windows in front, is a beautiful specimen of the Venetian Gothic style. Further, on the same side, the palace "Corner," now occupied by the Royal delegation of the province. Further, on the left, incrusted with fine marbles, and bearing this inscription, "*Genio urbis Johannes Darius*," (In the regards of the city—John Darius) is the palace Dario; beyond, with a quay in front, "the Academy of Fine Arts," enriched with an extensive collection of the works of the great Venetian masters; opposite to this, is the "tragito," or ferry of "St. Vitale," the busiest ferry on the grand canal, where it is proposed to erect a suspension bridge; proceeding, on the right, the palace Guistinian Lolin: on the left, that of Contarini degli Scrigni, and Rezzonico; also three of the Giustiniani family in the mediæval style of Venice; next that of the "Foscari." Here, in 1574, Francis I. was lodged. This palace is of immense size, and contains as many windows as there are days in the year; next succeeds the palace "Balbi." The temporary building for the judges who distributed the prizes on the grand canal was always erected by the side of this edifice, as it commands a view of both reaches of the canal. On the

same line appears a large palace of a yellow hue, occupied by Prince Esterhazy and Marshal Marmont, Duke of Ragusa. On the opposite side that of the Count di Chambord or Duke de Bordeaux, the pretender to the throne of France; next the "Contarini," and the three palaces of the Moceningo family. The first is inhabited by a French merchant; the other two are still occupied by members of the Moceningo family.

Lord Byron resided in one of them in 1818. The "Moceningi" were among the most illustrious of the Venetian aristocracy; they gave seven doges to Venice, and the "Contarini" eight. Next, the palace "Pisani," containing the celebrated painting of the tent of Darius by Paolo Veronese; then, the palaces of "Barbarigo," and "Spinelli," and that of the "Grimani," now occupied by the post-office. Two doges were of the Grimani family. The "Tiepolo" and "Farsetti" palaces succeed, with that of "Manin;" the last doge of Venice. This brings the voyager to the "Rialto," the only bridge that spans this majestic and spacious canal. Beyond the Rialto we passed the "Casa d' Oro" the residence of Madame Taglioni, who owns two others on the same canal; next the vast "Pesaro" mansion, and afterwards that of "Vendramini Calergi," now occupied and owned by the Duchesse de Berri; and ultimately, after passing numerous other palaces and churches, reached the island of St. Chiara, which is at the end of the grand canal. We then rounded the island and stood toward the Giudecca. Passing the Campo di Marte we noticed several square-rigged vessels, and heard some sounds from the little islands on the right; these

sounds proceeded from sentinels exchanging the countersigns of the night. We then heard another kind of noise, which proceeded from fishermen letting out their nets for a draught. We soon descried the solitary tower of the old church of Saint Sebastian, and continuing our homeward course through the channel of the Giudecca, passed a large number of vessels which had brought salt to the port. The salt depot was on the left, and alongside thereof were numerous dark flat-bottomed boats, in readiness to receive and convey cargoes of this commodity up the rivers into the various communities of the kingdom; while beyond were moored a large body of craft laden with lumber waiting for purchasers. The church of the "Redentore" is situated on the island of the Giudecca. I was told that on the anniversary festival of this church the intervening channel between the island and Venice is bridged with gondolas for the passage of the celebration. The width of the channel at this place is about four hundred feet.

We reached the piazza of St. Mark just as the grand tower bell tolled the solemn hour of twelve, and moored our gondola between the two columns near the pier. In our voyage we did not pass a solitary gondola. It was a lovely moonlight night; silent as the grave. Our gondolier had a good voice, and he called out in sonorous tones the names of the different palaces, and points of interest, as we passed them. He was very concise, and said nothing but to the purpose; every word told. As he called out the names of the objects of importance on the route, the sensations produced were similar to those I recollect to have experienced, when I rode

forth to survey the walls and monuments of Rome. On that occasion the driver pursued the same course, and repeated in succession the name of every object in the order of its appearance. The "Pantheon," "Arch of Titus," "Palace of the Cæsars," "Circus of Romulus," "Tomb of the Scipios," "Temple of Vesta," &c.

A number of the edifices on the grand canal are in a very dilapidated condition. I was shown the foundations of a palace commenced under the Republic, and intended to have been the largest, and most magnificent on the canal: but the Council of Ten, from motives of jealousy, arrested its prosecution. The first story only had been finished, and that is now overgrown with plants and grass.

My companion told me that on one occasion he passed through the canal at midnight with a friend. They were rowed by two gondoliers, who sang for them the poetry of Tasso, which materially heightened the romantic character of the excursion.

The celebration of the festival of "Corpus Domini" is performed with great pomp in Venice. As the numerous bridges and canals preclude the passage of the procession through the city, the whole demonstration is concentrated in the grand square of Saint Mark. I saw with much interest the consummation of this favorite festival of the Venetians. First came soldiers, with muskets and knapsacks, marching at a very slow pace; next, all the different schools and fraternities dressed chiefly in scarlet, preceded by a company of able-bodied men, bearing wax candles of extraordinary size: these candles were the largest I ever saw carried in procession.

Most of them were wreathed with flowers, and the air was perfumed with their fragrance. Two small children were carried in the arms of men. These children were dressed to personate the Saviour and John the Baptist. The child who personated the latter character wore a sheepskin jacket, which only covered his waist as low as the ribs, leaving every thing below naked. The child who personated the former was lightly clothed, and wore a nimbus or glory, upon the crown of his head. Afterwards followed two boys with a tea-board covered with rose leaves; they scattered these leaves by handfuls as they moved along the course: meanwhile, another boy behind them carried a large bag filled with rose leaves, and he, as fast as his companions exhausted the board, replenished it from his bag. The effect was very fine. Then came the professors of learning, and the office-holders of the government, followed by a long train of servants. Then an angel. This character was sustained by a little child with golden wings, and a glory upon his crown. The child was carried in the arms of a man, and scattered rose leaves along the way.

At length came the umbrella, or canopy of the church of St. Rocco, composed entirely of pure, rich gold. Afterwards, preceded by music and soldiers, came the Host, under a separate canopy of gold, and surrounded by every conceivable display of pomp.

One might easily have told that something mighty was coming, by the stir among the people, and the thick clouds of incense that enveloped this part of the column. Most conspicuous appeared the priests with their costly vestments

glittering in the sun, walking close together, and chanting in deep tones the service of the occasion. The old patriarch who carried the Host kept his eyes shut almost all the way, and several of the aged canons at his side did the same. Immediately behind them came Baron Puchner, the military and civil Governor of the province, with his brilliant staff around him with their heads uncovered. The whole ceremony reminded me of an *Apotheosis*. The military personages wore white frock coats and scarlet pantaloons, with stars and decorations of honor upon their breasts. The Governor, as a badge of office, was distinguished by a rich scarf. Then followed huge pole candlesticks decked with golden trappings and swinging ornaments, which, being moved by the wind, produced a very mysterious noise which hushed every thing else to silence. A standard-bearer carried a cruciform staff, with a remarkable figure of the "All-seeing Eye," on the top.

The Governor and his aids were bowing and bending every moment during the march; with such high examples before them the people could not help doing the same thing. A long train of Capuchin monks, having venerable beards of great length, brought up the rear; some of these beards reached as low as the waist and excited considerable attention. Every now and then would be heard a heavy discharge of musketry, from a battalion of soldiers stationed in a particular part of the square. The large flock of pigeons that frequent this resort perched themselves on the eaves of the palaces, and remaining tranquil in their places, surveyed the show with great interest. However, when the musketry was dis-

charged they were, of course, greatly startled, and for the moment were in a dreadful flutter; but this soon subsided. They appeared pleased with every thing but the gun explosions. At last, the procession, which had already occupied two hours in completing the circuit of the square, arrived before the door of the Cathedral. At this moment, at the tinkling sound of a bell, all the people in this immense inclosure fell on the pavement upon their knees, and the square became one grand temple of worshippers. After a pause of perfect silence, the military discharged a heavy platoon of musketry, and the pageant was over.

In the church of St. Maria dell' Orto is a singular painting by Tintoretto, relative to the future state. It is of enormous size, being at least sixty feet by thirty, and, in its main outlines, harmonizes more with the Æneiad than the Bible. Scholars who have visited the mammoth cave of Kentucky, and are familiar with the works of the classic authors, recognize a remarkable coincidence between the scenes in that subterraneous cavern and the Hades, or Shades, of the heathen poets. This extraordinary cavern has been explored in its avenues upward of seven hundred miles, and in its awful depths, more than six hundred feet. It abounds with an almost endless succession of halls, labyrinths, arches, grottoes, pits, bridges, bowers, rivers, and lakes; some of the latter being large enough, and of sufficient depth, to float a navy. Boats, torches, and habitations are found therein, and likewise human beings, who, from various motives, dwell among its gloomy shades.

Nobody can stand upon the balcony of the Ducal Palace

without realizing something of the Olympian magnificence of Venice. Upon my first visit the view almost overpowered me; indeed, I felt it a relief to retire for a season, and look about the humbler parts of the city, until my faculties were sufficiently recovered for a more extended course of observation.

The saloons of this noble palace are embellished with paintings of immense size. They illustrate the history of the Republic, and the truths of revelation. The chief apartment contains the library, and Tintoretto's vast tableau of the "Glory of Paradise," and is called the "Saloon of the Great Council." It is 175½ feet long, 84½ feet broad, and 51½ feet high. Round this chamber is the celebrated frieze of portraits of the doges, with the black veil or handkerchief covering the space which should have been occupied by the portrait of "Marino Faliero." The letters of the well-known inscription are in yellow or faded gilt characters. The likeness of "Manin," the last doge, has lately been introduced, and there are thirteen spaces left for those of succeeding doges.

Some valuable allegorical engravings in frames attracted my attention; one of which bore the following motto:

"Virtue is worthy of the empire of the world."

The Italians are fond of mottoes, and introduce them frequently to great advantage. I remember to have read a very good one on the marble floor of the Tribune, in honor of "Galileo," in Florence; it was this,—

"Provando e reprovando."

Trying and trying again.

Passing from the Saloon of the Great Council, I entered the "Balloting Chamber." The principal door is a triumphal arch erected to Francesco Morosini, surnamed "Il Peloponnessaico," from his having conquered the Morea. On the wall opposite to the triumphal arch is the famous painting of the Universal Judgment; one of the best works of Jacopo Palma. The artist has introduced four angels as trumpeters, each blowing with great strength a very long trumpet. One trumpeter is seen in the obscure part with his body up, and head down, blowing into the very abyss. The good are seen receiving assistance from ministering angels, who seem to be guiding them to glorious stations, and to be brushing away, as it were, the grave-dust from their clothes. The wicked are driven by angels of vengeance, who cut them with swords, and thrust them, with military severity, into the territory of Satan. It is almost impossible to count the number of figures that crowd this grand painting.

"A waving sea of heads was round me spread,
And still fresh streams the gazing deluge fed."

The Saviour occupies the high centre position. He appears wearing a red robe loosely cast about him. The light around his throne is exceeding bright. The artist in this great work has not put mitres, or crowns, or monks' or nuns' habits on his figures. He seems rather to have treated men as men. The old and young appear, and the sexes also, but

not the sectarian, or professional badges so common throughout Italy in paintings upon this subject. I noticed that there were various stages of progress in the bodies of the rising dead. For example: one appeared but as a skeleton; another had recovered his flesh, but not his hair; others had recovered every thing, and had got upon their feet. A female naked, appeared rubbing her eyes, as if just awoke out of a deep slumber.

The subject of the final judgment has employed the pencils of the most gifted artists who have ever lived. But of all the paintings that have ever been produced, that of Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel at Rome is, by general consent, acknowledged to be the greatest. Preparatory to visiting this masterpiece I passed a day in the library of the Propaganda, in the study of the plans, engravings, and details of the work. Michael Angelo has been truly styled the "Milton of artists." He not only excelled in painting, but also in architecture, literature, and sculpture. He sculptured wood, stone, marble, and brass, and in the arts of design has had no equal since the days of Phidias. Sir Joshua Reynolds, speaking of his style, compared it to language—the language of the gods. The predominating features in his painting in the Sistine Chapel are grandeur, power, and sublimity. It covers the entire wall behind the altar. From his perfect knowledge of anatomy, he has been enabled to accomplish wonders. In fact, so life-like does every thing appear, that in looking upon the painting, I almost fancied I could see the dead rising, life reviving, and perceive even the flesh creeping upon the very bones of the figures. It is ob-

vious, that to paint the subject in the graphic manner he has done, he must have had the reality frequently and vividly before his imagination. Indeed, his language to a friar on a certain occasion, as he descended from his scaffold at the close of the labors of the day, contains such an intimation:

"The judgment day—I tell thee, friar,
Oft, when my mind hath fully fixed itself
On that tremendous theme, the terrible day
Hath seemed so present, that I've paused to hear
The summoning trumpet, seen th' unvestured dead
Break through the mould I stood upon, and turn
Their pale, despairing faces to the sky."

CHAPTER XXXV.

Venice.

Without the sun, Venice appears like a widow, but with the sun, like a bride. The buildings of the city are painted when built, and seldom, if ever, afterward. The edifices have a sea-worn appearance, and like that of vessels that have been a long time out of port. The houses have a land and a water entrance. If a house needs repair on the canal side, a boat is hauled alongside with a staging, and the building repaired in the same way as a ship. There is no dust in Venice. Crickets are sold in tiny cages. It is amusing to go into the stores of an evening and hear a cricket concert. Beer shops are numerous; they have a small bundle of fresh shavings hung over the door, to signify what they sell. Perhaps shavings may serve as a good emblem of foaming beer.

One of the bridges is styled "Ponte di donna onesta," (bridge of the honest woman).

Paintings of the Virgin Mary appear everywhere. Those upon the byways and corners are much tattered from time and exposure. In some cases a friendly female hand has intervened and sewed up the rents in the canvas.

The house of Goldoni, the eminent comic writer, is

situated in a very narrow street; the house is very high, and shows a marble tablet over the door, which reads thus:

"AN, MDCCVII.
Carolus Goldonus hic ortum habuit; plaudentibus musis."

In the year 1707,
Charles Goldoni had here his birth; approved of the muses.

The palace of "Priuli," so famous in Otway's tragedy of "Jaffier," is still shown, but its ancient glory is no more, and the palace of the doge Marino Faliero (decapitated for high treason) is deserted. The "Foscari" palace has been converted into Austrian barracks. I looked into its noble court and observed a large body of infantry drawn up for drill. In the centre of the court some soldiers were drinking out of the water bucket of its marble well.

Upon an old sun-dial I read the following quaint inscription:

Nihil cum umbra,
Nihil sine umbra.

I am nothing when there is shadow,
And without shadow I am nothing.

Many of the old massive Venetian palaces, preserve their "water line" as distinct, as if only yesterday erected. Some, however, incline a little, particularly the towers. Some of the towers lean like old men.

In the church of the "Redeemer" I noticed a magnificent model of a church; all the ornaments of which were

remarkably elaborate, and composed entirely of infinitesimal fractions of holy relics. The toil upon it must have been immense: it was the work of a monk. Near the church of "Maria della Salute," I noticed a soldier on guard, armed only with a bayonet. Sometimes they mount guard armed with guns, sometimes with swords, and sometimes with bayonets, according to the importance of the post.

The fire engines of Venice are quite small, and portable, and are kept in the basement story of the ducal palace, and when a fire occurs, are put on board a gondola and hurried to the scene of conflagration.

Low marble basins are placed in many streets throughout the city, and daily replenished with water, for dogs and chickens to quench their thirst.

When an apartment is to let, it is one of the usages of the place to indicate the fact by pasting a square piece of white paper about the size of a human hand upon the window. If a whole house is to let, every window will exhibit the same sign. No writing whatever appears upon these bills.

In the church of the "Frari" may be seen the stupendous monument of the doge Giovanni Pesaro, who died in 1658. It is supported by colossal Moors or negroes of black marble, dressed in white marble; their black elbows and knees protruding through the rents of their white jackets and trowsers. Two bronze skeletons of death bear sepulchral scrolls, and dragons sustain a funeral urn. In the centre sits the doge. In the same church, opposite the tomb of the doge Foscari, is the monument of the doge Tron, fifty feet in width,

and seventy in height, being composed of six distinct stories, and adorned by nineteen whole length figures, larger than life, beside a profusion of bas-reliefs and other ornaments Another monument of note in the same temple, is that of Canova; it is a vast pyramid of white marble, into whose opened door of bronze, various mourners are entering in funeral procession. Art and Genius are the chief mourners. These figures are as large as life, and produce a very imposing effect.

I have ascended many of the old clock-towers of this ducal city, and passed very profitable seasons in their belfries. I have loved to stand where the pendulum pulsates, and to count the beats, as they marked the passing moments. They reminded me of life in the human body; of the heart of man. Sometimes a window would enable me to look into the side, and examine all the movements of the machinery. As I paused and listened to the regular and vigorous pulsations of these old time-keepers, I inquired how long they had been thus chronicling the flight of time, and history replied, that they began when the name America was not known in the hymn of nations.

The library of the ducal palace contains 65,000 volumes and 5000 manuscripts. I have passed many days in a little ante-chamber over the "Bridge of Sighs," poring over some of the choicest books in this collection. It did not take long for me to discover that the history of Venice is a study of itself. A gentleman connected with the palace gave me on request, a list ot works thereon, comprising some sixty or seventy volumes in Latin, Greek, and Italian, and very gravely told me that when

I had finished that list he would give me another! It is almost discouraging to look at the massive libraries of Europe, and to think at the same time of the brevity of human life. To a young friend I one day lamented this unfortunate circumstance, and he, after a moment's thought, replied, that we had this salvo for our consolation, *we are under no obligation to read them!*

Venice contains 28,000 houses, and is built on seventy-two little islands, united by bridges. In the ducal library I saw a chart of these islands as they appeared before the foundation of the city, and they were so small that they looked like eggs floating in the water.

The canals of Venice would be fatal to drunken men; after every holiday it would be necessary to fish for their bodies.

Storekeepers, who sell on sacred days, in lieu of being fined are compelled to close their stores for a few days as a public example. Recently, I noticed a store closed with an official notice posted on the door, which read thus: "Closed by order of the municipal authorities, for having transgressed the discipline in reference to the observance of sacred days."

The orologio of St. Mark's square has a bronzed figure of the Virgin Mary and child, seated, and when the clock strikes the hour, an angel with a trumpet, and three kings or *magi*, issue from a door, pass before her, bow, and retire.

In the parish of St. Luca, my attention was directed to a very remarkable tower. It appeared to be the counterpart of the leaning tower of Pisa.

Upon a catafalco in the church of St. Geremia I noticed some very odd devices. The figures were all skeletons. One was looking at an hour-glass which it held in its hand. They all had hats or caps of different descriptions on their heads. The first had a papal tiara; the second, a crown; the third, a mitre; the fourth, a curate's cap; and the fifth, a peasant's beaver. This was intended to signify that death levelled all ranks and all professions.

"*O mors, quam amara est memoria tua!*" O death, how bitter is thy remembrance!

The "castle system" of the feudal ages, still prevails in Venice. If you call at a house and pull the bell, you are asked by somebody from an upper story window, what you wish. If your answer is satisfactory, the door is opened. If you wish merely to leave a card, or note, a small basket is let down by a string to receive it.

The great families, that once ruled the destinies of the state, still have some living representatives who bear their names, and occupy a few rooms in their palaces.

The official journal of the city is called the "Venetian Gazette," and is very little relied upon, for candid and correct intelligence. It never communicates what transpires in the place. But it tells every day the age of the moon, and the state of the anemometer, hygrometer, and pluviometer; and on these points studies to be as accurate as an almanac.

The censorship of the press is, as might be expected, very arbitrary. A teacher, preparing a class-book for his pupils was very desirous of introducing the great sentiment of Alcæus, so beautifully represented by Sir William Jones.

The censors corrected it by crossing out fifteen lines of the twenty, so that when published it stood thus:—

What constitutes a state?
[here seven lines omitted.]
Men, high-minded men—
[three lines omitted.]
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing dare maintain.
[two lines omitted.]
These constitute a state.
[three last lines omitted.]

The wonder is, that they permitted such a piece to be published, even in a mutilated form. The same author prepared a liberal article on the growth and prospects of the United States, which experienced a similar fate.

The images, in statue form, of our Saviour, are so much kissed in the churches and in the street, that the toes and sometimes half of the feet are kissed off. In the church of the "Frari," after the service of the mass, as the priest was retiring to the vestry, some little children ran after him, touched the hem of his garment with their hands, and then kissed them.

The Christian names in use among the Venetian ladies sound very noble and beautiful. Take the following for example—Almerinda, Flavia, Livia, Zefirina, Valentina, Aureliana, Fabiana, Olimpia, Fulgenzia, Leonilda, Regina, Ruffina, Crescenzia, Graziosa, Vittorella, Dionisia, Bettina.

Marriages and deaths are rarely, if ever, published in Italy, unless the parties concerned be of noble or royal birth.

Through the kindness of a friend, I was introduced into the family of a young widow, who had only lately sustained the loss of her earthly consort; her children were at her side, and their appearance added a new interest to the picture. I noted on a slip of paper (with the proper translation affixed,) these words from the works of Shakspeare, which were received by her with many gratifying acknowledgments—

"Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee."

It is recorded that the Emperor Charles V. once visited Venice, and when the reigning doge showed him the treasury of Saint Mark, and the glory of his princely palace, instead of admiring them, he remarked, "These are the things that make men so loth to die."

The Italians are very cold and tame in church, but at the opera, under the influence of exciting music, they become remarkably warm and enthusiastic. At the opera in Italy one may hear a perfect tempest of melody. In a country where the passion for music is so general, the opera is carried to the highest degree of perfection. Hence, no wonder that, in some of the grand representations, the building trembles from the enthusiasm of the people. On extraordinary occasions the chief performers are received with hurricanes of applause, and literally bombarded with flowers, wreaths, and bouquets. I can readily believe the assertion in reference to the voice of "Catilini." It is said that such was the torrent of sound she emitted at one moment, that the glass globules pendant from the central chandelier, were powerfully agitated

and struck against each other. In powerful hands music will outdo itself.

Venice is connected with the main land by a bridge of stone two miles and four hundred and sixteen yards in length, containing two hundred and twenty-two arches. The soil of the bottom of the lagoon, where it is built, is entirely mud. The foundation is formed with piles, driven into the bed of the lagoon; 80,000 larch piles were used in the foundation, and in the bridge itself twenty-one millions of bricks, and 176,437 cubic feet of Istrian stone. The work cost $933,330, and was built expressly for the new railroad from Padua and Verona, which daily traverses it.

The undertakers of Venice are dressed in scarlet, and the massive candlesticks used on funeral occasions are painted scarlet. The pharmacies, like the hotels, have generally some style or title. One pharmacy I noticed styled "Pharmacy of the Six Lilies," with a corresponding number of lilies painted over the door.

In this intricate city a stranger is liable to become bewildered and go astray; to obviate this, a white marble streak is placed in the walks and bridges, so that if it be followed it will conduct from all quarters to the square of Saint Mark, which is in the heart of the place. This answers the same purpose as the string spoken of in the labyrinth of "Rosamond." There are twenty-five little islands sprinkled over the lagoons in sight of the city. Flowers are cultivated upon them, and sent fresh every morning into Venice. In the market, near the Rialto, twelve beautiful roses may be purchased for one cent; but the flower girls, with their "Bloom-

er" hats, who visit the coffee saloons in Saint Mark's square, expect a much handsomer gratuity for their offerings.

In rambling near the railroad station I saw a fine locomotive lettered "Marco Polo."

There is no "W" in the Italian alphabet; hence, when the printers and bookbinders have occasion to copy an English title or phrase, in which that letter occurs, they are accustomed to unite two V's to form the letter W.

In the churches the pelican is employed as an emblem of the love of the Saviour, and the phœnix of the resurrection. The three tall masts before the cathedral of Saint Mark are said to typify the three great conquests of the Venetian power—Cyprus, Candia, and the Morea.

In the church of the "Frari" is a tablet upon the pavement, near one of the altars, which reads thus:

Qui giace il gran Tiziano de Vecelli,
Emulator de' Zeusi e degli Apelli.

Here lies the great Titian,
Rival of Zeuxis and Apelles.*

* *Zeuxis* and *Apelles.* Several anecdotes concerning these great painters have descended to us. Zeuxis painted a boy carrying grapes. The birds came and pecked; some applauding, Zeuxis flew to the picture in a passion, saying; "my boy must be very ill painted."

Apelles painted a horse which was severely criticised by a person who examined it, and in such a manner that the pride of the artist was wounded. Resolved to put his performance to the test, he had a horse led into his painting room, where the animal, on beholding the picture, neighed, and thus secured the triumph of Apelles.

The soil of Italy is never fatigued; it is always fresh and vigorous.

I have now finished the tour of this classic land, and when I review its beautiful capitals, I feel as if I had been passing through a harem of cities. I have been in the midst of all its recent revolutions, and been an eye-witness of many of its conflicts for independence. Perhaps nothing can be more appalling to a novice, than the first outbreak of a revolt. I can compare it with nothing but an earthquake, or a storm at sea. The rattling of musketry and rumbling of cannon make the very ground to tremble, and drive every body but the combatants in terror to their homes; while the consternation of women and children completes the tumult. I was in Leghorn, in 1848, when the people revolted against the Grand Duke, and planted the tree of liberty in the heart of the city. For some days the aspect of the place baffled description. All the churches and stores were closed, the operations of commerce suspended, and nothing but the hurried notes of war resounded through the town. One night a severe engagement took place, and on the following morning the grand square presented a most melancholy spectacle. The ground was dyed with blood, and a pyramid of dead bodies lay piled up as a monument in the centre. At length an accommodation was effected, and peace proclaimed, to the joy of both parties, who, by mutual consent, set apart the ensuing Sabbath for the celebration of the happy event. The day was signalized by special services in the churches, and a general turnout and promenade among the people. I mounted the steps of the Cathedral, so as to obtain a good

view of the vast concourse in the chief square, and I do not recollect to have seen a more extensive assemblage of ladies, in the same space. The general aspect of the square reminded me of a vast flower-bed of ladies. As I gazed upon this living garden, I fancied that I could discover dahlias, roses, hyacinths, tulips, and even the delicate lily of the valley; the tender buds also appeared, as well as the opening flower, for the rude blast of war had passed away, and gentle zephyrs were breathing peace and fragrance in the air.

I was in Rome in the stormiest period of the continental revolutions, and watched them all with profound interest; but always felt a peculiar sympathy for that of Italy. As I looked upon her, she appeared to me like a "chained eagle," struggling for liberty. In her agony she cast a confiding eye toward Pius IX. and Charles Albert, but looked in vain.

Mazzini, in his strong language, styles Pius IX. the Louis XVI. of papacy; and Charles Albert, the Hamlet of monarchy.

It is a very inspiring sight to behold the banner of one's country waving in the air in the heat of an exciting revolution. In 1849 I was in Genoa, when the port was bombarded for three days by the king's troops, to reclaim the place from the republicans. At the American consulate at least five hundred persons were quartered for safety; many of this number were ladies of rank, with their children; others were proscribed persons, whose heads would not have been safe anywhere else. Jewelry and valuables to a large amount were likewise lodged in the same place for safe keeping. When I beheld the stars and stripes waving from the balcony

of the consulate, a banner bright and ample enough to be hoisted over the federal Capitol at Washington, and beheld the beauty and nobility of Genoa (the birthplace of the discoverer of my country), seeking refuge for their lives and fortunes beneath its protecting folds, I could not refrain from weeping; I shed tears of enthusiasm for America.

The figure of Italy, from its singular conformation, has been compared to a *boot;* if so, Genoa must be its *tassel.* In this city, during those warlike days, I remember to have seen a very remarkable allegorical picture. It represented a revolution among the dead—a grave-yard revolt. The skeletons were all rising. Emblems of liberty were in circulation. Some of the most commanding among the group were raising and waving the tri-color flag; others were ranging their comrades into ranks and companies, while another portion had seized crowbars, pickaxes, spades, and sticks, the only weapons on the ground, and were hastening to distribute them among the skeleton volunteers. Though rather late in the day, the dead were determined not to forego a blow for the redemption of their country.

The tri-color flag, Lafayette predicted, would make the tour of the globe. This prediction will yet be fulfilled.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The Cross.

"Is it not strange, the darkest hour
That ever dawned on sinful earth,
Should touch the heart with softer power
For comfort, than an angel's mirth?
That to the Cross the mourner's eye should turn
Sooner, than where the stars of Christmas burn?"

THE emblem of the Cross is peculiarly dear to Italy; she adopted it in the infancy of Christianity, and has been identified with its employment ever since.

Previous to the Crucifixion it was a sign of reproach among Jews and Gentiles; but when that extraordinary event took place, its reproach vanished for ever. It was then "taken from the hill of Calvary, and made to glisten in the diadem of princes."

It was this emblem that the Emperor Constantine beheld at noonday in the heavens, gleaming above the sun, and encircled with the Greek inscription, "Τουτω Νικα" (By this conquer), and it was this he put upon his labarum in lieu of the eagle, and under it led his armies to victory.

In the Crusades, the ensign throughout the war was the Cross; the Scotch carried the cross of St. Andrew; the

French, a white cross; the English, one of gold; the Germans, of sable; the Italians, of azure; and the Spaniards, of red. In the same age it became introduced into heraldry, and at this day thirty-nine different descriptions may be seen upon its shields; while the sovereigns of Christendom have been equally emulous in its adoption, and have used it as a sign of distinction in their noblest decorations of honor.

In Italy its use is extensive and general; it gilds the temples, and shines amid the ruins that cover the mountains, plains, and valleys of the land. Within the precincts of Pompeii I beheld a little chapel with a Cross upon its belfry, and worshippers entering its portals for devotion. This city was venerable even at the period of the advent of the Messiah. In the year 79 its destruction was caused by the eruption of Mount Vesuvius. In exploring its deserted passages I turned into the "Street of Tombs," and entered some of the mausoleums built for the reception of the ashes of its noble families. These mausoleums stand like little temples along the way, and resemble, in some respects, the houses of the living. The language of the inscriptions, and the nature of the carved allegories over the doors, appeared in keeping with the cheerless and desponding philosophy of the heathen religion. Here were representations of vessels furling their sails and entering into port, funeral ceremonies, reversed torches, earthly honors, gladiatorial contests, wars, oblations, sacrifices, and lamentations; but nothing indicative of hope beyond the grave. Every thing seemed to sympathize with the language of Moschus in his epitaph on Bion, the ancient Grecian poet:—

"Alas! the tender herbs, and flow'ry tribes,
Though crushed by Winter's unrelenting hand,
Revive and rise when vernal zephyrs call.
But we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise,
Bloom, flourish, fade, and fall,—and then succeeds
A long, long silent, dark, oblivious sleep;
A sleep which no propitious power dispels,
Nor changing seasons, nor revolving years."

The people of Pompeii lived and passed away in an age when the doctrine of the immortality of the soul was without support or credibility. But the sign of the Cross, planted in the numerous cemeteries beyond its walls, told me that the generations which had succeeded them had gone down to their graves in the full possession of its consolations.

In the book of the Acts we read that St. Paul, on his voyage to Italy, touched at Rhegium and then sailed for Puteoli, now called Pozzuoli, where he tarried seven days, and afterwards proceeded to Rome. The natives of Pozzuoli point out the spot where, according to tradition, the apostle landed, and continue to this day to speak of his visit in their every day conversation. This old town is full of ruins, and is only a short distance from Baiæ, Cumæ, and the Elysian Fields of Virgil. On the high ground I contemplated with much interest an old tempest-beaten church. Its Cross, which had braved the elements for many centuries, had lost its upright position, and hung quivering in the breeze like a broken plume in a soldier's cap.

The Capitol of Rome is inland, and rests on the banks of the Tiber, about sixteen miles from its mouth. The captain of the American brig Hollander told me that he could see

the dome, and the Cross of the Cathedral of St. Peter, from the deck of his vessel as he sailed along the Italian coast.

Of all the cities of the world (says Doctor Donovan), Rome alone boasts the obelisks of Egypt, and in Rome alone do these interesting monuments of past ages form appropriate ornaments, connecting the beauty of the modern with the power and magnificence of the ancient city; originally destined to perpetuate the memory of Egyptian Kings, they were brought hither to eternize the victories and conquests of Roman Emperors, were overthrown by invading barbarians, Pagan and Christian, and have been re-erected to the embellishment of modern Rome and the glory of her pontiffs. Twelve are now standing within the city walls, and the emblem of the Cross crowns each. Some of them stood erect more than 1500 years before Cæsar set foot on the soil of Britain, or a thousand years before Rome was founded by Romulus, and centuries before Moses received the tables of the law, in thunder, on Sinai. They saw the Macedonian, the Grecian, the Carthagenian, the Persian, the Assyrian, and the Egyptian Empires, pass away:—in a word, more than five and thirty centuries have completed their course, since they first arose, in majesty upon the earth.

The Coliseum of Rome was dedicated ten years after the destruction of Jerusalem, and has no equal on the globe. It can seat one hundred thousand persons. Under Titus it served for a gladiatorial circus; under Domitian, for an arena of martyrs; in the middle ages for a military post, and at this day is devoted to the service of religion. Its sides and

arches are perfumed with wall flowers, and other fragrant plants, and the botanist may find employment for days in their classification. Professor Sebastiani some years ago published, with engravings, a quarto volume under the title of "Flora Colossea," in which no fewer than two hundred and sixty different species are enumerated. The largest Cross I saw in Italy is planted in the centre of this vast amphitheatre. It is composed of beams of timber, and towers, with its gigantic arms, to a very lofty elevation. Penitents and pilgrims may be seen at all hours kneeling in prayer at the foot of this crucifix.

The tower of the Capitol at Rome is crowned with the statue of Christianity holding the Cross.

The bridge of Saint Angelo arches over the Tiber, and is one of the finest in the city. It is embellished with ten sculptured figures of angels holding the instruments of the Passion. Among the chief figures one holds the crown of thorns, another the spear, another the spikes, and another the Cross.

The great cathedrals of Italy are uniformly of a cruciform shape. Never did the figure of the Cross appear so grand and sublime as when I looked down from the cupola of the Cathedral of Saint Peter, and traced its bold outlines in the colossal proportions of that extraordinary temple. The sight sent a thrill of rapture through every nerve in my body.

At Sorrento, the birth-place of Tasso, the stores are closed at a very early hour, and the people very speedily retire to their repose. No lamps are hung in the streets, and whoever

has occasion to go out after dark must provide himself with a lantern to direct his steps. One night I went out for a walk, and it was the most solemn walk I ever took. The darkness was very intense, and rendered still more palpable by the occasional glimmering of a dying taper, flickering before a crucifix in the gloomy niche of some old wall. By following the sound of the waves I at last reached the sea-shore, and as I approached its surfy borders, the first object that caught my eye, was a majestic Cross, bearing above the rocks a bright beacon-light for the government of the mariners of the coast.

The city of Alessandria is situated on the verge of the battle-field of Marengo. Its Cathedral is very spacious, and is dedicated to the "Apostolorum Principi" (the chief of the Apostles). Near the door is a colossal bronze figure of the Redeemer in his expiring agony upon the Cross: it is one of the most remarkable things of the kind that I ever saw. It occupies a dark alcove, and a lamp burns at all hours before it. An effective view of the city of Jerusalem is seen in the distance. The body of the Saviour is of a bronzed or Ethiopian hue, but the feet have become so bright and polished from the numerous touches of lips that have pressed and kissed them, that they shine like gold. While I looked upon the Cross, a female with a veil upon her head approached and kneeled at the foot of the crucifix, and worshipped. When I beheld her, I thought of the record of "Mary" at the Saviour's feet.

The citizens of Turin have a special reverence for the memory of Saint John the Evangelist, and celebrate his

birth-day with much splendor. On Saint John's eve, the immense square before the King's palace is devoted to the assemblage of the military, and to a bonfire illumination. I was present on one of these occasions, and remained until the end of the display. The quantity of combustible things heaped together to sustain the illumination was unusually ample, and formed a pile that resembled a mountain in our midst. After a military salute, the torch was applied to the pile, and the flames quickly ascended in triumph among the clouds. The illumination lasted until it had levelled the pile to ashes, when a tall Cross of solid iron was exposed to view, as the only surviving trophy of the conflagration.

The battle-field of Novara has been called the "Waterloo of Italy." Here Charles Albert was vanquished, abdicated his crown and fled, to die an exile in Oporto. In walking over this field, I found it thickly set with Crosses, in memory of the slain.

The city of Genoa has the honor of being the birth-place of Christopher Columbus. A few years ago the Genoese laid the foundation of a noble monument in their chief square to commemorate his worth. The revolutions, however, which broke out soon afterward, arrested the prosecution of the undertaking, and the builders, when they suspended their labors, capped its unfinished summit with the Cross.

In the window of a bookstore I noticed a picture that pleased me very much. It was entitled "Guided by the Eagle," and represented Napoleon crossing the Alps, mounted on a mule, wrapped in his blue Marengo mantle, and attended

by an Alpine peasant. In the distance could be seen the bushy caps of the grenadiers, and in the heavens the "Bird of Destiny" hovering over the head of the hero. Over this bleak expanse the only landmarks visible to the eye were Crosses covered with snow.

In a graveyard I stood over a grave verdured in the form of a Cross, and upon the tombstone was cut the same emblem covered with tears. These tears were cut deep into the stone and produced a very strange effect.

At Castellamare I visited the navy-yard of the King of Naples, and noticed two frigates of the second class upon the stocks. On the stems of both vessels were fastened small wooden Crosses colored red. As soon as the keel of a vessel is laid on Italian ground, her builders give her the Cross.

The island of Elba was once a place of exile for the Emperor Napoleon, and Porto Ferrajo was his capital. In looking at the vessels on the stocks in this port I noticed a brig with a Cross of wood upon her bow, gracefully entwined with a branch of palm, (the peaceful palm!) and when I turned my eye to the granite lighthouse, a single figure arose above its cone, and it was the Cross.

Occasionally, around this favorite emblem mottoes are legible; written, most generally, in Latin. For example:

Ecce Signum—Behold the sign.
In hoc signo vinces—In this sign thou shalt conquer.
Cruci dum spiro fido—Whilst I breathe I trust in the cross.
In hoc signo spes mea—In this sign is my hope.

The largest Italian harbor on the Mediterranean is called Spezzia. It is the naval rendezvous of all nations. One Sabbath afternoon as I surveyed this spacious haven, I recognized in the distance the French line-of-battle ship Sovereign, with her colors at half mast, and was informed that she had lost one of her mariners, and that his funeral was about to take place. In a few moments two barges with muffled oars pushed off for the shore, one of which contained the body. The box in which the body was inclosed was wrapped in the folds of the tri-color flag and enveloped again in an ample black banner, with a white Cross in the centre. As soon as it was landed, the French consul in full uniform, and the parish priest attended by a Cross-bearer, advanced to receive it, and forming a procession accompanied it with funeral ceremonies to the tomb.

The pulpits of Italy have a tall metallic or wooden Cross planted at the side of the desk with the figure of the Crucified upon it, so that both preacher and people have the image of redemption always before them. Upon a pulpit at Vercelli, in the church of Saint Christopher, I noticed the figure of Christ on the Cross, and a strong angel at the foot in a kneeling attitude, supporting it. This piece of work was carved in the most elaborate manner out of solid oak. In a pulpit in a church in Milan I observed a similar design, supported by clouds of angels, wrought also out of wood.

In journeying from Rome to Florence I remarked husbandmen harvesting their crops, and putting the emblem of the Cross upon their barns and haystacks.

In one of the cities I noticed the figure of the Cross en-

twined with the grape-vine and wheat, figurative of the elements of the last supper. In another city I observed a crucifix with an anchor (the emblem of hope) fastened to it by a chain.

At Venice, I saw a Cross planted in the sea. In the church of Saint Giorgio, in the same city, I was shown a crucifix made of olive-wood from the Holy Land. In looking at the parlor mirror of a Venetian family, I perceived that it had a full-length Cross ground on the glass in a very remarkable manner. What lady could dress herself before such a mirror? In the house where I staid, the mistress lit her hall with an illuminated crucifix. In the Cathedral of Saint Mark I admired a massive lamp of extraordinary beauty in the form of a double Cross. In the city of Milan I remember to have seen a most singular and original picture. It represented our Lord upon the Cross, surrounded by angels with cups of ministration; at the foot of the Cross the artist had introduced two skulls, one marked Adam and the other Eve—the meaning of this was significant enough; those two heads had ruined the world, and involved the death of the Messiah as the ransom for its redemption. In the saloon of the king's palace at Turin my attention was called to a representation in ivory of the infant Redeemer sleeping upon a Cross, and in his slumber grasping a crown of thorns; around the crucifix that formed his bed were seen the instruments of his Passion: the hammer, spear, scourge, spikes, pincers, and ladder. The Pitti palace at Florence contains a painting of the same description, which invariably commands more than ordinary consideration.

During the revolution, the national standard was the tri-color of green, white, and red; and on the occasion of any important victory, I have seen this flag bound to the Crosses of the church-towers. The emblems of liberty and Christianity were there united together. In connection with those triumphs I once copied a motto of much force; it read thus:

"Una spada in libero mano
E saetta di Giove tonante."

A sword in a free hand
Is Jove's thunderbolt.

I beheld a Cross on the brow of Mount Vesuvius.

In Italy the crucifix is the first object put into the hands of a child, and it wears this figure upon its neck as an amulet. At the marriage altar the nuptial rings have the same image engraven upon them. At the funeral it is seen again, and finally upon the tomb. From the cradle to the grave it is the daily emblem of the people.

In approaching a city, town, or hamlet of Italy, the first object seen in the sky is the Cross; it gleams upon the banners of her armies, and glistens upon the breasts of her soldiers; it rises upon the pinnacles of her towers, and looms upon the moonsail-masts of her navies.

The earth is full of misery, and sin was the cause of its introduction, and notwithstanding all the equivocations of infidelity and philosophy, the Gospel is the only system that provides a remedy for the evil. In our present condition we

are at best prisoners; but we are prisoners of hope; and our hopes are infinite.

I have been a wanderer among some of the most remarkable cities of antiquity. I have seen something of departed glory, and something of living glory also; something of the magnificence of Kings and of the pomp of thrones, and I feel more and more convinced that this world was never intended to satisfy the boundless aspirations of the immortal spirit.

Again and again have I, while rambling among the old convents and temples of Italy, discovered aged men, reading, and musing upon the time-worn tablets of departed generations; they appeared absorbed in the most gloomy meditations, but when I directed their attention to the consolations of the resurrection, and pointing to the Heavens, told them that we should live again, crystal tears would sparkle in their eyes as they responded, with devotional emotion, "*Lo Speriamo*:" We hope so.

The tragedy of Calvary is without a parallel. In this transaction, "Deity was, so to speak, humanified to suffer; and humanity deified, to atone;" and the victim was

> "nailed to the cross
> By his own nation; slain for bringing life."

From the pavement of Pilate he is seen bearing his own Cross through the streets of Jerusalem, until, sinking under its burden, one Simon, of Cyrene, was compelled by the crowd to bear it up the hill. "We pause to ask," exclaims

the eloquent Bascom, "was this compulsion, think you, ever regretted by him of Cyrene?" At length the crucifixion takes place, and some of them that passed by said: "He saved others, himself he cannot save. If he be the King of Israel, let him now come down from the Cross, and we will believe him." "If he had," says Whitefield, "what would have become of us?" Finally, when he had cried with a loud voice, he yielded up the ghost. The spirit of a Cæsar, and a Cicero, and other mighty men of antiquity, had departed, without the attendance of any extraordinary phenomena, but when the Messiah died, the frame of the universe trembled to the centre. "And behold, the vail of the temple was rent in twain, from the top to the bottom; and the earth did quake, and the rocks rent; and the graves were opened; and many bodies of the saints which slept, arose, and came out of the graves and went into the holy city, and appeared unto many." No wonder that a heathen eye-witness of these things should exclaim with emphasis, "Either the God of nature suffers, or the world is coming to an end." The sun was eclipsed at noonday, and the darkness was not local, but general, and was observed by an Egyptian astronomer in the city of Heliopolis, where Plato and Herodotus pursued the study of philosophy.

The victory, however, of the king of terrors over his illustrious captive, was only temporary. On the morning of the third day there was a panic in the empire of mortality. For the Son of Man arose in triumph from the tomb, and as he rose,

"Against the Cross, Death's iron sceptre broke."

The tidings of his resurrection went forth from Jerusalem to the ends of the earth; and the hopes of humanity revived. "Since that event," says Leighton, "the desponding Christian in every land turns to the Cross, as surely as the needle turns to the pole, even though like the needle he turns trembling."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Paris.

PARIS is one of the most extraordinary places in the world. I arrived in this imperial city at midnight, and found quarters in the "Place Vendome," one of the most magnificent squares within its walls. Within this square is contained the celebrated column erected by Napoleon to commemorate the campaign of Austerlitz. This column is in imitation of the pillar of Trajan at Rome. Its total elevation is 135 feet. The metal in it weighs about 360,000 pounds. The bass-reliefs of the shaft pursue a spiral direction to the capital, and display, in chronological order, the principal actions, from the departure of the troops from Boulogne, to the battle of Austerlitz. The figures are three feet high, their number is said to be 2,000, and the length of this spiral scroll is 840 feet. The capital is surmounted by an *acroterium*, upon which stands a statue of Napoleon. The total cost of this column is estimated at $300,000.

The room I occupy in the Place Vendome is the highest in the building. It is in fact a kind of observatory. It is so high that it commands a sweeping view of the horizon, and I

enjoy fresh pleasure every time that I look out upon the prospect it affords. The colossal figure of Napoleon, which crowns the Vendome column, faces my window, and from my bed I can look upon the majestic effigy of this great man at all times. The roar of the countless equipages that roll by this monument is absolutely overpowering. The din reminds me of the cataract of Niagara. The confusion is so great that it prevents me from sleeping.

Paris in every respect exceeds my expectations. I had read and heard much of this great city, but the reality puts all description at defiance. Rome, Naples, Milan, and Venice, astonished me; but Paris did more, it stupefied me. Paris is as sublime and inexhaustible as the ocean. It has treasures sufficient to tax the powers of the loftiest intellect that ever swayed the sceptre of thought. To look at all the monuments and wonders in this great city, it is needful to have a robust constitution and nerves of iron. There is work enough for a horse, merely to travel over the ground of this vast capital, and as to mental labor, the mind might find constant occupation for ages. As to the palaces and gardens of the Tuileries and the Luxembourg, and the Garden of Plants, the Louvre, the Champs Elysées, and the Arc de Triomphe, it would be perfect folly to seek for figures to serve for their illustration. Man appears in Paris to have done enough to astonish earth and Heaven together. No wonder that Napoleon felt uneasy and restless in Elba and St. Helena. In such insignificant places there was nothing for the occupation of his powers. He had nothing to do.

The tri-color flag is suspended daily from all the public

buildings. France has a passionate attachment for the tri-color flag.

When Athens was in her glory, a Grecian philosopher was asked what he thought of that great capital; he replied that he thought it a very fine place to pass through, but a very dangerous place to dwell in. During my stay in Paris, I have more than a hundred times felt the force and application of this sentiment, in reference to the seductions and fascinations of the French metropolis.

Yesterday I visited the house occupied by Bonaparte in Rue de la Victoire, No. 52, whither he removed on his marriage with Josephine. From this mansion he took his departure to assume the command of the army of Italy, and on the 5th December, 1797, returned to it, his arrival at Paris being preceded by 170 standards, 550 pieces of cannon, and 60,000,000 francs remitted to the state. Here he received his appointment to the command of the expedition to Egypt, and from this mansion, on his return, emanated those counsels and intrigues which led to the Revolution of the 18th Brumaire and to his dictatorship. It is a very plain building, and is situated in a narrow street in the most retired and silent section of the city.

I was recently much gratified in visiting an exhibition which, among other things, contained the calèche used by Bonaparte in the island of St. Helena, together with a model of Longwood, and the door of the chamber in which he expired. The carriage is a plain yellow painted vehicle, lined with coarse green cloth, and might very readily pass for the family carriage of a country gentleman.

On the boulevards I noticed some students smoking young leafless sapling trees, which they carried in their hands. It puzzled me at first to find out where they kept their fire, but I at last found it at the tops of the trees, four or five feet above their heads. Their cigars or pipes were burning at the extremity above, while a branch below entered the mouth and maintained the communication. The trees were of course bored. The spectacle attracted much attention.

The Institution for the Blind contains about 240 pupils. There were printers and compositors in the institution, who, with sightless eyes, pursued their delicate operations.

I visited the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois. It was from the belfry of this church that the fatal signal was given and responded to from the Palais de Justice, for the commencement of the massacre on the eve of the festival of St. Bartholomew, August 23d, 1572; the bells of this church tolled during the whole of that dreadful night. It was once one of the most sumptuous churches in Paris, but at present it appears neglected and impoverished. Its windows of stained glass are much admired.

On my way thither I noticed a sign, with a painting of a dog and cat as large as life, and under the figures of the animals read as follows—"Dogs and cats sheared and trimmed, as well as provided for and boarded, on reasonable terms."

Continuing my course, I passed a large stone bridge called the "Pont Neuf," and here I saw a large number of bathing establishments, all moored by the bridge. Some of them were of immense size. They had pipes for the emis-

sion of smoke, because they furnished hot, as well as cold baths. Some of these barges were two stories high; they looked like the double deckers on the Mississippi. Some had gardens on board, and the smoke pipes of several were fashioned so as to resemble the stately African palm. These iron trees, with smoke issuing from their tops, had a singular appearance.

I entered the "*Morgue*," a plain small Doric building on the Seine, where dead bodies found in the streets, or river, are exposed for recognition. There were two bodies waiting for identification; they were entirely naked, save a piece of black leather covering the loins. A jet of water was continually falling upon them to preserve them from decomposition. They looked as natural as if sleeping. The flag-staff over the door of the building was without a banner. A narrow piece of black crape, tied upon the middle of the staff, indicated the house to be a place of mourning.

"Nôtre Dame" disappointed me. It appeared to be nothing but a barren mountain of solid rock. It is an immense temple, it is true, but very meagrely embellished. Its interior, compared with the cathedrals of Italy, is as naked as a cavern. I noticed a wedding going on at one of the altars; at another altar I noticed the baptism of an infant, and in the grand aisle beheld a funeral. Three of the most important stages of human life exemplified together.

At the marriage ceremony, I remarked that, during a part of the functions, two clerks held a piece of tapestry over the heads of the couple at the altar. I inquired what this signified, and was informed that it was a figure introduced

to show that both parties were henceforth to reside under the same roof.

I looked in at the St. Eustache church, which is next in size to Nôtre Dame, and noticed near the altar a large pine tree in a flourishing condition. In several churches in Paris they have introduced plants and flowers for purposes of embellishment. In the churches of Italy beds of flowers are sometimes cultivated before the altars. At the church of St. Roch I remarked the tomb of the Abbé de l'Epée, the founder of the institution for the Deaf and Dumb. On this monument were sculptured the signs of the mutes. These characters appeared somewhat odd in such a place. At the church of St. Etienne du Mont, I observed lustral vases for holy water at the door. In lieu of basins of marble, marine shells of extraordinary size were employed for that purpose.

Opposite this church I regarded the sign of a dyer, who announced that he could put a whole family in mourning at twelve hours' notice.

Among the numerous tombs at the Pantheon that of Rousseau particularly arrested my attention. From the half-opened door of this tomb, issued a naked arm holding a flaming torch.

Victor Hugo, in one of his addresses before the National Assembly, styled Paris the brain of France.

The other day at a book-stand, I stopped to examine a collection of engravings. I asked the boy if he had one of the "Final Judgment." He replied in the affirmative and soon produced it for examination. As a work of art it was admirably executed. It was on a large scale, and contained

an extraordinary number of figures. On the *right hand* were grouped all the different classes of men, the most distinguished of each being marked by name and portrait. Kings were introduced. Louis XIV., Charlemagne, Francis I. and Henry IV., occupied conspicuous positions. Pontiffs and statesmen were also favorably represented; then came the great military men who had filled the world with their fame. Not finding Bonaparte in their company, I asked the boy why he had been omitted. "Because," answered the boy, "the engraving was published before he was born."

From the excessive number of coffee-houses and restaurants in Paris, a stranger would suppose that half the people got their living in those professions. Some of these establishments have all the magnificence of palaces.

In the "Bibliotheque Nationale," may be seen a volume of 300 pages, containing the names of all the victims of Robespierre; also autograph letters of Franklin, Louis XIV., Turenne, Moliere, Henry IV., and many other illustrious men.

The Hippodrome will contain about 10,000 persons. The arena is uncovered. Equestrian exhibitions are conducted in this place on a grand scale. Sometimes thirty horses may be seen in full career, under the management of one rider. Monsieur Poitevin, the aeronaut, has frequently ascended from this arena on horseback.

The Palace of Versailles, situated in the environs of Paris, is one of the most stupendous structures in existence. It was commenced by Louis XIV. More than 30,000 soldiers were more than once simultaneously employed upon the work. The cost of the whole concern is estimated at two hundred

millions of dollars. It was designed for the olympus of a monarch, and for the accommodation of a population of courtiers. Even the Royal horses were lodged in a palace. The Palace of Versailles is now a national museum. It is the treasury of the glory of France. Its destination has been changed to suit the spirit of the age. Its galleries are full of historical paintings, many of which are upon a grand scale. Several days would be needful to make even a superficial examination of these extensive saloons. One saloon contains the statues and busts of marshals and generals killed in fighting for France; another the portraits of all her most celebrated warriors. I noticed the portrait of "Joan of Arc" among th number, likewise a full-length painting of General Lafayette. The old General is habited in the simplest uniform that ever graced the person of a soldier. While all the other heroes are glittering with gold and silver, and decorated with stars and crosses, Lafayette stands among them dressed with the simplicity of a Washington. He wears merely a plain blue coat with a single row of silver buttons, a pair of epaulettes, and a three-cornered hat, with a tri-color cockade. His pantaloons are blue, and without a stripe.

A full-length painting of Count Rochambeau attracted my attention. Upon a table at his side are several maps and plans, upon one of which the word YORKTOWN stands forth in characters highly conspicuous. Many apartments are filled with paintings of the battles and campaigns of Napoleon. The Hall of Marengo astonished me beyond all expectation.

After passing through these brilliant galleries, dedicated to the commemoration of military glory, no young man can fail to experience an irresistible inclination to embrace the profession of a soldier. France is not ungrateful to those who have served her with fidelity, or contributed to render her name illustrious in the congress of nations; but, after all, it must be confessed that she loves her generals best. They are her favorites, and statues, columns, arches, and pyramids, every where cherish their memory, and proclaim the path of war to be, in France, the high road to honor and immortality.

There are four Protestant Episcopal congregations in Paris. The principal church is in the Rue d'Aguesseau. It contains a large and handsome gallery for the use of the British ambassador and family. The church will hold about eight hundred persons. It has a small belfry and a bell. The services on Sundays are at half-past 11, and 4 o'clock. The terms of admission are one franc per head. Officers are stationed at the door, who collect the franc as you enter, and deliver you a ticket for the seat you are to occupy. For half an hour before the service begins you can hear nothing but the bustle incidental to the buying and dispensing of tickets. Over and over again you hear the cry, "Gentlemen, a franc if you please!" "Ladies, a franc apiece!"

As I looked at the scene outside, and noticed the carriages arriving, the policemen with their swords, and cocked hats, and the people thickening around the door, and buying their tickets, it put me in mind of a railroad station. After observing things outside, I went in, and there were all the

passengers sitting in regular order, in their allotted places, holding their *tickets* firmly in their hands, which if they should lose, they would run the risk of losing their seats, or of submitting to the alternative of paying over again. From the fact that the church was under the influence of the British Embassy, I expected to see the services conducted by ministers of distinguished talents, but in this respect I was greatly disappointed. There were two ministers employed; one apparently to help the other. The reading of the Episcopalian service was performed in a very sleepy manner, and as to the sermon, it was absolutely still more so. Both ministers read and spoke as if they were engaged in a business in which they felt neither sympathy nor interest. The whole operation appeared to me to be about as dull as travelling in a railroad car in the night time.

All the governments of Europe have large standing armies. These old countries swarm with soldiers; not only are capitals and sea-ports garrisoned and fortified, but even the hamlets and inland towns frown with castles and military towers. In Europe they make even the horses soldiers. In periods of emergency every able-bodied horse of a certain age is liable to do military duty. The horses make good soldiers in war. Throughout the late campaigns these brave animals covered themselves with glory. In Austria I lately saw large bodies of horses receive an honorable discharge from the Imperial army; most of them had been wounded in the service, or had contracted chronic affections which unfitted them for the arduous duties of military life. They were consequently directed to return to their former occupations.

In the late campaign for the reduction of Venice, the Emperor commanded that all the cavalry should remain on the main land, and forego any active part in assault. The horses at first heard of this command with feelings of surprise and indignation, and it was not until Marshal Radetzky and General Kollowrath explained to them the geographical situation of Venice, and demonstrated that it was a city in the sea, belted with waters, and permeated with innumerable canals, that there was absolutely no ground for them to fight upon, and that such considerations alone had influenced the adoption of the objectionable order, that the noble animals could be brought to acknowledge the wisdom of the prohibition. Venice was taken without the aid of a horse.

France contains seven hundred and eighty cities, and forty-one thousand towns and villages. Paris has one street called after Lafayette, another after Washington, and another after Franklin. The celebrated cemetery of Père la Chaise is situated a short distance outside of the walls of the city. The gateway is adorned with funeral ornaments, and has the following quotation in Latin from the Scripture. "He that believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live." Since the establishment of the Republic the words "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity" have been affixed. Père la Chaise may truly be called a city of sepulchres, a city of the dead; the Pompeii of France. Although only commenced in 1804, it already contains a population equal to half the population of Paris. ("How populous is the grave!") It contains streets regularly paved with monumental habitations on both sides. Its present extent is nearly one hundred acres. The

tomb of Abelard and Heloise attracts much attention. It also contains the tombs of illustrious personages of every profession, such as Cambaceres, Casimir Perier, Decrés, Lebédoyere, Monge, Gall, Volney, Moliére, La Fontaine, Bernardin de St. Pierre, Talma, La Place, Sydney Smith, Poisson Racine, De Genlis, Laffitte, Demidoff, Ney, Suchet, Macdonald, St. Cyr, Davoust, Mortier, Junot, Massena, Kellermann, Lefebvre, Serrurier, &c. It is calculated that not less than twenty millions of dollars have been expended in this cemetery in the erection of monuments. Every visitor inquires for the tomb of Ney. A few years ago the tomb of the "bravest of the brave" was only covered with grass. It is now inclosed with an ample iron railing, and is shaded with cypress trees and rose-bushes, and embellished with a bed of choice flowers and vines. No monument or tablet has to this date been erected to his memory, but I am happy to say that France has lately charged a distinguished sculptor to supply this deficiency. The inscriptions upon the monuments of the French marshals, are remarkable for their brevity and simplicity. The monument of Marshal Massena, Prince d'Essling, is a pyramid of white marble, twenty-one feet high. The words upon it are "Massena—Rivoli, Zurich, Genoa, Essling." That of Marshal Kellermann is equally as simple, and reads, "Kellermann—Valmy, Marengo." The cemetery is thronged every day with companies of females, bearing wreaths and garlands for the decoration of the tombs of their kindred.

I shall never forget my first impressions in visiting this vast cemetery. For nearly a mile before I reached its en-

trance, I saw nothing but tombs, tombstones, columns, crowns, crosses, and sepulchral paraphernalia of every description in readiness for disposition. The road was crowded with vehicles and travellers, all wending their course in the same direction. Hearses, horses, and carriages, all mixed up together. The general appearance of these things reminded me of the scattered wrecks of the Moscow retreat.

At last I reached Père la Chaise. And now I felt as if I was in the midst of the grand army itself, after its fatal passage of the Beresina. I was surrounded by (as near as I could estimate) the relics of at least *five hundred thousand people.* I was standing among a numerous staff of the most distinguished marshals of the French Empire. Here were Ney, Massena, St. Cyr, Macdonald, Mortier, Victor, Junot, Davoust, Suchet, Lefebvre, and others, all bivouacking together.

The commanding character of my position embraced an extensive range of observation. On the right my eye caught the towering dome of the "Invalides," where Napoleon himself had pitched his last encampment with Jourdan, Bertrand, and Duroc, at his side. On the left I recognized the "Pantheon," the head-quarters of Marshal Lannes, and the residue of the generals.

There had evidently been a great battle fought. Hundreds of thousands had fallen. All the hospitals, and many of the habitations of the capital were crowded with the wounded and the dying. From certain movements in various directions, it was evident that the foe was still in hot pursuit. His advanced guard was on the march, and

paused not an instant in its course. His colors were flying, and every thing indicated a determination on the part of the conqueror to grant no quarter to the vanquished. Upon his broad ensign, which was of a deep black hue, were displayed in startling relief, a couple of cross bones, surmounted by a human skull.

I demanded the name of the leader of the battalions of the enemy, and was answered DEATH!

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The Field of Waterloo.

This celebrated field lies about twelve miles distant from Brussels, the capital of Belgium, and has probably been visited by more people than any other battle-field in the world.

The road conducting to it is rather a hard road for a horse to travel, and is paved with large rough square stones, with wide instertices between them. The forest of Soignes is passed on the route. This forest covers an immense extent of country, and was intended by Bonaparte to serve for the humiliation of the naval power of England; it was to be the source of supply of ship timber, for the creation of a French fleet at Antwerp, and several ships of the line had already been built from it.

The village of Waterloo is a plain, rustic place, with nothing stiking in its appearance. It contains a population of about 1900 souls. In the little church may be seen about thirty monuments, and tablets, in memory of fallen English officers. Very near the church stands the house which served as the head-quarters of the Duke of Wellington

In it may be seen the table upon which he supped on the evening before the battle, and upon which he the next day wrote the dispatch announcing to his government the intelligence of the victory gained over the French; also the pencil which he used, and the boot worn by the Marquis of Anglesey at the time he suffered the amputation of his leg.

About a mile beyond the village of Waterloo is the little village of Mont Saint Jean; originally these two villages were quite separated from each other, but they are now almost united. This village is on the very edge of the field, and on this account, the French at first called the battle by its name, but soon after abandoned it for the more popular name of Waterloo. I inquired why the name of *Mount* Saint Jean; was applied to the village referred to, and was answered, because the ground on which it stood was more elevated than any intervening site between the battle-field and Brussels. At this place guides may at all times be found in readiness to accompany visitors over the field, and point out and explain the localities most worthy of observation. Edward Cotton, the late English guide, served as a sergeant-major in the battle, and afterwards resided fifteen years upon the field. He died but a short time ago, and was buried at his special request, upon the ground where he had fought, and so long dwelt. This old soldier was accustomed to pass all his leisure time in the studious perusal of the various accounts of the military operations of 1815, and just before his death completed and published a very useful book, entitled a "Voice from Waterloo," with maps and plates.

This volume is full of interest, and contains many things not embraced in the works of standard authors upon the subject. But the undue partiality of the author for his country, and her glory, has so Anglicised his statements as to limit the sale and circulation of the work, almost exclusively to his own countrymen. He is, nevertheless, entitled to much credit for his labors; no man ever studied the ground more carefully than he did, or took a greater interest in the collection of information tending to illustrate the battle. In the course of his long residence upon the field, he was called to pass over it as a guide to many distinguished officers who had taken part in the action, and never failed to glean from them all that they knew, or remembered, upon the subject. His map of the field, and position of the respective armies on the day of action, is the best extant, and may be depended upon. He is also entitled to considerable praise for the collection of a valuable library and military cabinet, which still remain at his late residence for the use of visitors, without cost. The following highly finished engravings adorn the walls:—

"Napoleon," "Wellington," "Blucher," "Wellington and Napoleon at Waterloo," "The Waterloo Banquet," "Sir J. Kempt," "Battle of Waterloo," "Capture of an Eagle," "The Prince of Orange wounded;" medallion portraits of "Napoleon," "Wellington," "Blucher," "King of the Netherlands," "Lord Hill," "Anglesey," "Sir Thomas Picton," "Marshals Ney and Soult;" "General Cambronne," "General view of the Field," "View of Hougomont," plans showing different periods of the battles of Ligny, Quatre-Bras, Waterloo, and Wavre; autographs of Napoleon, Wellington, Anglesey,

Grouchy, Vivian, and many others, besides an extensive collection of relics and spoils gathered from the field, embracing arms, cuirasses, casques, caps, clothing, accoutrements, military ornaments, trappings, gold and silver crosses of the Legion of Honor, and Prussian crosses and medals, several pieces of Napoleon's kitchen utensils, marked with the imperial crown, letter N, and "Tuileries," or "Voyage," and a dragoon's saddle-bags, with the stains of blood still visible, etc. etc.

Miss Cotton, the young lady intrusted with the charge of this cabinet, has been for several years a voluntary exile upon this lonely spot, cut off from society and religious privileges. Her time, however, is fully occupied by the claims of household duties, and a natural taste for profitable studies. She appeared remarkably well informed in reference to the late military operations in Mexico, and told me with much satisfaction, that an American traveller had promised to send her the portraits of Winfield Scott, and Zachary Taylor, the two victorious generals in command of the forces of the United States in that war.

The present English guide, and successor of Sergeant Cotton, is Joseph Munday, who also served in the action, and is perfectly familiar with the whole subject.

The excursion from Brussels to the field of Waterloo occupies about eight hours, allowing three hours for the horses to rest, and for surveying the field; the expense of a carriage for this purpose, with two horses, is four dollars, and a conveyance with one horse two dollars. The guide expects one dollar for his services in accompanying a party, which is

only a reasonable compensation for the time, and laborious amount of walking necessary, in order to a thorough illustration of the places. In the summer season the field still continues to be thronged with visitors, chiefly English. The French take very little pleasure in seeing it, and very seldom make an excursion to it.

The battle of Waterloo took place on Sunday, the 18th June, 1815. The French force consisted of probably about 75,000 men, and the English force did not exceed it. The tempest which had raged with so much violence during the night, did not abate until the morning. The rain descended in torrents, succeeded as the morning advanced by a drizzling shower. In the early part of the night, in the midst of the storm, the respective armies bivouacked on the wet earth for rest. Bonaparte pitched his tent near the farm of Caillou, about five miles distant. The field where the great action was fought, is an open undulating plain, and on the day in question, was covered with splendid crops of rye, wheat, barley, clover and oats; some of the grain was of great height. Two slightly elevated semicircular ridges or slopes, rise upon the plain, about half a mile apart, curving gently forward, somewhat in the form of a parenthesis. On the summit of one of these slopes rested the French, and on the other the English and allies. The English position rested upon three strong points of support, which may be properly called forts, viz., Hougomont, an old Flemish Castle, La Haye Sainte, a stone farmhouse, and the hamlet of Mont St. Jean itself, composed of buildings of stone. This position was admirably strengthened by art, and here the Duke of Wellington

determined to maintain his defence, until the arrival of the Prussians. The French had no supports of this nature to fall back upon; the ground occupied by them, although undulating, was quite clear and open. Between nine and ten the Duke passed along the line of his command, and was loudly cheered. He was dressed in his usual field costume: white buckskin pantaloons, hessian boots and tassels, blue frock-coat with short cloak of the same color, white cravat, and sword, plain, low-cocked hat, without plume or ornament, to which was attached the large black cockade of Britain, with three smaller ones of Spain, Portugal, and the Netherlands. In his right hand he carried a long telescope, drawn out ready for use.

About the same time, Napoleon rode forth to review the French line. He was mounted on a dappled horse, and wore a gray surtout, with a green uniform coat, and violet-colored waistcoat, and pantaloons of the same; and as he passed along the ranks, was saluted with shouts of enthusiasm.

A few minutes after eleven, the action commenced by a vigorous attack on Hougomont by a body of 12,000 light troops under Prince Jerome. This attack, although maintained at a dreadful sacrifice of life, was not productive of any decided result. Mont St. Jean and La Haye Sainte, were then assailed with great impetuosity, and the battle became general along the entire line. The French gained possession of La Haye Sainte, and retained this post for some time, till they were at last driven out of it by shells. Cavalry charges were then made against the British squares, but at

length were abandoned by the French with great loss. It was now seven o'clock, and the action had lasted for eight hours. Napoleon had not conquered, nor had he been defeated; meanwhile the Prussians had arrived in great strength, and were preparing to take a signal part in the affairs of the day. At this juncture Bonaparte determined to bring up his reserve, the Old Guard, and to form it in two columns under his own eye, near the bottom of the declivity of La Belle Alliance, and to put forth one desperate and final effort to recover his sinking fortunes. Ney led the charge: it failed, and Waterloo was lost.

In this great battle the French had 246 guns on the field, the English 156, and the Prussians 104; making a total of 506. The noise of these pieces exceeded every thing of the kind the oldest soldiers had ever heard, and made the very earth to shake for miles around the field. After the action the gunners could hear nothing that was said to them. The guide pointed out a spot where during the heat of the firing, one of the powder tumbrils exploded, threw the artillerymen into the air, and shook the horses to pieces. The echoes of the cannonade of this awful battle are said to have been heard on the southern borders of the British coast. Upward of 50,000 men fell in the strife; 20,000 on the side of the allies, and 30,000 on the side of the French. The losses of this day put Europe in mourning. England and France wept like mothers together. A visitor who passed over the field on the following day, states that as he approached it, the first thing that struck him at a distance was the quantity of caps and hats strewed over the ground,

It appeared as if it had been covered with crows. The field itself seemed flooded with blood. The number of dead horses and men baffled computation. The peasantry employed in burying the dead, generally stripped the bodies first, and thereby gained vast booty. The track over which the guard moved, and over which they fled, was still covered with their spoil, and marked by the traces of horses, the wheels of cannon, and the deeper furrows of bombs and shells. A thousand French lay dead on this spot, and the quantity of holsters, standard-holders, bridles, straps, and girths, denoted a fearful conflict of cavalry. The ground seemed quite cut to pieces with the struggling of the horses' feet. The well-known caps of the grenadiers of the French guard, lay yet in considerable numbers, with the rags of their uniforms, and pieces of tartan, and black ostrich feathers; the plaids and plumes of Scotland.

A peasant told me that he was at Waterloo on the battle-day; he was then only seventeen, and at that time was a servant at the farm of La Haye Sainte, and that himself and three fellow servants were busy all day in making lint for the wounded. He afterwards assisted in burying the slain, and was engaged one week in putting them in their graves.

In Brussels, all the rope-walks, convents and barracks, besides many private houses, were converted into hospitals for the wounded; and beds, bandages, lint, and crutches, were in high demand. I asked an old Belgian physician to describe the scenes that passed under his professional observation in these places, and he shook his head and answered, that they were too heart-rending for description.

I inquired of a veteran warrior what he thought of the battle, he replied that it was Pandemonium on earth.

Wherever the strife raged, the grain was not only trodden down, but beaten into the clay.

A Highland sergeant left the ranks with the basket-hilt of his sword so bruised, that he could not get his hand out of it until relieved by a blacksmith; and one of the English officers received twenty-four sabre wounds.

Napoleon took for his guide on the morning of the battle, De Coster, a Flemish peasant, who being a very timid man, kept bending down his head upon his horse as the balls whistled over him, expecting every moment to be killed. The Emperor observing it, turned to him with a smile, and said "Hold yourself up, De Coster; when you hear the cannon balls, they are far off from you; when a ball comes to kill you, you are dead before you hear it."

As soon as the action began, the inhabitants of Hougomont, Mont St. Jean, and Waterloo, fled to the forest of Soignes, where they tarried till the contest was over. Hougomont became strongly invested by the British, and all its inmates, with the exception of one old woman, immediately deserted it. She however had an idea that somebody ought to stay and take care of the poultry, and resolved to tarry for that purpose; all entreaty to the contrary notwithstanding. When the cannonade became furious she became exceedingly alarmed, and descended for safety into the cellar, where she endeavored to keep herself as easy as possible, until the danger was past. This faithful old creature died only a short

time ago, and her solicitude for the poultry has passed into a proverb in the village of Waterloo.

During the engagement a British artillery officer rode up to the Duke of Wellington and said, "Your Grace, I have a distinct view of Napoleon, attended by his staff, my guns are well pointed in that direction, shall I open fire?" The Duke replied, "Certainly not, I will not allow it; it is not the business of commanders to fire upon each other." *

Some years after the battle, several cargoes of bones were collected from the field, transported to the sea-coast, and shipped to other countries for manure.

When the tidings of this great victory reached England, thousands of people were impelled to visit the place where it had been so dearly purchased. A trip to Waterloo was then considered paramount to every other undertaking. The enthusiasm that animated many of the visitors deserves to be noted; it led one to carry off a brick from the house of La Belle Alliance, and another to purchase the door of the said mansion for two gold Napoleons. Crosses of the Legion of Honor were in great request, and even those of an ordinary description commanded eight dollars apiece. The peasants gathered the spoils, and sold them at very high prices. Visitors to Hougomont bought peaches, and sought for hazelnuts and filberts in the garden, with the pious purpose of planting them when they returned to England, that the trees springing from them, might remind them and their posterity of this remarkable spot. De Coster, the guide, for a long

* Part of the facts stated in this chapter, I derive from the works of Cotton and Simpson.

time was overwhelmed with visitors, who came to hear his simple story, and he was obliged to abandon his ordinary occupations for some time to attend to them. This was the guide that Sir Walter Scott saw when he visited this memorable field. De Coster is no longer numbered among the living. Scott went upon the ground accompanied by a party of friends; but he soon left them, and rode off to survey the scene alone, and commune with his own thoughts.

On the first of October, 1821, the Duke of Wellington visited the field with George IV., and in 1835 he visited and rode over it with his old war-horse "Copenhagen."

The motto upon the coat-of-arms of the duke is too significant for omission—it reads thus: VERTUTIS FORTUNA COMES—*Fortune is the Companion of Virtue.*

The honors and emoluments awarded to Wellington, both by his own and other Governments, for his military successes on the continent, have scarcely a parallel in ancient or modern history. They would require a volume to be even briefly enumerated. The principal pecuniary grants are as follows:—

Dec'r 7, 1812—	A grant from	Parliament of	$ 500,000
June 24, 1814—	Do.	do.	2,000,000
July 6, 1815—	Do.	do.	1,000,000

Blucher appears to have been a bold, indefatigable, and impetuous old soldier, without science or education. When at Oxford, in 1814, with the Emperors and Kings, the Prince Regent, and the Duke of Wellington, he received an intimation that the heads of the University intended to confer upon

him the dignity of a *Doctor*. Blucher, who never dreamed of becoming one of the learned, could not refrain from laughter, and jocularly remarked, "Well, if I am to be a Doctor, they cannot do less than to make Gneisenau (the chief of his staff) an apothecary, for we both work together; and it is he who has to make the pills which I am in the habit of administering." Blucher did not long survive the close of the war—he died in 1819, at Krilowitz, at the advanced age of 77.

The evening of the French retreat from the field of Waterloo was bright moonlight, and the task of following up the victory devolved entirely upon the Prussians, who remained all night in the saddle, and improved every opportunity to complete the final overthrow of the vanquished Napoleon. At Genappe they took his carriage: he had just left it to mount on horseback, and in his hurry had forgotten his sword and hat.

I arrived on this memorable field about sunset. The moon soon appeared, and invested the heavens and the plains with fresh interest. The appearance of both forcibly called to remembrance a moonlight view of Waterloo, which I had the pleasure of beholding when a boy, at an exhibition in Euterpian Hall, New-York. Years had rolled away since that sight, but memory recollected all the features of the picture the moment the eye rested upon the original.

I was not long upon the ground before I heard the voices of some foot-travellers, who proved to be fellow-countrymen, hurriedly passing over it, having a rustic guide with them. I hailed them, and inquired if they did not intend to devote

more time to its examination: they answered "No, because they were in haste and had no other time to spare."

After remaining a good season upon the ground, I became weary and lonesome, and directed my steps to a small inn to pass the night. I lay down to sleep, but could not: the thoughts of Waterloo had murdered sleep. My mind all night was troubled with the vision of the battle. Every now and then I arose and looked out of the window, upon the green field and moonlit sky; but every thing was silent, save the occasional tolling of a bell in a distant town, the rumbling sound of diligences hastening to the French frontier, or the rustling leaves of trees along the roadside.

At a very early hour I sallied out with the guide to survey the ground of Waterloo. The morning was at first cloudy, but gradually brightened up, and at noon the sun opened his dazzling eye upon us. I first passed entirely over the British position, and then examined the position of the French. Wellington was more familiar with the country than Napoleon, and, as he arrived first upon the field, possessed himself of the strongest and best portion of it: hence he had farm-houses, orchards, trees, bushes, and walls, for entrenchment and support. The French had nothing of the kind, and could make no impression upon the British, until they were dislodged from their strongholds, which, from the commencement, proved regular stumbling-blocks to Napoleon. It appeared to me that if the field had been completely clear the fight would have been fair, and the French successful. The British, deprived of their works of defence, would have faltered and given way long before the arrival of Blucher.

I was shown a narrow defile which descended behind a row of trees, where 150 French cuirassiers, who had been repulsed from an attack upon a park of artillery, had rushed to effect an escape, but were arrested midway in their course, by a barricade of logs, and destroyed in detail by the British guards.

Napoleon, at the commencement of the action, occupied a position quite remote from the columns of attack, but as the combat heightened he approached nearer, and nearer, until at last, his charger carried him as near as twice the width of one of the new avenues of New-York from the line of Wellington.

In the chapel of Hougomont I noticed the wooden figure of the Saviour on the cross suspended over the door; the toes and part of the feet of which were burned off. I cannot describe the singular effect this sight produced. During the engagement the barn of the chateau and this chapel were put in conflagration from bombs, The fire destroyed every thing combustible, but spared the body of the Saviour's image, after burning its toes.

After this battle, for thirty miles around the country, wounded and straggling soldiers were seen wandering about in the utmost consternation and distress.

As soon as tidings of the tragedy of Waterloo reached Brussels, the clergy and medical faculty hastened in a body to minister succor and consolation to the sufferers on the field. The noble example of Brussels was quickly followed by other cities, and in a short time the extraordinary demands of the occasion were abundantly supplied.

It is interesting at this time to read over Marshal Grouchy's account of his movements in this never-to-be-forgotten campaign. It is addressed to the Emperor, dated at Dinant, June 20, 1815, and is about as formal and precise as the report of a civil engineer to the president of a railroad company. The communication of Marshal Ney is of a different description, and in keeping with his character, breathes a spirit as bold and as vehement, as the last charge of the Old Guard.

Grouchy upon the loss of the battle fled to the United States, where he resided for several years, and was a part of the time the guest of General Brown, to whom he explained at length his entire operations, instructions, and plans, with a justification of his conduct in not combining his forces with those of Napoleon on the day of action at Waterloo.

After mature study of the man, and carefully listening to his explanations, General Brown came to the conclusion that Grouchy was no traitor, but that he was in the first place, unfortunate, and in the second, he was not a first-rate general. The portrait of Grouchy at Versailles confirms, in my opinion, this view. In 1847 this unfortunate marshal died, and when his death was announced in the Chamber of Deputies, the announcement was received in perfect silence.

As I stood in the hollow before the farm of La Belle Alliance, where Napoleon descended and formed his Old Guard for their last charge, and considered the high and formidable character of the British front, crested with men and guns, I felt both surprised and sorry that he ever should have ventured so much on a single throw. The undertaking

seemed to me the very climax of recklessness, and it was commenced at the very moment when Blucher's artillery was blazing away on his right. I expressed my astonishment to a military friend, who answered, that Bonaparte had done the same thing before in other battles with success, and that in this instance he had ventured, with his usual confidence, to repeat the experiment.

As he pointed to the eminence of attack, he told his guards that yonder was the road to honor; they advanced, but perished in the way. The Old Guard died at Waterloo; Napoleon, at St. Helena.

The field of Waterloo may be truly called an Aceldama. In walking over it by moonlight, I thought of the vision of "Death on the Pale Horse." Never before did war appear to me so full of horrors. From the sad and melancholy impressions incident to the place, I was glad for a moment to seek relief by reflecting upon the blessings of universal peace; and in this connection, remembered with pleasure the language of Bancroft, the historian, delivered in England a few years ago, at the banquet of the Royal Agricultural Association: "Gentlemen," said he, "I rejoice that we live in an age, when of all the trees that are planted in the ground, the husbandman of all lands invokes the choicest blessings of Providence on the tree of Peace (cheers), praying that its roots may strike to the very centre of the earth, and that it may be so firmly rooted, that its boughs may rustle in the breeze of the stormiest revolutions." (Loud and reiterated cheers.)

British historians dwell with much stress on the fact, that

the flower of the army of Wellington was engaged in the expedition to New Orleans, and contributed nothing to the glory of the day. And the duke himself, in his extremity, is reported to have said, "Oh, that I had those men with me here! I could do any thing with that army."

If these troops had been as unfortunate at Waterloo as at New Orleans, they might as well have been any where else.

Besides other grants and honors, the Government of Belgium ceded to Wellington a part of the forest of Soignes. Some of his countrymen have expressed the opinion that it would have been much better if that Government had given him a title-deed to the battle-field itself.

The general aspect of the field has not undergone any very material change since the date of the great action fought upon it. The area it occupies is very extensive, and entirely unenclosed, but nevertheless under excellent and productive cultivation.

In looking at the ploughmen as they turned up the rich soil with its mouldering bones, I felt the force of the beautiful passage of the latter part of the first book of the Georgics of Virgil:

> Scilicet et tempus veniet, cum finibus illis
> Agricola, incurvo terram molitus aratro,
> Exesa inveniet scabra rubigine pila;
> Aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsabit inanes,
> Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulcris.

"For also the time shall come, when, in those boundaries, the farmer tilling the earth with the crooked plough, shall find darts corroded by consuming rust, or shall strike empty helmets with heavy harrows, and shall admire the large bones from the excavated tombs."

The principal monument upon the ground is a high pyramid of earth, with a Belgic lion upon its summit, carved in stone, with his right paw playing with a cannon-ball. This mound is 140 feet in height, and including the lion and the pedestal, 200. The circumference at the base is 1680 feet, and its inclination is 24 degrees. A flight of steps leads up to the top, where the observer may stand and survey the whole prospect to great advantage. This monument was reared to mark the spot where the Prince of Orange received a wound. It is covered with verdure, and viewed from the towers of Brussels presents a very bold and commanding appearance. There are several other monuments upon the field of considerable interest. The most prominent is that erected to the memory of the fallen soldiers of the army of Prussia; it is composed of cast-iron. The next is the stone memorial in honor of the dead of the German Legion, and the last, is a marble column to Colonel Gordon, a young English officer of high promise.

It was my intention to pass a week upon this vast field in study and meditation; but, after having tarried one day and a night, I felt myself too much oppressed to remain any longer. My sympathies were entirely with the cause of Napoleon, and in his defeat I felt as if I had lost the battle myself; my enthusiasm forsook me, and I could neither eat nor think upon the ground.

Although this great event happened thirty-seven years ago, yet even to this hour the subject is so fresh in the recollection of the people, that to hear them converse about it, one would almost think that the battle occurred yesterday.

Since the overthrow of Napoleon, the grand aim of the powers of Europe has been to restore things as they were before he changed them. To accomplish this, more than two hundred and seventy millions of dollars have been expended in fortifications and works of defence, while standing armies have been increased and strengthened on every hand.

In former years the military power of Europe was put forth to subdue Napoleon; it is now employed to subdue the people. The gigantic contest against him was fought under the promise of freedom; it was this promise that brought the nations into coalition. The battle of Waterloo was fought, but the promise of freedom was never redeemed; the people obtained peace, it is true, but no more freedom than they had before.

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